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VIVIAN THE BEAUTY.

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CHAPTER I.

THE STUDY OF EUCLID.

"HE loves me," murmurs Jeanne—"a little—not at all. He loves me."

The sun's rays, setting, transmute the dusk expanses of the Schwarzwald into gold; they turn to fire the pointed roofs and lozenged windows of Schloss Egmont; they kiss with softest bronze the head of Jeanne Dempster, as she stands, idly dreaming the dreams of seventeen, in one of the rose-shadowed, weed-grown terraces of the old Schloss garden.

A half-demolished daisy is between the little maid's fingers; a lesson-book, face downward, lies on the gravel at her feet.

"Er liebt mich." Despite her English birth, Jeanne speaks German like a true child of the Wald—sweet, incorrect, rippling German, deliciously unlike the classic Hanoverian dialect of suburban boarding-schools. "Ein wenig—nicht. Er liebt mich—"

"Deep, as usual, in Euclid!" says a man's voice, close behind her shoulder. "Neither Mamselle Ange nor Fräulein Jeanne being visible, I have brought the implements of study out of doors. But I would on no account disturb you. It were pity to break the thread of mathematical calculation so profound. Choose your own time to begin."

And, depositing three or four dingy-looking schoolbooks, a pewter inkstand, some quill pens, and a sand-box upon the balustrade of the terrace, Jeanne's master takes his place on the stone bench beside which the girl is standing, and proceeds quietly to light his meerschauum.

"I don't know a word more of Euclid than when I first began it, sir." As she makes the confession, Jeanne picks up her lesson-book, Euclid's "Elements," from the ground. "'Proposition XV. Theorem: If two straight lines cut one another, the vertical or opposite angles shall be equal.' Then why try to prove it? Why need we go on with these hideous angles and right angles? Why do you insist—yes, Mr. Wolfgang, insist—on teaching me things that have no use and no beauty?"

"For the same reason that, were I Mamselle Ange, I would insist upon your learning to ride or dance," says Wolfgang coolly; "to promote the growth of muscle—mental muscle in the case of Euclid. If all girls were taught mathematics—"

"They would turn out beings as superior as all men?" interrupts Jeanne, lifting her dark eyes to the master's face. "The thought encourages me, Mr. Wolfgang. I will try my best to see the meaning of Proposition XV., theorem and all, by next lesson."

A smile, quickly suppressed, comes round the master's lips.

"The sarcasm, Miss Dempster, is somewhat personal, considering that I am the only man of education higher than a woodcutter's who as yet has crossed your path."

"The only man higher than a woodcutter? *Du lieber*, and what kind of life do you suppose that we have led, then, Ange and I? We spend a week in Freiburg every summer, sir, and we have gone through the Kur at Autogast; and once we went to Baden-Baden and saw the Emperor start for the Oos races—four black horses he had, and outriders. And I was so near, his Majesty

took off his hat to me! And we went to hear 'Faust' in the evening, among a crowd of princes and royal dukes and Hochwohlgebornen. Mamselle Ange says I shall be taken to a ball at the Residenz next year; and we know old Baron von Katzenellenbogen, and—the English chaplain's son at Freiburg," cries Jeanne, desperately seeking to swell the list of her male acquaintance by every available item that memory or imagination can supply.

"Emperors, royal dukes, Hochwohlgeborens, and the English chaplain's son at Freiburg!" repeats Wolfgang gravely. "I retract my observation. Your experience of life and of men has been vastly wider than I gave you credit for, especially in matters operatic." He glances with meaning at the petals that strew the terrace pavement. "You were rehearsing Marguerite's soliloquy when I interrupted you just now—satisfactorily, I hope?"

His tone is one of banter, and the quick blood springs to little Jeanne's cheek.

"I was rehearsing it, *most* satisfactorily," she answers with all the steadiness she has at command. "'Er liebt mich.'" Words that in English would scorch her lips, flow from them without constraint in the familiar homeliness of German. "'Ein wenig—nicht.' I had just got to 'Er liebt mich' for the third time—think of that, the third time, Mr. Wolfgang—when I heard your voice."

"Horrible disillusionment! To bring you still more thoroughly from pleasant dreams to distasteful reality, and, as this is the last lesson you will have for a week to come, suppose we proceed to serious work. You are not in a humor for Euclid, it seems, so I will begin by correcting your Latin exercise. 'Est finctimus oritoris poeta'"—opening the page at which, with all the conscientiousness that is in her, his pupil has been working. "'Oritoris.'" An error of the gravest nature at starting. Perhaps you will give me your attention while I try, once more, to explain the use of the dative case after the adjective."

The "serious work" proceeds upon its usual pattern. After an hour's torture over Latin and mathematics, the master produces a well-used volume from his pocket, and begins to read aloud. Is not English elocution included among the arts which he has engaged himself (at one mark seventy-five pfennigs the lesson) to teach? The book chosen to-night is Shakespeare; the play, "Twelfth Night"; and Jeanne, hopelessly obtuse in the higher sciences, is moved to sighs, tears, laughter, at the reader's will. By and by it pleases Wolfgang to hear such crude judgments as the girl can offer upon the play—"Shakespeare," as he says, "annotated by Miss

Jeanne Dempster." And then they hazard a bold review of it from the standpoint of Teutonic criticism, Mr Wolfgang's memory supplying the text of all the notablest translations into German.

"An Englishman who does not understand our language can never appreciate Shakespeare," he observes, with intentional arrogance. "Hear Heine's rendering of 'She never told her love,' and say if it be not stronger, sweeter, more musical, than the original:

'. . . . Sie sagte ihre Liebe nie,
Und liess Verheimlichung, wie in der Knospe
Den Wurm, an ihrer Purpur-wange nagen.'"

"No, it is not sweeter," cries little Jeanne stoutly. "'Purpur-wange' is hideous, positively hideous, to my ears. You pronounce English better than I do, sir—except the b's and p's. But, for all that, you are German at heart. You have not the English instinct as I have."

"English instinct! Shakespeare was only first unearthed, dug up out of the mold of British indifference by Lessing. Without Wieland, Herder, Goethe, what would the world know of Shakespeare? Why, this very play, this character of Viola, were never so divinely interpreted as in our own century, by Heine."

For a minute or more Jeanne is silent; her delicate, grave face rapt in thought, her eyes fixed on the cloudlets of amethyst and gold that float, like seraph-heads, above the gradually darkening Wald.

"In real life Viola would be a poor kind of creature," she remarks with an air of conviction. "No girl with a grain of sense in her head would fall in love with a man, duke or no duke, unless he asked her to marry him first."

"Exactly the criticism I should expect to hear from you," says Wolfgang. "Girls of seventeen are simply the most prosaic, heartless, matter-of-fact section of humanity. Talk of youthful imagination, fine feeling, the age of romance! Not one woman in a hundred has a spark of romance belonging to her under thirty! Why, Mamselle Ange—laugh at me as you like, I mean what I say—Mamselle Ange would be a thousand times more alive to the pathos of Viola's character than you are."

"Remember the narrowness of my experience, sir. You told me, a minute ago, that I had never known a man better educated than a wood-cutter, save yourself."

A just perceptible shade of red crosses Wolfgang's dark cheek.

"That puts every question of romance or sentiment on one side, does it not? But your experience is soon to be widened. Paul von Egmont and his sister, I hear, after a dozen years'

absence, have decided to show their faces in the Wald again."

It is Jeanne's turn to change color. From temple to throat blushes mantle over the child's pale skin; her eyes sink beneath Wolfgang's questioning gaze.

The master has compassion enough to look away from her. "She loves me—a little—not" (picking up a flower that has fallen from Jeanne's hand and shredding it, petal from petal)—"she loves me—not!" He flings down the stalk with a certain gesture of impatience.

"What better answer could be expected from such an oracle! Do you know, Miss Dempster, that the sun is down—that, unless I wish you good-by this very instant, I shall lose my train?"

"Lose it, sir," says little Jeanne promptly. "I invite you, in Mamselle Ange's name, to drink tea with us. Give up dust and heat and engine-smoke for once, and walk to Freiburg, as everybody used to do before the railroad was made across the mountains."

"The invitation is tempting, *Fräulein* Jeanne. On an evening like this the very sight of an engine among our Black Forest valleys is an abomination. Still, I have my evening class in Freiburg, my good, studious lads to whom work means work—"

"And Euclid, Euclid. Let the good, studious lads have a holiday, poor wretches! They will be none the duller to-morrow, depend upon it."

"The philosophy is pleasant if not sound. 'Fais ce que tu aimes, adviene que pourra.' As I certainly love this garden better than my hot town lodging," says Wolfgang, "I will risk putting it into practice."

He pauses, transfers his pipe—the eternal meerschaum—from his lips to his breast-pocket, and with an air half of enjoyment, half of regret, looks around him.

"Paul von Egmont need not have wandered far a-field in search of inspiration," he remarks presently. "Had the lad contented himself with painting pictures of homely Schwarzwald lives, of homely Schwarzwald landscapes, his work, at least, might have boasted originality. In Rome, like so many of our German students, he has become but a pale copyist of greater artists' thoughts. But that is how men miss their true vocation—their true happiness also—nineteen times out of twenty."

"Count Paul has missed happiness," says Jeanne, "if the village gossips say true. You know his story?"

"Not so well but that it might be good for me to hear you repeat it, little Jeanne." The familiar epithet seems to escape, unawares, from Wolfgang's lips. "I know one version of the

story only," he adds hastily—"not the version given by the village gossips."

"Well, sir, before Count Paul was one-and-twenty, he had the misfortune to fall in love. His sweetheart was a village girl who had sat to him as a model—Wendolin the miller's daughter Malva."

Jeanne raises her eyes to the master's face; but Wolfgang has turned sharply away; his arms are folded across his breast. "She was the handsomest maiden of the Hölenthal. You may see her portrait, any day you choose, just as Count Paul painted her, in the altar-piece of St. Ulrich Church. Some think," says little Jeanne, "that all her troubles sprang from that picture. No maiden prospers in earthly love, you know, who has given her face as a model for the Holy Mother's. But these things are too deep for me. Yes, she was the handsomest maiden of the Hölenthal, and the best—to this day, tears come in the village people's eyes when they speak of Wendolin's Malva—and young Count Paul was to marry her at Easter. All the Von Egmonts at the Schloss here were beside themselves with mortification. Such a crime as a Von Egmont marrying a peasant maiden was not written, Ange says, in the records of their house. Count Paul had already determined to be a painter (that, in itself, was blow enough to the family pride), and was to go to Rome for the winter to study. If Malva had willed, he would have taken her with him as his bride; but the maiden had self-respect enough to say no. 'I will win the heart of the Countess and of her daughter yet,' said Wendolin's Malva. 'Every good woman is pitiful. When the gracious ladies see me alone, without Count Paul, when they see how I shall work, and learn and fit myself to be his wife, they will soften toward me.'

"But the gracious ladies," goes on little Jeanne, "never softened. When young Count Paul had been gone about three months, they came one day, in their velvets and furs, to Wendolin's house, bringing with them a letter—a letter, so they said, that had just arrived from a brother artist of Paul's in Rome, and that it much behooved Malva to listen to. That letter was the maiden's death-blow."

Wolfgang rises hastily. He crosses to the farther side of the terrace and stands there, his back turned toward the western after-glow, his face veiled in shadow. Overhead the swifts are circling, with happy cries, athwart the sun-colored heaven. A solitary thrush calls low from the Wald. The garden, gay with such hardy flowers as can stand the Black Forest climate, is at the zenith of its summer bravery. A spirit of freshness, purity, peace, seems moving, like a visible presence, over the fair and fragrant earth.

"Finish the maiden's story," says the master, after a time. "It has an interest for me beyond what you can understand. Tell me as much as you know of—of Malva's death."

"I know more of her death than of her life," says little Jeanne. "Old Fritzel's granddaughter, blind Lottchen, used to tell me about it. To all who were sad or stricken, Wendolin's Malva was good; and often she would have the blind girl hold her company for days together, and talk to her, when the two were alone, of her love and of her sorrow. 'Count Paul is going to be a great painter'—this ran through all her thoughts—and he will choose for himself a noble wife. It were sin and shame, his brother painters say, that he should marry a peasant maiden because of her yellow hair and white throat. I should drag him down to my level; I should stand between him and his art; I should make him unhappy with mean jealousies—I, who would die to please his least wish and think death sweet! And then she would weep—at times, blind Lottchen could hear her weeping quietly the whole night long—or she would rise, when she thought the rest of the house slept, and pray for Count Paul and for strength to be true to him."

"True!" repeats Wolfgang, very low. "Have I not heard that she wrote Von Egmont a letter taking back her plighted troth, declaring that it was better that both should marry in their own class of life?"

"That letter was written under the Gräfin's direction. She was Paul's step-mother, you know, sir; no real mother would so have risked her son's happiness. And Paul—there, say the peasant people, was his sin—he took the simple maiden at her word. Ange and the Fräulein Meyer have heard there were other influences that helped against poor Malva. Some say there was a great English lady in Rome, whose flattery drew the young painter into her train of admirers; and some say there was an Italian play-actress, and some say there were *both*. About all this I know nothing. Malva died. Her picture hangs, where you may see it, over St. Ulrich high altar, and her grave is in the Kirchhof beside the big yew. The carved marble cross at her head was placed there by Count Paul's order. It came from Munich, and cost more gold than Malva had touched in all her life. But he never troubled himself to visit the spot; he never shed a tear over her grave. Blind Lottchen kept it fresh with flowers while she lived, and, now that Lottchen lies there too, I have planted pinks and rosemary above them both. I will go to the Kirchhof with you any evening you choose, sir."

"I have been there already," answers Wolfgang shortly. "When I came back to the Wald

two months ago, the first visit that I paid was to St. Ulrich churchyard."

"And you saw Malva's grave? It is a fine marble cross, is it not? But the Wald people say a stone-mason's bill can make poor amends for a broken heart."

"Poor amends, in truth!" repeats Wolfgang, with bitter emphasis.

And then there is silence.

CHAPTER II.

DUTCH MICHAEL'S HOUR.

SILENCE profound, yet fraught with inarticulate murmurs, just as the air is haunted by impalpable odors from the adjacent forest; sweet, dewy silence, such as a city-wearied man might well travel a few hundred miles, now, in this July weather, to enjoy.

Schloss Egmont lies in one of the remoter valleys of the Höllenthal—a district curiously hinted at by guide-books, uninvaded by the great devastating army of personally-conducted cockney sight-mongers. Less than two years ago the older people of St. Ulrich village had never heard a railway-whistle. No telegraphic wires link its interests with those of the outer world. The church-clock, set approximately right on Sunday mornings, possesses an hour-hand only. Do not the storks go and come? Are there not the season of resin-gathering, the season of timber-floating, the rising and setting of God's sun, throughout all the changes of the year? What need men here with such finikin apportionments of time as quarters or minutes?

The deep discordance of a far-away supper-bell rouses Jeanne and her master from the reverie into which both have sunk. For fifteen years or more that bell has rested in idleness: no need to summon Mamselle Ange, the housekeeper, and Jeanne, the solitary occupants of the Schloss, to their homely meals. During the past ten days, however, the prospect of Count Paul's return has roused the household into a sort of galvanized life. Dinner-bells, calling no one to dinner, are rung; shutters are opened of a morning and closed at night; Hans the gardener is learning, in a twenty-year-old livery, to wait at table; a flag, moldily displaying the Von Egmont quarterings, floats, as was its wont in palmier times, from the topmost pepper-pot turret of the house.

As Jeanne and Wolfgang draw near, Mamselle Ange appears suddenly at the central basement doorway—a lamp in one hand, an open letter in the other. No man has ever definitely made out if Ange be maid, wife, or widow. It is the custom throughout the Fatherland to call

housekeepers "mamselle," irrespective of age, nation, or social status; and Ange, for more than thirty years, has reigned supreme over the still-room and kitchens of Schloss Egmont. A Scotchwoman by descent, Angela Macgregor's youth was spent in Spain, from which country she accompanied the Countess Dolores von Egmont to the Schwarzwald. From that day to this she has never left the grand duchy of Baden. "I dislike the country, the climate, and the language," Mamselle Ange will tell you in moments of expansion; "but I stay here for the sake of Paul and Salome. Dolores made me promise to be true to the children. I have kept my word—yes, even when their father brought home another wife. One may be allowed to do one's duty, I suppose, without liking it?"

"The children" have long passed away out of Ange's sight. Salome, brilliantly married in her teens, is mistress of a London embassy. Paul, self-exiled at the age of twenty, divides his homeless Bohemian life between the different art capitals of Europe. But Ange remains at her post. "When the boy marries," she declares with a sigh, "I will take little Jeanne by the hand and make my way to Inverness. Paul will return with his bride to Egmont some day, and I shall go back to my father's house, among my father's people, to die."

At the present moment excitement, unwonted, heightens our good Mamselle Ange's complexion. Her cap, at no time secure as to its foundations, is suspended over her left ear; the points of her pelerine hang jauntily from the opposite shoulder. 'Tis evident the arrival of the letter-carrier has broken in upon some mysterious chemistry of the still-room. A huge checked apron envelops Ange's person from chin to ankle; the skirt of her dress is pinned up in the style called "fish-wife" by the fashion-books; a pungent odor of raspberries and vinegar breaks on the sense at her approach.

"Here is a fine prospect before us all!" she exclaims, or rather soliloquizes, as Jeanne and the master draw near. "Salome obliged to start for St. Petersburg on political affairs—something new for our princess to be so dutiful in accompanying her husband! Paul, no one knows where, in Germany, and a parcel of fashionable fools coming to Schloss Egmont next Thursday! Yes, fashionable fools!" ejaculates Ange, in fiery staccato. "The celebrated London beauty—Vivian Vivash. What do we want with celebrated beauties in the Black Forest? And her friend—a lady of title—and her other friend, a baronet—and a maid! To be entertained by *me!* 'Trespassers' (easy enough for Salome to write in that airy style) 'upon our good Mamselle Ange's hospitality.' Very great trespassers, in-

deed! A beauty, and her friends, and her maid, just in the season of the small fruits! Mr. Wolfgang" (awakening to the master's presence with a jump, our good Mamselle being at once short-sighted and absent, her existence is passed in a chronic condition of surprise), "I believed you to have started for Freiburg an hour ago. May I ask you to hold the inkstand upright—I mean to the left?—the ink leaks when it is held straight. If you will wait a minute, Mr. Wolfgang, I shall give you something to carry home with you. My last two bottles of raspberry vinegar have not turned out as clear as I could wish."

"Mr. Wolfgang will drink tea with us to-night," interrupts little Jeanne. "The lesson was so long—I had so many faults in my exercise—that Mr. Wolfgang lost his train, and—"

"And will have the pleasure of walking home by starlight, Mamselle Ange's present of raspberry vinegar in his pocket," remarks Wolfgang, with composure.

"It is not over-clear, Mr. Wolfgang—not to compare with my company vinegar—but it will make you a nice, wholesome drink during the hot weeks. And where means are small," says Ange, with a compassionate shake of the head, "of course, every little is a help."

Jeanne glances in an agony at Wolfgang; but the point-blank mention of his poverty has evidently not disconcerted him. A diverted smile lights his face: as he follows Mamselle Ange up the winding stair which leads from the basement to the parterre floor, he sings, half aloud, the first bars of "The Wanderer":

"Tired and worn, as the sun goes down,
The Wanderer enters his native town,
And see! His old friends pass him by;
So bronzed his cheek . . ."

"I do not, generally, admit strangers to this room," cries Mamselle Ange, pushing back an oaken door on the left side of the landing. "However, for once—Jeanne, my dear," with meaning—"for *once*, we shall be glad to bid Mr. Wolfgang welcome, and to give him a slice of currant cake, a cup of English tea, such, I am sure, as he does not often taste.—Come in, Mr. Wolfgang") accompanying the invitation by a ceremonious courtesy. "This used to be Count Paul's study; you see his portrait there, above the bookcase, as he was at fourteen; and Jeanne and I make it our summer parlor. One might call it a comfortable room, if it were possible ever to be comfortable out of Great Britain. Two lone women seem less stranded, at all events less like sand on the seashore, here than elsewhere, in Schloss Egmont."

It is a room well loved by little Jeanne; the more, perhaps, in that she has no British expe-

riences whereon to found her ideas of comfort. A wainscoted hexagonal room situate in the western tower of the Schloss, pine-woods in front, pine-woods on either side; a vista of blue moorland showing through a clearing among the forests, at one solitary point. As a child, Jeanne used to be told that blue streak was the sea. When Fräulein Jeanne was old enough, said the waiting-maidens, she should sail away thither, like the wood-merchants floating down, upon their rafts, to the country of the Mynheers, and meet her father and mother, provided she worked diligently at her sampler and sums meanwhile.

Jeanne Dempster arrived at the truth of the legend a good many years ago. She knows that the blue streak is the Rhine plain; knows that her father and mother have crossed a sea the navigation of whose currents not the most assiduous sampler-working—no, not even a mastery of the rule of three—can facilitate. With wiser people than Jeanne, however, the magic of a belief is apt to linger longer than the belief itself. The blue streak is but the Rhine plain! And still, at seventeen as at seven, it remains a heaven-kissed horizon to the girl's hopes—a far-stretching background to a thousand sweet and unsubstantial dreams.

The twilight by this time has died out; external objects are no longer discernible; yet can one feel the presence of the woods by the indistinct soughing sound, the piney aroma that enters through the open windows. Unpinning her apron, and setting her cap approximately straight before the one small mirror of which the study can boast, Mamselle Ange takes her seat at the table, where a lamp and tea-equipage are set ready. The master places himself in such a position as exactly to confront the picture of Count Paul von Egmont.

It is an oil-painting, life-size, by Werner. The boy, in point-lace and velvet, seems to look out with earnest, living eyes from the canvas; a side-light falls softly, yet with Rembrandt-like intensity of effect, upon the fair young face.

"You are looking at a masterpiece, sir," says Ange, as Wolfgang stirs his tea somewhat absently. "It is said, from an art point of view, to be the best portrait Werner ever painted, let alone the beauty of the subject. People used to talk of Salome's good looks. 'An aristocratic profile,' said these German Hochwohlgeborens. 'An alabaster brow—a complexion!' Salome was not to be spoken of in the same day as the boy. Paul's *Heart* was aristocratic, in the best sense of the word, and his heart was written on his countenance. Ah me!" muses Ange, "I should recognize his smile among a thousand. Salome, for aught I know, may be just a prettyish, faded woman, a doll that has lost its paint—

the usual ending of a profile and a complexion. A face like Paul's must grow nobler under the influence of years."

"Take away the millinery, the velvet, the point-lace, the Rembrandt effect," remarks Wolfgang coolly, "and one would call Paul von Egmont an ordinary-looking boy."

"Ordinary!" exclaims little Jeanne, Mamselle Ange chiming in an indignant second. "You can look at that forehead, at those lips, sir, and call them ordinary? Count Paul's face is just the most beautiful thing in the world," says Jeanne, with warmth. It is not the child's wont to be demonstrative; but Wolfgang's disparaging tone, a certain contempt with which he looks up at Paul von Egmont's portrait, have stung her out of her accustomed reticence. "Whenever we leave Schloss Egmont—yes, mamselle, whenever you and I start off for Inverness—we will carry that portrait away with us. I could not live without it."

The master turns; he looks at his pupil with cool scrutiny. (How sharp is the contrast—the thought flashes through Jeanne Dempster's mind—how sharp the contrast between the lad with his affluence of spirits, of hope, and the man, "not clean past his youth, yet with some smack of age in him, some relish of the saltiness of time," and with disappointment, satiety, regret, printed, deeper even than his years should warrant, on his face!)

"I should presume too far did I ask the reason of Fräulein Dempster's enthusiasm," he remarks, after a pause. "As art, the portrait, like all that Werner paints, has its merits. Beyond that—"

"Oh, you must never talk about Jeanne's reasons," interrupts Mamselle Ange. "Little Jeanne likes and dislikes, as she does most things, by instinct. From the time she could notice anything she took to worshiping Paul's picture—I believe, until I taught her better, used to say her prayers to it."

"Well for the child," answers Wolfgang, in a tone that brings the blood to Jeanne's cheek—"well for the child, Mamselle Ange, that she used to say her prayers to anything!"

There is a flavor of heterodoxy about the remark that is little to Mamselle Ange's taste. She is an out-and-out conservative, a stickler for every inch of social grade or barrier, and has no idea of a person in poor Mr. Wolfgang's class uttering anything beyond the blankest copy-book truisms. A man must be a "de" or a "von" who should venture, unrebuked, in Ange's presence, upon such a solecism as freethinking.

"Jeanne from her earliest years has been educated in *The Truth*." Capitals poorly represent the pious emphasis of voice. "She was a luck-

gift to me, you see," says Mamselle Ange, her old face softening. "One of your modern school of doctors, your scientists, your men of ideas, Mr. Wolfgang, discovered (in his own warm London study) that the sharp air of the Black Forest must, if you reasoned far enough, be a cure for failing lungs. He wrote a pamphlet about it; and Jeanne's mother, nineteen years old, and with death on her flushed cheeks, was one of the first sent to Autogast to test the theory. She died; and the baby, of course, came to me. I wonder during my life how many babies have come, *of course*, to me! At first I took small notice of the child; I don't care for wise, solemn babies who look you through and through with their black eyes, and never cry. Besides, where was the use of troubling about a little wretch who would be taken away from me as soon as she could run alone? However, that day never came. Before Jeanne was three years old (the girl's name is Janet, but everything gets perverted if you live among Germans—to think that, at my time of life, I, Angela Macgregor, should pass by the fool's name of Mamselle Ange!)—before Jeanne was three years old there arrived news that her father had gone down on his way to India, such fortune as he had with him; and would I like—much my likings mattered!—to keep the child? Yes, that is how my luck-gift came to me."

"In the days before Paul von Egmont had left his home?" asks Wolfgang, once more lifting his eyes to the young Count's portrait.

"Paul von Egmont started for Rome a few months after the death of Jeanne's father. The lad's heart was heavy enough, God knows, with his own affairs, but I remember his taking Jeanne in his arms—nay, child, there is nothing for you to turn so red about—and kissing her before he started. Since then, all have left me," says Mamselle Ange, passing her hand across her forehead—"the old Count, his wife, Salome. But what," suddenly recollecting her dignity, "what can you care, Mr. Wolfgang, for these family histories? You alluded, I think, to Jeanne's religious principles. She knew her catechism—in English and Scotch, I am no sectarian—by the age of eight. She has been spiritually fed upon the works of Jeremy Taylor and Baxter. And she was confirmed last April.—Yes, and when these dreadful people come upon us, child, you can wear out your confirmation frock," says Ange, hastily unfolding her letter, then holding it sideways at about an inch distant from her nose. "Seven-o'clock dinners, dressing of an evening, are among the pleasures Salome has chalked out for us, as you shall hear:

"'MY BEST MAMSELLE' (*Mamselle!* And

in the old days it was 'alle liebste Ange'—'ma bonne petite maman.' But nothing vitiates human nature like success. If Salome had married something lower than a prince, she might have a heart in her still): 'After all, my hopes of seeing the Schwarzwald this summer are doomed to be disappointed. Political events have taken such a turn that the Prince's presence is needed at once in Russia, and, of course, I accompany him. We shall go by Paris—it lies not necessarily on our road, but could I appear among my husband's people' (Salome taken with sudden affection for her husband's people!) 'did I not make a preliminary visit to Worth? You inquire for my brother. Paul, to the best of my belief, is wandering in Germany, possibly may arrive at Egmont in the course of a week. He appeared at London late in April, as usual, for the exhibitions, and, as usual, was a victim' (*that* his sister has never been) 'to sentiment. Who, do you think, is Paul's last fair, impossible She? The reigning—ought I to say the dethroned?—beauty of the season, Vivian Vivash! He saw her first at the Academy, in an attitude of rapt devotion, 'tis said, before her own portrait, refused to be introduced—you know how little Paul frequents reputable society—and has worshiped her at a distance, after his "aesthetic" fashion, ever since. Even in the Black Forest, you must have heard of our Hyde Park goddess, Vivian Vivash. Her smile has turned the wisest heads in Europe; poets have sung her praises; artists have painted her charms. Not a shop-boy in Oxford Street but wears her photograph in a locket. Not a weekly social but records her triumphs or her defeats. We have had Vivian Vivash bonnets, Vivian Vivash broughams. Preachers have made her the text of their admonitions, tobaccoconists have engraved her on their pipes. And still—I say it in pity, not envy—the dear creature has not got a feature in her face. But you will see her—restrain your astonishment—and be able to form your own opinion. Thinking we should spend August at Schloss Egmont, I invited the beauty—as a pleasant surprise for Paul—to stay there with us; the beauty, her chaperon, and 'âme damnée,' Lady Pamela Lawless, and little Sir Christopher Marlowe, a tame baronet who usually follows in their wake. It is madness, you will say, for Paul to think of marrying a girl without money. My good friend, Paul's life has been one long madness. The time has come when he is certain to marry some one, and Vivian the beauty would be a less discreditable sister-in-law than a second edition of Malva, Wendolin the miller's yellow-haired daughter! These trespassers on our best Ange's hospitality will arrive at Egmont next Thursday, by which time, Paul, I trust, will be there to receive them. Of course you and little Jeanne will inaugurate

seven-o'clock dinners and dressing of an evening during their visit. Salute the child for me, and believe in the devotion of yours, SALOME.

"POSTSCRIPT.—It might not be amiss to get up a ball or festivity of some kind to celebrate Paul's return. You would have his authority, I know, to invite the neighborhood, and cooks and fiddlers could be got over from Baden-Baden."

"Madness! Yes, for once in her life, Salome is right," cries Mamselle Ange, throwing down the letter on the table. "A reigning London beauty, and of a very doubtful kind, to be entertained here at Schloss Egmont, by *me*! I just look upon it all as a sign of the Von Egmont lunacy—"

"Or of Count Paul's approaching marriage—which?" cries little Jeanne, bending down her face as she speaks, above her plate.

"Of both," replies Ange, with a kindling cheek. "This beauty, this doll of a London season, will suit him vastly worse than Malva would have done. Malva had red hands and rough ways, and spoke the peasant's dialect. But she had a modest woman's heart within her breast. She could love. Time for me and you to pack up, child," adds Ange hotly. "We shall be wanted for the wedding-feast, perhaps, wanted to set the house in order! Meantime—"

"Meantime," interrupts Wolfgang, with an air of deference, "I trust, mamselle, that my pupil's studies will not be interrupted? It is needful that I go to the Leipsic book-fair for the rest of this week, but I have left Fräulein Jeanne sufficient work to do in my absence. Count Paul's marriage," he adds, not without a certain awkwardness, "would naturally break up all present relations, and, as you think there is a chance of it, we had best extend our studies while we may. Now, a little popular science—"

"Never!" exclaims Mamselle Ange with energy; "I hear enough of popular science. Materialism made easy at the Herr Pastor's tea-table. 'Our thoughts are movements of matter,' says Popular Science, 'and our souls a pinch of phosphorus'—"

"Mamselle Ange!"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Wolfgang, I have heard the Pastor read aloud his letters from Jena. I know the jargon of the school. We inhabit an accidental world, in which everything that is is for the worst, more miserable, because more intelligent, than an oyster; respecting nothing but the ancestral apes from which we spring, and looking upon Belief as a crutch fit only for sickly minds to lean upon. No science, I thank you, sir, for Jeanne. An elegant handwriting, a cursory knowledge of polite literature, an aptness at quotation, used to be held the fitting accomplishments for a gentle-

man. These, with a smattering, perhaps, of Latin and Euclid, are the accomplishments in which I desire that Miss Dempster should be finished."

"Together with proficiency in the manufacture of currant cakes and raspberry vinegar," adds Wolfgang. "The Fräulein's education will be perfect—an admixture of solidity and ornament that would have charmed Jean Jacques himself."

It is already night when the master leaves Schloss Egmont—one of those mystic, moonless nights on which, say the Wald-folk, the good and evil spirits of the forest walk abroad; Dutch Michael, in his seven-league boots, a ship's mast for his staff, and chanting, in a terrible voice, his litany of temptation:

"Gold for him who will buy—

Who will buy?

Gold at a trifling cost: only your souls to be lost—

Who will buy?"—

the friendly Glassman, with burnished hair and beard, with clothing of spun glass, ready to bestow good gifts on all such human children (provided they were born between three and four of a Sunday afternoon) as shall cross his path.

It is already night; but Jeanne and Wolfgang linger over their farewells beside the outer gate of the courtyard. A roll of exercise-books, to be corrected, is under the master's arm; his pockets are weighted with the bottles of raspberry vinegar which Ange, in the fullness of her pity for his needs, has insisted upon his carrying away.

"Good night and good-by, Fräulein Jeanne."

As he speaks, Wolfgang takes his pupil's slender hand between his own. "I shall be away five days. Such things have been known as people forgetting each other in less than five days. Don't take example by your fine, do-nothing London visitors. Get as much Euclid as you can into your head before my return."

"Euclid—always Euclid!" murmurs the child, drawing her hand away with a movement of petulance.

"Yes, always Euclid, as Mamselle Ange has laid an embargo on popular science. By the way, how many weeks is it since Mamselle Ange first engaged me to give you lessons? Seven—eight, is it not?"

"Eight weeks exactly, sir. Hans had been carrying our first hay the evening you came to speak to Ange. I was in the cart—do you remember?"

"And you threw me a wild rose—you gave me a smile as I passed. Yes, I remember, Jeanne; the last eight weeks have been the happiest of my life!"

Well for Jeanne that her hand is in her own

keeping; well for her that the darkness hides her changing color from the master's sight.

"You have the gift of teaching, I should say, Mr. Wolfgang." If a whole jury of impaneled matrons were present to give her moral support, Jeanne's tone could not be more correctly frigid. "Whatever one does well, one likes. Still," she adds shyly, "*happiness* is a strong word to use in connection with Latin declensions, English parsing, and a stupid pupil."

"That depends upon one's power of tolerating stupid pupils, Jeanne" (after a pause. With youth in one's veins a pause, on a summer night like this, comes dangerously near a caress). "Do you know that I am going back to my stifling Freiburg garret a rich man?"

"Rich in the possession of some cloudy raspberry vinegar and a pile of blotted copy-books," says the girl, with a somewhat forced laugh.

"Rich in the possession of a secret from which I would not part for all the money of all the Jews in Freiburg."

"Knowledge—"

"That has come to me to-night at Schloss Egmont, through the agency, did she but know it, of our good Mamselle Ange. Wish me joy, little Jeanne," he whispers, ere the girl can collect herself, taking possession of her hand again, and this time not relinquishing it. "Say only those four words, 'I wish you joy.' I ask nothing more."

"But I am ignorant. What do I know of your life—your hopes?" she stammers.

"Repeat the words," he persists, in the tone Jeanne has never found it possible to disobey. "It does not matter in the slightest degree whether you understand their import."

For a moment or two longer Jeanne hesitates. Wolfgang lifts her hand within a couple of inches of his lips.

"Take my advice. Be quick," he tells her, with meaning, "or you will have yourself to thank for the consequences."

"I wish—it is the most foolish thing I ever said in my life, Mr. Wolfgang, but you force me into saying it—I wish you joy."

He looks, by such light as the stars afford, into the girl's transparently truthful face; then quietly loosens his hold on her hand and turns from her without another word. Away above the vineyards, along the straight white road that leads from Egmont to the outer world, Jeanne watches him—away until his figure is lost to sight among the purple darkness of the surrounding Wald. The clock of St. Ulrich village church is striking as she turns, lingeringly, reluctantly, in the direction of the Schloss.

"Eleven o'clock—Dutch Michael's hour," cries Mamselle Ange, who at this moment is sallying

forth, lantern in hand, to make her last rounds for the night. "I never listen to their superstitions, as you know, child" (our good Ange has every ghostly legend of the district at her fingers' ends), "still, there is no falsehood without a grain of truth at bottom, and the Tannenbühl firs look blacker than I care to see to-night. What in the world has that man Wolfgang been saying to you?"

What, indeed! Jeanne's heart beats thick and fast. She glances, in a tremor half delight half fear, across the starlit courtyard toward the forest. All is silent. If the spirits of the Wald are abroad, *and have listened*, they keep her secret well.

CHAPTER III.

A HYDE PARK GODDESS.

DURING the next five days, Schloss Egmont undergoes, from roof to basement, the process horribly familiar to all thrifty Marthas throughout the Fatherland of "*Hausputzen*." Cobwebs, thick with the dust of ages, are swept down; tapestries, moth-eaten into lace-work, are hung up; mirrors and candelabra are unswathed from the brown Holland surtouts beneath which, during the damps of more than a dozen winters, they have been growing gradually lusterless. The blue, or best, bedchamber, untenanted since the death of the last Countess, has been set ready for Miss Vivash. An enchantress, whose smile has turned the wisest heads in Europe, a goddess whom artists rush to paint and poets to sing, will infallibly, so Ange theorizes, turn out a rose-water divinity, a vaporous, artificial doll, to whom faded azure hangings, spindle-legged tables, and last-century cabinets will form a fitting background. Jeanne's pretty little school-room (the scene of many a too happy lesson during the past eight weeks) has been given up, in order that Beauty may have a boudoir. The village has been rifled to furnish her balcony with flowers. Fräulein Pastor Myer has lent a cheval-glass, brought from Paris at the time of the Pastor's marriage, wherein Beauty may survey her charms. And then a room must be organized within ringing-distance—no easy matter at Schloss Egmont—for Beauty's maid; and there must be an apartment on the same floor for Beauty's chaperon; and another apartment for Sir Christopher Marlowe, the tame Baronet who usually follows in Beauty's wake.

"Salome talks about fiddlers and cooks from Baden-Baden," remarks Mamselle Ange, with temper. "Much good fiddlers and cooks would have been in such upholsterer's work as ours! But that is just the airy Von Egmont manner.

'Get ready a dinner for to-day, my best mamselle,' the old Count used to say. 'A dozen friends are coming unexpectedly from Freiburg. What shall you provide for us? Anything. Improve as you like, so long as you give us our wine cool.' This in August, perhaps; not a pound of ice to be got in the whole country round. 'And let each course be of the best, and well served.' It is the same story still. 'Inaugurate late dinners; dressing of an evening; invite the neighborhood; get cooks and fiddlers from Baden-Baden!' I hope," adds Ange, with staccato emphasis—"I hope sincerely that Paul will marry his Beauty and be happy with her. I hope my reign is over. I hope Schloss Egmont is going to have a lawful mistress at last."

The five-days' Hausputzen has come to an end; the last touch is given to expectant preparation; and in the big bare guest-room Ange and Jeanne, full-dressed according to Schwarzwald notions, and with their hands folded in unnatural idleness, await their London visitors. Oh, the discomfort of the high-backed chairs, the faded meagerness of the yellow satin curtains! Oh, the Chinese monsters on the stove! Oh, the long-dead court-goddesses, who simper in pastel, with arched eyebrows, cushioned hair, and impossible waists, from the gilt-and-white panels of this stateliest, chilliest, least habitable apartment of the Schloss!

In vain have Ange and her handmaid dusted; in vain has Jeanne decked every available shelf, bracket, and table with flowers. The most diligent Hausputzen can not displace the moral cobwebs; the sweetest rose-odor can not dispel the intangible sense of mildew that haunts the walls, the belongings, the very aristocratic atmosphere of the Von Egmont guest-room.

"Except the Baden-Baden Tanzsaal, I suppose there is nothing like it in the duchy," little Jeanne says, glancing round her with pride. "The only doubt is—do we go well with yellow satin? The Beauty and her friends will scarcely trouble themselves to look at us, I dare say. Still, one would not like to disgrace Count Paul in the sight of his London guests."

And, crossing the room, the girl sets herself to the contemplation of Ange's figure and her own, reflected back, as they are, by an ancient and proportionably unflattering mirror, crookedly hung (everything at Schloss Egmont, from pewter inkstands up to Venetian glass, has a touch of obliquity about it) between the central windows.

Little Jeanne has the true Raphael-red hair, the deep, dark eyes of the Madonna del San Sisto. More than one painter traveling through the Wald in search of "sacred" coloring has sought her as a sitter. Sought her in vain. With

Malva's history serving as warning, what girl, within a dozen miles of St. Ulrich, would lend her face as a model for the Holy Mother? Her skin is palely clear, varying with every varying feeling of the quickest, most emotional of natures; her unformed figure inclines to lankness; her shoulders stoop at times; the bridge of her nose is not innocent of a freckle or two; and her smile is a gleam of pure sunshine! She has attired herself on the present occasion in the best frock—second, of course, to her confirmation muslin—that her scanty wardrobe owns—a kind of serviceable white dimity much affected for Sunday wear by the young women of the district, shrunk by repeated washings, and showing more wrist and ankle than ever entered into the original intention of the village dressmaker. Her hair, in all its plenitude of red, is set forth in a multitude of the towering plaits dear to the provincial Teutonic mind. A coral necklace, dating from Mamselle Ange's infancy, is round her throat. She wears a white cambric apron, double-soled shoes of honest, Schwarzwald manufacture, and a pair of open-work stockings, knitted by the Frau Pastor as a birthday present, and never put on save for the high and solemn ceremonial days of life.

So much for little Jeanne; now for Ange, our "best mamselle," elaborately dressed for company, and as well satisfied with the result of her labors as though the prince of man-milliners had consented, for some two or three thousand francs, to make her his "study." A tall, spare maiden the wrong side of fifty—Mamselle Ange has been the wrong side of fifty as far back as Jeanne's memory can stretch—indistinct of feature, with yellow hair arranged in curls on either side a cannon-ball forehead, with a reddish complexion; with laces, lappets, garnitures, all arranged upon a dozen different conflicting models, and all crooked. (In writing this word I would not hint that Mamselle Ange is disfigured, morally or physically, by any actual twist. She is, on the contrary, upright of structure as an ostrich, a bird at which I can never look without being reminded of her. Neither, scrutinizing her appearance in detail, could you state, specifically, in which particular garment the want of balance resides. And still, notably on this evening when the London guests are to arrive, does the whole voluminous structure seem to totter to its fall.) Her cap-ribbon is blue—when does an ancient blonde forsake her standard?—her dress a sage-green silk, dating from some epoch when our race it would seem affected "patterns," woven in vari-color, along a multitude of flounces. She is redolent of lavender-water confectioned in the Egmont still-room, and all unlike the foreign-flavored essences of London or Paris; is adorned

by a Japanese fan, never before known to emerge from silver paper into the light of day, by a museum of hair-rings, and on her breast by the portrait of a Macgregor, with high cheek-bones and an upper lip, in a kilt.

"I hope," says little Jeanne, with solemn eagerness—"I hope we don't look dreadfully like the dancing ladies in the booths at Freiburg Fair? It may be only the effect of the window-curtains, of course, but we are not *in tune*." Although she has never heard of South Kensington, Jeanne is instinct to the very finger-tips with artistic feeling. "Ought we to be paler about the hair and skin, do you suppose? Or ought they not to be yellow satin?"

"Salmon-color and yellow are death to a fine complexion," Mamselle Ange enunciates with authority. "I said so to Dolores when first she chose the hangings. But we know what these Spanish women are! Coquetry or devotion, a mantilla or a priest, all the poor dear thought of was her own sallow cheeks. I have been killed, murdered by yellow satin during a quarter of a century, and but for my pious bringing up should infallibly have been driven into rouge. There was the difference in our position. Up to the day of her death Dolores used to put on her ermine with no more scruple than she did her rosary, and I have no doubt Paul's goddess, Miss Vivian Vivash, will have the same elastic conscience. Miss Vivian Vivash!" repeats Ange in stinging accents. "There is a straining after effect in the alliteration, an impertinence in the juxtaposition of the letters. To think, after thirty years' fidelity, that I should be displaced by such a successor, the rapid beauty of a London season, the idol of tobacconists and photographers, a milliner's block, a setter of fashions, a Vivian Vivash!"

Scarcely has the name left Mamselle Ange's lips when the crunch of wheels, the cracking of whips, resound from the courtyard. There comes a minute of keen expectancy; little Jeanne, like one under the influence of hasheesh, feels as if these intense sixty seconds equaled a year of common life! The tones of a woman's voice, loud, drawing, uneducated, are heard in the entrance-hall; and then the salon-door is thrown open, and Vivian the Beauty stands there.

And the first thought of Ange and Jeanne alike—the first thought of those poor uncultivated heathen is, that the great London beauty possesses no beauty at all. So much is training needed for appreciation of really high art on or off canvas in our day!

A sandy blonde by nature, with the phlegmatic temperament, the dense, bloodless complexion of the type, Vivian's hair is deepened artificially to a lusterless, inky black. She wears it

plainly drawn from a brow that with all its snows, with all its handsome carvings, is soulless. The nose is common—if it were not for the verdict of St. James's Street, one would be tempted to call it broad. The jawbone is square; the lips are full as the lips of an octoroon. Miss Vivash has strong, white teeth, eyebrows carefully selected to match her hair, a pair of unabashed, steel-colored eyes, an excruciating waist, a throat, and shoulders. She wears a tight-fitting, pearl-gray traveling-dress, a tiny, pearl-gray hat, with a solitary tuft of gilt feathers, pearl-gray gloves and boots, and a necklet of dead gold. Not a discordant tint, not a superabundant gather or fold—indeed, the Beauty's dress would seem not so much to belong to her as to *be* herself. In little Jeanne's attire, as in Mamselle Ange's, buttons and hooks are not unfrequently notable by their deficiency. Mortal eye can not discern the means whereby Miss Vivash divests herself of that shimmering, foldless dress of hers unless it be by some mysterious snake-like process of sloughing. There is, indeed, an indescribable look about her whole person—the small head thrown back upon the thick throat, the gleam of gold, the pale, chill eyes—that causes Jeanne, in this first moment of meeting, to recall the gliding, deadly inhabitants of the Schloss moat with a shudder. The impression, like most of little Jeanne's "fancies," is destined to stand the test of time.

"And so this is Schloss Egmont! I didn't think such a hideous place was possible out of a pre-Raphaelite nightmare. What a paper, what curtains! I feel a moral indigestion already. And you" (she produces a pair of double glasses and gives Jeanne a cruel stare—a stare such as high-born dames, not beauties, are in the habit, doubtless, of bestowing upon herself)—"you, I suppose, are the Mamselle Ange of whom our dear Princess spoke?"

(For Beauty is on so equal a footing with titled personages that she talks of them ever in such terms as "dear" and "sweet"! Unless, indeed, titled personages chance to have offered her a rebuff—when hey, presto! flow expressions the reverse of pearls and diamonds from those roseate but plebeian lips.)

Mamselle Ange rises, with stiff politeness, and prepares to do the honors. She has stood too much on her own dignity to meet the travelers at the house-door. Miss Vivash may be the most beautiful woman in Europe—may be the future mistress of Schloss Egmont—Mamselle Ange is a Macgregor and a gentlewoman, bound to show hospitable courtesy to Paul von Egmont's guests; but as an equal, not a dependent.

"Miss Vivash and her friends," she remarks, with a courtesy of thirty years ago, "are welcome

to the Black Forest. Being uncertain whether you would take refreshment on the road, I—"

"Refreshment!" interrupts Vivian with the point-blank rudeness that sits so naturally on her. "We were present at a cannibal repast, somewhere, at some unearthly hour of the morning. Every conceivable variety of nastiness—raw ham, sour cabbage, sausages, and upward of a hundred natives—you are one of them, doubtless?—devouring, fearfully and wonderfully, with their knives!"

Ange draws up her spare figure to its fullest height.

"Every nation has its own manners, as every class in life has its ideas of breeding," she remarks sententiously.

The Beauty condescends not to reply: she continues to stare at the faded yellow curtains, the tasteless hangings, the high-backed chairs, the figures of the housekeeper and little Jeanne—continues to stare steadily through that double eye-glass familiar to every idle apprentice of the London streets, with an air of mock criticism at once languid and aggressive.

"I declare it is all quite too deliciously horrid," she drawls at length. "Lady Pamela—Sir Christopher") turning to two new personages who, at this moment, make their appearance in the doorway), "come and see what is to be seen. I have agreed to spend a fortnight here—two weeks, fourteen days—hours that it would require a Babbage machine to calculate—and I look to you, between you, to hinder me from committing suicide."

Lady Pamela Lawless is about as plain as it is possible for a woman possessing youth and health to be; and still, go where she will, Lady Pamela's fresh, frank, irregular face is a popular one. Needless to speak of defect of feature where all is defect. Lady Pamela has a complexion honestly white-and-red as a Lancashire rose, a pair of humorously twinkling greenish eyes, fifteen hundred a year absolutely under her own control, and dimples. She is dressed in a white serge short enough to allow you to do more than guess at a pair of pretty ankles, scarlet stockings, and a cap to match—a cap of the form known, I believe, in the trade, as the "Vivian toquet."

If Mamselle Ange and Jeanne gazed, awestruck, at Beauty's sheeny, snake-like gracefulness, you may imagine how their eyes widen at the ankle-short skirt, the head-dress, the scarlet stockings of Lady Pamela Lawless!

"It seems that we shall have to introduce ourselves." And, stepping forward, Lady Pamela bestows a hearty hand-shake, first on Mamselle Ange, then on Jeanne. "As I am chaperon of the party, suppose I go through the ceremony

categorically. You see before you, ladies, Miss Vivian Vivash, of cosmopolitan celebrity" (with a showman-like wave of the hand indicating Beauty—poor Beauty, whose head, like that of Lamb's Scotchman, must go through an anatomical operation ere a joke could enter it). "Miss Vivash has had the honor of appearing, ladies, before half the crowned heads in Europe, has been photographed for the public in thirty-five different attitudes, and is commonly supposed to be the most marvelous specimen of our race ever beheld since the days of Solomon! Secondly, Lady Pamela Lawless" (accompanying the mention of her own name with a bob-courtesy like a charity schoolgirl's). "And, thirdly, Sir Christopher Marlowe, of whom Shakespeare wrote, prophetically, in divers texts: 'He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks an infinite deal of nothing, he smells of April and May. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth. He hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him more.'"

Sir Christopher Marlowe is a very small, scrupulously dandified man of seven- or eight-and-twenty. In the present free-and-easy generation of wideawakes and shooting-jackets, many men lie open to the charge of bringing the country into Pall Mall. Sir Christopher carries Pall Mall about with him like an atmosphere. He is as pink-complexioned as any lovely wax Adonis in a barber's window, regular of feature, with dark mustache, and inch-long regulation whiskers; wears a tall hat and frock-coat, even when he travels; wears guillotine collars, pointed boots, a crutch, and a bracelet—and, withal, is one of the finest-hearted little English gentlemen in the world! As a leader of cotillions, a singer of after-dinner songs, an amateur actor, a stout rider across country, who does not know "Kit Marlowe"? Who (among his own set, at least) did not rejoice when, at the close of last season, Vivian the Beauty—stalking bigger game just then—thought fit to jilt him? "Sir Christopher is Beauty's slave to this hour," says the section of the world who believe that there can be no kernel in this light nut; that the soul of the man is his clothes. "See how Quixotically he makes himself the champion of her fame! How he stood by her—when so many fell away—after that affair at the Orleans! How constantly he remains her shadow, go where she will! The Beauty has but to lift a finger, and she can become Lady Marlowe to-morrow." Kit Marlowe's friends—those, more especially, who watched him recover from the first shock of Vivian's infidelity—think otherwise.

"The Princess ought to have warned me positively of the treat that was in store," re-

marks Miss Vivash, when the introductions are over. And, heeding her hosts no more than the Chinese monsters on the stove, she walks across to one of the window-curtains, then holds up a point of its moth-eaten texture between her finger and thumb. "If ever I leave Schloss Egmont alive, I shall feel it a duty to carry away a piece of the drawing-room tapestries for the British Museum—'Specimen of Teutonic art-taste, as shown in house-decoration.'"

Mamselle Ange seats herself on the central, most impossibly stiff-backed ottoman of the *Saal*, arranges her flounces, and clears her throat in a short, dry fashion that Jeanne knows to be prophetic.

"This drawing-room was furnished, as it now stands, when the Countess Dolores, one of the most noted beauties of her day, came here as a bride. That was in 'forty-one.'"

"'Forty-one—of which century?'" inquires Vivian, with artless impertinence. "The seventeenth—the eighteenth? Surely these tapestries must date longer back than a hundred and fifty years ago?"

"They date back to July, 1841, my dear young lady, ten years or so before you were born."

Vivian's cheeks fire. She has, in truth, left her six-and-twentieth birthday some way behind, and the subject of age and dates is distasteful to her, as Mamselle Ange, with fine feminine intuition, would seem to have discovered.

"In 1841 Count Oloff brought his bride home, and the reception-rooms were redecorated according to her taste. Perhaps I might have counseled blue myself," says Mamselle Ange, "for I was blonde, and we washy blondes"—she glances at Vivian's artificially ebon locks—"can not stand the neighborhood of warm color. The Countess Dolores had southern blood in her veins; the complexion of a pomegranate; dark eyes that seemed to light the room up at a glance.—You never read the Duke de Rochefoucauld's 'Portraits,' Miss Vivash? So I should suppose. Dolores von Egmont is described there, under the title of 'Nuage.' She was celebrated in every court in Europe. I have seen kaisers, princes, ministers—I have seen," says Ange, launching, it may be feared, from the *vero* into the *ben trovato*, "the great Talleyrand himself, in this *salon*, at her feet."

"How quite too awfully jolly!" responds Beauty, with her drawl. "If the great Talleyrand—whoever that venerable duffer may be—is still alive, pray have him over to Schloss Egmont for my benefit."

The expression of Mamselle Ange's face is a study.

CHAPTER IV.

"CHAFF."

HALF-PAST twelve is the accustomed dinner-time at Schloss Egmont. Jeanne has passed her life, Mamselle Ange has spent over thirty years, in the Black Forest; and, whatever English proclivities linger in their hearts, their frugal tastes, their hours—shall I add their blessed contentment with themselves and with their lot?—are German.

This evening, however, for the first time in Jeanne's experience, a seven-o'clock dinner is to be served. Frau Myer from the parsonage has given her help as regards the arrangement of dishes. (The Herr Pastor spent a fortnight in Paris after his marriage, and his wife is still the acknowledged authority in taste throughout the district.) Hans the gardener, in rehabilitated livery, is to display his newly learned accomplishments as a waiter. The family plate, emancipated, like Ange's fan, from silver paper and darkness, decks the table. Elspeth the parlor-maid has appareled herself in her noisiest walking-shoes, in her stiffest *Sonntagschleife*—those marvelous black-silk bows projecting like kite's wings from either side of the forehead, with which the Black Forest women seek to enhance the scanty beauty Heaven has bestowed upon them. The rusty tocsin, or alarm-bell, is rung for a good five minutes before dinner, rung by Hans's stout arm with a will that sends forth bats and owls, affrighted, from every ivied jutty, frieze, and buttress into the flaring amber of the western sunlight.

"I know, by experience, how most evil things taste in the mouth," says Vivian, when the queerly assorted party has met at table in the dining-room—a table that would hold eighty, a room that would not be overcrowded by a hundred guests. "Schloss Egmont gives me a new and horrible sensation. I realize what one might feel as the heroine of a three-volume novel. Blue chambers, faded arras, owls, specters!" (This with a side-glance at Mamselle Ange's figure.) "I declare not an accessory is wanting."

"Except the Prince Charming of the story," remarks Sir Christopher. He has a voice at once treble and tragic, enunciates his syllables in a slow, methodical way that heightens, by contrast, the ever-changing comedy of his face. "Rawdon Crawley having gone the way of all flesh, the world can scarce hope to be regaled with another 'Novel without a Hero.'"

"Surely you could play the part by proxy," cries Lady Pamela, in her off-hand fashion—"play it, at least, until the Count von Egmont

appears in person. You could not find a pleasanter occupation."

"Pleasant but dangerous—for the heroine," says Kit Marlowe, with a genial little internal smile he has—the smile of a man who "fancies himself" above all things. "I know my own luck too well to put myself, vicariously, in an absent lover's shoes."

At which innocent remark the Beauty's cheeks fire. She is not without a certain limited conventional aptness. No woman with wits, intensified by a couple of rapidest London seasons, but must be posted in the second-hand persiflage, the acquired banter that pass muster, when politics is stagnant, and the dog-days approaching, for smartness. Here her sense of humor ends. A jest, the approach to a jest, upon the sacred subject of her own charms, is to Miss Vivash a blasphemy—the only one, it may be added, at which she would be greatly disposed to take umbrage.

Persiflage—our great-grandmothers used the word, and shone in the accomplishment. Shades of sprightliest Fanny Burney and Thrale! can it be truly reproduced in the dreary compound of slang and cynicism, the scoffing at all things generous or solemn, which the present generation calls "chaff"? During the opening courses of dinner, things go off smoothly. Hans and Elspeth acquit themselves tolerably as long as Ange's oft-repeated warnings ring freshly in their ears. The soup, the fish, are served with decent quietness. The guests talk briskly between themselves. That their discourse seems to lack edge, seems occasionally to lack meaning, results doubtless from deficiency of apprehension in the hearers. Judging from the effect produced upon each other, 'tis a very feast of reason, a flow of soul, a jackdaws' parliament! The vast old room rings and reëchoes to their incessant peals of laughter. What is the staple of their merriment? Buffoonery, it would seem, to the uninitiated rather than wit; heavily manufactured jokes whereof the point consists in the introduction of some one oft-reiterated current word; personalities, scandals, compared to which the reputations slain by Lady Sneerwell and Mr. Crabtree had been as nothing.

This lasts for a time. Then the travelers' spirits flag; and, with a child's quick sensitiveness, Jeanne detects that Vivian is casting round her for fresher diversion than our poor Sir Harry's loss of honor, our sweet Lady Jane's loss of complexion, and other remembered misfortunes of dearest absent friends. She has not far to seek. Hans and Elspeth, crimson with heat, are fast lapsing into the stage of obdurate incapacity, at which, when fairly put upon his metal, the Black Forest peasant defies all honest

competition. They distribute dishes where plates should be; they plant plates in the center of the table; they fling about coroneted Von Egmont spoons as liberally as the personages in a fairy-tale are wont to throw about gold and silver. They wipe their sunburned, exuding foreheads. They talk aloud. They giggle.

Jeanne can see that Miss Vivash and Lady Pamela exchange glances.

The situation is crucial; but worse, far worse, is to come. Our good Mamselle Ange has not lived thirty years in the Wald without forgetting some of the axioms laid down by modern Chesterfields in handbooks of etiquette. She knots her table-napkin firmly under her chin at the commencement of dinner, cuts up her meat with the bold action of a demonstrating surgeon, eats cherry jam liberally between every course, and helps herself to all such lighter matters as gravy, condiments, or vegetables, upon the blade of her knife.

"We are told by our masters, the penny-aligners," says Sir Christopher, pointedly addressing himself to no one in particular, "that the avidity with which this generation flocks to sights of horror is a sign of decadence. Old Rome—fine ladies—gladiators. My taste is pure and uncorrupted. I have never been to an execution or a bull-fight, to see Blondin or Zadkiel. My blood runs cold at the thought of an innocent fellow creature" (he gives a little shudder, and sinks back in his chair) "risking his life for my diversion."

Mamselle Ange at this moment is really performing prodigies of valor as she swallows poached eggs and spinach from the blade of her knife—an honest, circular-shaped weapon, fashioned doubtless at an epoch when to eat with one's fork would have been looked upon throughout the Fatherland as an effeminacy. *She* sees nothing of the little by-play going on between the guests, pays no more heed to Sir Christopher's attitude of sham horror than to Beauty's up-lifted brow, or the twinkle of mischievous fun in Lady Pamela's eyes. Let Ange be once occupied with her knife and fork, the former especially, and there is about her a quite Socratic disregard for all besides. Minor accidental surroundings become

" . . . small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds."

Little Jeanne suffers, as I believe children alone are capable of suffering, beneath ridicule. Until to-day Jeanne has regarded everything at Schloss Egmont—Ange's best flowered silk, the moth-eaten curtains, the pastel goddesses, the broad-bladed knives—with the unquestioning faith of her age. She sees them, suddenly, as they must appear through the double eye-glasses of Miss

Vivian Vivash, and quivers as with a living, passionate shame!

Accompanying dessert comes art-talk. The late Count von Egmont was himself an artist of no mean merit, and the Speise-saal is decorated with frescoes, painted under his direction, in memory of Germany's greatest classic poets. Above the music-gallery are medallions representing the leading scenes in Wieland's "Oberon." From an opposite side, the Virgin, life-sized, appears at the pillow of the sleeper Herder. Beneath a portrait of Schiller are groups from "Jeanne d'Arc" and "Marie Stuart." A huge mythological tableau from the second part of "Faust" covers the whole side of the room dedicated to Goethe. These frescoes, executed by a well-known Munich copyist, are from designs in the archducal palace at Weimar—designs classical throughout Germany. To Miss Vivash and her friends they are caviare. Miss Vivash, during the past season, has deeply studied her own likeness, in oil and in chalk, at the Royal Academy. She has also coached herself in the history of "Andromeda" (the title of a picture for which she and other town beauties sat as models), and has visited, chiefly on wet Sundays, the studios of several fashionable painters of note. What greater knowledge of the fine arts, unless they be connected with bismuth, antimony, and pearl-powder, should poor, half-educated Beauty need? What should she know of Goethe, Schiller—of paintings that never hung in Burlington Street—of an artist not introduced to her at the annual *conversazione* of the Royal Academy?

Ignorance, however, as in some other cases we wot of, does but lend a sharper edge to adverse criticism. Was ever such grouping seen—such *chiaroscuro*, such anatomy? At last, round the throat of one of the ruddy-locked nymphs in "Oberon," Vivian descries what she affirms to be a coral necklace—in truth, a wreath of crimson roses; but Beauty's eyesight is conveniently defective when she lists.

"I declare this is quite too adorably quaint," putting up her double eye-glass, as is her custom whenever she would be more than commonly supercilious. "Coral necklaces with hair to match, are evidently the last thing out in the grand duchy of Baden."

And, posing her head a little on one side, she encounters Jeanne's dark, imploring glance with her stoniest stare—a stare that lengthened prac-

tice, the remembrance of countless feminine cruelties recked upon herself, have brought to perfection.

The child feels every secret of her life—such innocent secrets as they are—pierced through by those pale eyes, those double glasses. Every separate bead in her luckless necklace seems to burn like a coal of fire round her throat.

"These primitive customs really take one back centuries," drawls Beauty, without removing her gaze from her victim's face. "I remember my grandmamma telling how, in her young days, the female infant invariably received a coral necklace from its godfather and godmother. Indeed, I think it stood, like King Charles in the oak, in the rubric.—Pray, Mamselle Ange, as we are speaking on serious subjects, shall we have an opportunity of attending Anglican service on Sundays? One would like to study the manners and customs of the British settler with impartiality."

It takes Ange long to answer the question. A person with normal convolutions of brain might reply briefly that there exists neither Anglican church nor Anglican service within a radius of a dozen miles. Mamselle Ange's mental processes, like her millinery, have in them some latent labyrinthine twist which forces her ever into the use of twenty words where one would be sufficient. Irrelevant anecdotes, dating back to her own confirmation; outlying sketches, in the main unfavorable, of Continental chaplains, their wives, their characters, their debts; a dissertation on the relative merits of the Calvinist and Lutheran beliefs, with a passing fling at what she is pleased to term the Materialism made Easy of the day—all these things does she manage, by fair means or foul, to bring in, Miss Vivash listening, with half-closed eyes, with yawns that she is not at the smallest trouble to dissemble. At length, just as Ange pauses for breath rather than lack of subject-matter, a ring comes at the outer, seldom-used bell of the Schloss.

"A visitor at the big gate!" exclaims little Jeanne, her cheeks reddening.

"It must be the ladies from the Residenz," cries Mamselle Ange. "Luckily, the guest-room for once is in order. The ladies from the Residenz, or the Herr Baron von Katzenellenbogen."

And then the door of the dining-room opens, and on the threshold—dusty, travel-stained, more poverty-stricken in his dress than usual—there appears the master—Wolfgang.

(To be continued.)

FRENCH AND ENGLISH PICTURES.

"AFTER all, France is a bigger country than England." Such was the trite reflection which I made to console myself for the impression produced by the first glimpse of the Paris Salon; and, such is the power of platitude, that it did bring to me some small amount of consolation. But when one comes to consider the matter carefully, there does not seem to be any very potent reason why the size of the country should render the arrangement of its picture-galleries superior in proportion to that size, but rather the reverse would seem likely to be the case, and the smaller country would be expected to provide adequate accommodation for its works of art with greater facility. Taking other things to be equal, it must be easier to find room for a thousand pictures than for five thousand, and London must be small and poor indeed if she can not afford the space or the money to show her artists' work in a decently satisfactory manner. We know, however, that in truth London is neither small nor poor, and that when money is required for any adequate object it flows in from many sources almost too profusely. Is it possible, therefore, that we do not consider it to be an adequate object that the works of our artists should be properly displayed, that the accommodation for such works and those who come to see them should be ample, and that even the minor wants of the visitors—as, for instance, rest, fresh air, sensible refreshment, and perhaps even the possibility of a few whiffs of pipe or cigar—should all be considered carefully? And if we do not consider this to be necessary or desirable, would it not be well if we were to pause for a moment in our admiration for pictures, and ask ourselves why we are thus minded—why we crowd a gallery as if it were a railway station, provide eatables and drinkables of a kind which is unknown except during the mad five minutes which we spend at a railway refreshment bar, why we shut out the fresh air, and restrict the seats, and forbid smoking as severely as at a Dorcas meeting?

Think how different all this is at Paris! You stroll up the Champs-Élysées till you come to a building which is about as large as Charing Cross Railway Station, and you pay your franc and enter. Surely this can not be a picture-gallery! No one takes away your umbrella or your cigar, and you advance into an enormous hall, roofed with glass, and filled with flowers and statues—flowers of every conceivable kind, not displayed in boxes or arranged in glasses or bouquets, but

growing in profusion in the long beds, and almost concealing the pedestals of the statues; everywhere flowers and seats, and groups of people standing before the statues, chattering and laughing, smoking, whispering criticisms, or eating, but neither angry, hurried, nor tired. And when you leave this hall and ascend to the galleries above, you still meet with the same amount of fresh air and possibility of free movement. The rooms are so large and lofty, and there are so many of them, that they are never really crowded; and even on Thursday and Sunday, when the people are admitted without payment, the pictures can at all times be comfortably seen. What reason is there in the order of things why all this should not be the case in England? I will tell you; for, strange as it may seem, this trivial question of the nature and arrangement of the exhibition, leads us down to the main cause of the difference between French and English art. The reason for our indifference to the bad arrangement of our picture-galleries is that we do not care for our pictures. It would shock us if the Prince and Princess of Wales were to live, say, in an inn on the Edgware Road, but we should see no incongruity in housing our best pictures in any watertight room, no matter how unsightly or how inconvenient. Pictures or statues are nothing to us, except appropriate objects to fill spaces on our walls and dark corners in our drawing-room; and, were we able, we should degrade all the best art of England to the decoration of a sofa or the pattern of a plate. That is the real reason why we can only have uncomfortable picture-galleries, inadequate alike for the artists and the spectators. We have, we think, gone beyond art, have advanced into high intellectual regions whence we can afford to look down upon the pretty plaything which has in former ages raised the enthusiasm, heightened the joy, and soothed the sorrow of every civilization that has left its mark upon the world's history; and so we are growing daily more contemptuous of art, more wrong-headed in our way of looking at its influence and its aims. Rightly understood, the present fashion for art patronage is even a worse sign than the neglect that preceded it; for the fashion is founded upon no real love or wish for what is beautiful and true, but only on a sort of desire to present to the world the sight of an enlightened public who encourage in a generous manner all the refinements of life.

This is the first contrast between the Salon and the Academy: that the first with all its er-

rors—and, as we shall proceed to show, they are very many and very great—is still the work of men who have in their hearts the right feeling for art, even when they fail to grasp its expression; and the second is the work of those who do not in their hearts care for art or understand its power. And in each case the real moving agency is the way in which the nation thinks; for it is the nation which moves the artists as well as produces them, and you can no more have a body of good artists when all right feeling for art has been lost, or is yet unborn in the hearts of the people, than you can have fruit and flowers from a tree without the sun and air which nourish its growth.

And now I can fancy that my readers will be likely to remark that I am all wrong in this assertion, that art is not really cared for and understood by the English people, and they will point triumphantly to the wall-papers, dados, lustered pottery, and art needlework, and ask if all that does not show the fondness of the people for art. So I will venture to devote a few words to the explanation of what seems to me to be the function of the highest art; for it is only by clearly understanding that, that we can form any correct judgment as to our own or our neighbors' merits or shortcomings. To do this, we must consider very briefly the relation in which painting stands to the sister arts of poetry and music. In Lessing's "Laocoon," the chief book which has treated of this relation in any adequate manner, painting and sculpture are placed in an inferior relation to poetry, the author limiting their expressional value to one instant of time, and thence drawing various conclusions as to the inferior rank they must necessarily hold to an art which may cover an almost infinite series of actions. So far as this goes, it is undoubtedly correct; but it does not go far enough to express the truth, as may be seen from thinking for a moment of the scope of poetry. In the highest developments of this art, we find that the chief merit is that of placing ordinary events and actions before us in a manner which throws a new light upon them—the thought or the action being precise and definite in itself, no matter how many avenues of thought and feeling it may open up—and, taken as a rule, we discover that in the greatest poets the more simple is the material, the more powerful is its effect. Thus the new light which Shelley throws upon the song of the skylark, or the manner in which Homer paints the simple love of Hector and Andromache, is of greater value than when the one describes the divinities of the air, or the other the revels of the gods. Newman's "Dream of St. Gerontius" is magnificent poetry, but it is far inferior to his expression of simple faith in "Lead, kindly light"; and Tennyson is greater

when he paints "the long fields of barley and of rye, that clothe the wold and meet the sky," than when he shows us the fairy barge moving across the still lake to the island-valley of Avillion.

Thus the essential function of poetry is not to describe the things which have "not entered into the heart of man," but to glorify those that have, to shed the inconceivable light over things not only conceivable, but even common, to touch with the glory and the dream our most prosaic facts.

This is the chief power of poetry; and if you examine the great masters, from Homer to Tennyson, you will always find their principal beauty to lie in the fact that they have been essentially human in their sympathies. Now think for a moment of music. Certainly it is evident that the mission is widely different. You may gladden men's hearts with a tune on a fiddle, or rouse their warlike energies with the clashing of cymbals and the braying of trumpets, or wake their laughter with merry ditties; but when you come to music at its utmost height, you make men neither glad, nor angry, nor mirthful, and, if you do not make them sad, it is only because you arouse in them the thoughts that "lie too deep for tears." Notice that the great contrast of poetry and music is, that in the first the poet illuminates his reader with some of his own wisdom, in the second the hearer illuminates himself. The poet may direct our thoughts into a new channel of fuller knowledge; the musician reveals to us depths of feeling which lie behind our thoughts, unknown and unsuspected. The one changes, the other creates. Thus, while a recited poem will say the same thing to all who hear it, a piece of great music will say as many things as there are hearers. Its interpretation will depend entirely upon the personality to whom it is addressed; or, rather, it has no interpretation at all, and is but a means of creating within another's mind some conception which has no actual resemblance to the creating power. What poetry and music do perfectly, painting does in a lesser degree, combining the work of both. It will express an old story or thought in a new way, so as to add to its meaning; and it will do more than this, for it will take up the province of music after having exhausted that of poetry, and express in the harmonies of form and color that which finds perfect expression only in the harmonies of sound. Thus, for instance, you may express perfectly in poetry the beauty of a fresh spring day, and you may express in music the gladness of heart which such a day arouses; but in painting alone can you combine the two, and express alike the gladness and the beauty of the scene. The two great divisions of the best painting might be called the musical and the poetical—the latter including

those works where the artist had shown a clear interpretative and illustrative intention; the former where he had striven to arrive at the very heart of things, and had painted what we should commonly call an ideal picture. Below these, again, would come the two correlative schools of pure realism and unessential idealism—the one where the artist had simply copied nature as well as possible; the other where he had chiefly impressed some passing sentiment of his own upon the scene. From these we should descend again to records of picturesque incidents and picturesque places, treated in a more or less pictorial manner, and to scenes from history or social life treated after academic principles, which latter may be briefly defined as the attempt to do by rule what can only be done by intense feeling and perfect knowledge. Then we should have pictures of pretty dresses, or old books, or ginger pots, or any other artificial productions which happened to give a good opportunity for placing pretty colors or agreeable forms in juxtaposition. And, lastly, we should have pictures which were not even beautiful or pleasing, but simply attempts to exhibit the master's skill, and to surprise the spectator into admiration.

Enough has, I think, now been said to show the point of view from which this criticism is written, and without further delay I will now speak briefly of the main points of difference between the works of the two schools, and give a few examples from this year's exhibitions in Paris and London.

On first entering the picture-galleries of the Salon, we notice that we are in a different atmosphere altogether from that of an English exhibition, and the first impression is to most people by no means a pleasant one. On every side we see large, even gigantic pictures, any one of which would be considered as a landmark in our Academy if only from its size and the importance of its subject. But most of these works are more daring in conception than they are beautiful or interesting. The amount of labor bestowed upon them is enormous; but it is rarely equally or wisely distributed, and the painting, the mere brush-work of the pictures and their coloring, is almost invariably deficient in delicacy. Size appears to be sought for its own sake, and often at the expense of other qualities of greater importance, and the artist appears to have been more intent upon astonishing the spectator, than delighting him. The composition, too, of the pictures is apt to be of a kind which is more skillful than it is interesting, being based upon strict academic principles. Thus one of the largest pictures in the exhibition is one by Debat Ponsan, entitled "The Piety of St. Louis toward the Dead," in which the King is raising in his arms a

putrefying body, in order to set the example to his knights, of giving burial to the dead soldiers who lie about in the foreground of the picture. The King's knights are grouped behind him picturesquely enough: two enormous horses, the king's and his standard-bearer's, form an impressive dark mass in the center of the picture, and give the pyramidal form to the composition which is considered necessary, and the cliffs on either side slope down toward the center of the picture, in the most orthodox manner. The work, however, is uninteresting in the highest degree; there is no sign that the artist has understood the spirit of the scene, or cared anything about it. The one little bit of naturalism in the whole composition is in one of the crusaders' figures on the extreme left, and he is—holding his nose. Now, it is worth while to dwell a little on this picture, as it exemplifies another of the French errors in painting, besides that of supplanting feeling by arrangement. This is their liking for choosing repulsive subjects, and not only liking to paint them, but painting them in the most ordinary matter-of-fact way, as if they would, of course, be beautiful to the spectator, if treated according to the artistic laws. Pictures such as this, and "La Tentation" by Jules Garnier, and "La Femme de Putiphar" by Schutzenberger, and "Mort d'Orphée" by Gustave Doré, are all repulsive subjects, treated in an unpleasant manner. Let me not be misunderstood. I do not assert that art is only concerned with pleasing things, but that it is no part of an artist's business to deal with what is in itself coarse, horrible, loathsome, unless he does it with a clearly evident purpose. Now, in the pictures we have mentioned, and in dozens if not hundreds of others in this gallery, it is quite evident that the artist has had no such purpose—nay, that in the picture of "The Temptation" he has actually revealed in the coarseness of his conception. The reason for these pictures is curiously enough connected with the reasons which give French art a certain supremacy over that of our own and other countries—namely, the fact that painting, when it is truly alive, reflects the opinions and practices of the people among whom it flourishes. Given true feeling for art throughout France, given also the life of a certain considerable number of Parisians, and pictures of the sort we have mentioned follow as the night the day.

And we should have them in our own country were it not for two causes: the first that the majority of our artists only paint subjects which are pleasing in themselves; and, second, that art has never as yet really grown up in England and become a power, but is allowed only to work under certain restrictions, and is even then jealously watched. A coarse man in France will paint

coarse subjects coarsely, because such subjects please him. A coarse painter in England, dependent entirely upon public favor, will, as a general rule, be afraid of public censure, and will paint subjects alien to his nature. The result of this is a very curious one; for it follows that while in France one sees the coarse subject, and the reverse, side by side, in England we see subjects of one kind only, that approved by public opinion, which shakes Falstaff, Hamlet, and Hotspur all into the same little mold.

With regard to the historical pictures in the Salon which are not concerned with subjects unpleasing in themselves, there are many that impress us with their ability, but few that please us as pictures. Flameng's large work of "*L'Appel des Girondins*" suffers intensely from that dreary classicism which is the bane of the more serious French artists, and the color can hardly be criticised as that of an oil-painting. It is simple, hard, and cold, and resembles more a gigantic cartoon for a fresco than a finished picture. The figures and faces of the Girondins are well drawn, and not without character; but when the composition and the grandeur of the conception have been admired, there is nothing left to say for the work. It is a great solution of difficulties, but not a great picture. Very much the same may be justly said of Lecomte du Nouy's enormous work, "*Saint Vincent de Paul secourt les Alsaciens et les Lorrains après leur réunion à la France.*" Here the color is of a less ghastly hue than in the work of Flameng, but it still appears to be seen under some cold electric light which renders all tints of the same effect. There is much more action and variety of sentiment than in the former work, and there are difficulties of drawing and composition attempted which are not to be met with in the former picture; but, on the whole, it suffers from the same faults. The flesh is cold-gray in the shadows; the arrangement of the picture is elaborate, but hardly productive of a natural effect; and, above all, the dreary allegorical figures of Alsace and Lorraine, at the top of the picture, take us back to what Mr. Wilkie Collins, in one of his novels, calls "*Art Mystic*," and defines as always producing a great depression upon the mind of the beholder.

Let us take another example, and this time it shall be one of the works of the greatest French religious painter, M. Bouguereau. His chief work in this year's Salon is a classical, or rather mythological subject, entitled "*La Naissance de Vénus.*" The subject is treated in the usual style. In the front of the picture, rising out of and swimming on the waves, are Cupids on dolphins, nymphs and Tritons blowing conch-shell horns; in the background rises a train of Loves, leading the eye from the groups of nymphs far into the

sky. In the center of all stands Venus, on a rosy shell, in an attitude of languorous exhaustion, both arms raised to the rich masses of her chestnut hair. The whole is painted with a smooth perfection of finish that no English painter can rival, unless it be Sir F. Leighton in his best moments, and the execution throughout is unflinching and thorough. The first moment's glance is almost necessarily one of extreme admiration. The picture seems so perfect in its subtlety of composition and refined grace that one is tempted to ask whether it can be possible to excel such work. If, however, we reflect that it is an almost invariable quality of great art that it does not reveal its worth at the first hurried glance, and so fall to examining this work in detail, it grows momentarily less attractive. After all, have we not seen this, or much the same thing, though not perhaps in such perfect treatment, from our youth upward? In what do these Cupids and Tritons differ from those that we remember in half a hundred pictures? In what is this round-limbed beauty more of a Venus than any other fair woman? If there is nothing very new in the forms or the arrangement of the figures, is there anything in the coloring? Still less is this the case; there is little if any positive color in the picture, and the brilliance of the whole is not the brilliance of sunlight. Where the light falls upon the bodies of the nymphs it whitens them with a cold radiance of which we know nothing in nature, and in the shadows there is no warmth, only a pale, chill gray. Again, the light and shade of the picture are hardly to be accounted for, except by attributing them to the painter's caprice, and the effective relief gained thereby is gained at the expense of truth, and adds to the artificial impression produced by the whole picture. The composition throughout is of an intensely academical character, carried out with a skill to which we have, as far as I know, no parallel in England; but the effect of this arrangement is rather to draw the attention of the spectator to itself than to heighten the interest of the picture. Directly one notices it, it becomes apparent that the subject was chosen to afford the painter an opportunity of displaying his skill, rather than because he wanted to tell us something fresh, or because he was possessed with the beauty of the incident. The feeling of the scene has not been grasped, and the best proof of this is that it is with extreme difficulty that we can turn our eyes from the beauty of the painting to the consideration of the subject. We keep returning, in spite of ourselves, to the artist's ability, to the beautiful balance of parts, to the exquisite arrangements of line, to the manner in which every detail leads the eye to the principal figure.

If we turn to our English Academy, we may find some points of comparison between this work and that of "Elijah in the Wilderness," by Sir Frederick Leighton, though we must premise that there is in the work of our president a depth of color far superior to that of M. Bouguereau. This picture of Elijah is probably well known to our readers, and I need only remind them of the main details of its composition: Elijah on the right of the picture, half reclining upon a mass of rock, and on the left the angel bringing him the heavenly food, a landscape representing a rocky desert and a sky of deep blue, and heavy, white, cumulus clouds. Whatever praise is due to this picture—and, in truth, it is not a favorable specimen of the President's work—is due to the solution of the problems of drawing the naked figure in such a very difficult attitude, and arranging it so as to give a fine combination of lines. There is no success, probably no desire of success, in depicting the spirit of the scene, or inspiring the beholder with any emotion in regard to it. The prophet is not a famished Hebrew, but an athlete rather out of condition; and the angel, so far from showing in her face any of the divine love or pity which one might suppose to be appropriate to the occasion, is smiling cynically. In so far as sentiment and feeling go, the picture is a *tabula rasa*; in so far as skillful drawing and composition are sought for, it is a work of great merit. Think for a moment of the "Atalanta's Race," by Mr. Poynter, in last year's Academy, and you will find exactly the same merits and drawbacks. There Milani's figure was simply a study of the nude, and Atalanta's an attempt to depict arrested motion, and a difficult piece of foreshortening. None of the intense emotion of the man who was running for his life and his bride, or of the woman whose fate hung upon the result of her exertions, was attempted to be shown. It is to be noted that the French are much more consistent in this academic rendering of a subject than are the English, for, as a rule in these large pictures of theirs, they never attempt to represent the glow of actual life. The tints used are broad and simple, the shadows usually gray, and the effort is frankly one to gain dignity of composition and grandeur of outline at the expense of a surrender of the more vital human emotions and interests. English painters, however, can rarely bring themselves to treat subjects thoroughly in this manner, and the consequence is that they select scenes like these of Atalanta and Elijah, where the human element is, or rather should be, distinctly the great thing in the composition, and then reduce it to a nullity by the style of their work.

Let us look at another great department of

French art, their battle-pictures, and see where they differ from those of our own country. It is almost unnecessary to mention that they are ten times as numerous, for we have never cared in England for pictorial records of our fighting. The truth is, that we are not at heart, whatever may be said by Lord Beaconsfield, or sung by Mr. Macdermott, a fighting nation. We do it thoroughly, when we are about it, in the cool, business-like way in which we conduct our other concerns, but we have no national equivalent for the *La Gloire* of France; and, when the fighting is over, we like to forget all about it as soon as possible, carrying the forgetfulness sometimes so far as to postpone paying the bill for the little expenses we have incurred. But there are other very notable differences between the battle-pictures of the Salon and the Academy than the greater number and size of the former; for we find, on looking at the French pictures, that they represent war as it is for the nation, and that the English represent it as it is for the individual. To the Frenchman, a picture of Waterloo means the confusion and carnage of an army with the thousand details of conflict, suffering, pursuit, and retreat; to an English painter, it means the feelings of a group of young recruits as they await the attack of a handful of the French cavalry. I have taken this instance from the Academy of two years since, when Philpoteaux's "Waterloo" and Miss Thompson's "Quatre Bras" hung almost side by side; but it might be equally well shown by any other example. I think this different way of painting battles comes from the feeling which I have already described as prevalent in France—that of looking at the abstract rather than the personal side of a question. They can bear in their pictures, and even glory in, details of wounds and suffering, looking beyond them to the victory gained thereby; whereas the Englishman, with a more sluggish imagination but a more feeling heart, forgets the gross result of victory or defeat, but lingers lovingly over the elements of terror, humor, or pathos which he can find in the individual soldiers, and throws a veil of oblivion over the horrors of which he could hardly endure the representation. Here there is no question of superiority of painting, but merely one of feeling. Is it better that we should enjoy, as do the French, the idea at the expense of the individual, or minimize our records of great victories till we produce only a few pathetic incidents, such as "The Roll-call" and "The Remnants of an Army," instead of representations of the war itself? I must confess that to me the latter is the preferable method. The range of painting is so enormously wide that it may well omit from the pages of its record one phase of pain and sorrow; and I do not believe

that all the battle-pictures with which Horace Vernet has lined the walls of Versailles ever strengthened one of his countrymen in endurance, or roused him to compassion.

It is, however, well to recognize how limited is the scope of our battle-paintings, and that really such pictures as those of Mrs. Butler (Miss Thompson) stand in the same relation to those of such artists as Philippoteaux, Dumaresque, Regnart, Regnier, etc., as the pattering of the summer rain does to the torrent of Niagara.

Having spoken, though very inadequately, of the two great departments of French art—the historical and the warlike—and having shown that in both of these we must confess to some share of inferiority, if it only be an inferiority by choice, we now come to the romantic or idyllic school, one which, perhaps, is larger than all the rest put together, for we must include under this head the great mass of the figure-paintings here which do not belong to either of the above classes. Illustrations of social life, illustrations of sayings, illustrations of poetry, novels, and the drama, and so on, all come under this heading. Throughout the whole of this class there runs one damning fault which goes far to utterly nullify all the cleverness and originality of conception which we find here. This fault is the one which we have spoken of before as want, or perhaps rather artificiality, of feeling. There are dozens of pictures here of home scenes—parents lecturing sons, mothers instructing their daughters, old ship-captains smoking their pipes with their children on their knees, young lovers strolling through the woods or sitting in sunshine, barges being towed up the river by slow horses, grandfathers bringing presents to the youngsters, and so on, through infinite varieties of simple incident. Now, in all of these, in my opinion, the French art fails, and falls far short of our English work. Such a picture, for instance, as that one of Mr. G. D. Leslie's in the Academy this year, of the two sisters in the fruit-garden, would be impossible to find in the Salon: the atmosphere of peace and rest and simple kindliness is foreign to the French mind. Two exceptions, however, must be made to this statement. The first is where the artist, in painting one of these simple scenes, has been able to connect it in his mind with some more or less abstract sentiment, and so make the incident the vehicle for conveying a wider meaning; as, for instance, where Lobrichon, in his picture of a mother taking her child to the bath, has expressed very tenderly and beautifully the sentiment of maternal love; or, where Bastien Lepage, in the little idyl called the "Season of October," has managed to combine the labors of the poor with the sentiment of his landscape very perfectly. The second exception

to the want of feeling in these pictures is where the emotion suggested is one of sorrow or pain in humble life. It is a most extraordinary fact that, if we wish to discover pictures in which a true note of sympathy is struck with the poorer classes, we can not find it in English painters, but shall constantly find it in France. We must not dwell upon this, as space is already failing us, but would suggest that it may in some measure arise from the truer light in which poverty is regarded on the Continent than in the United Kingdom. Here it is a disgrace, there only a misfortune; and the intense snobbery of the English nation with respect to the class it belongs to, every one wishing to appear as if he or she belonged to the next rank above them, is almost entirely unknown in France. Whatever be the reason to which the fact is due, it is certainly true that an English picture of the lives of the poor is almost invariably a false one; while the French painters are not afraid to grasp, or ashamed to paint truly, the hard lives of the laboring classes. There is a picture here by Raffaelli, called "*La Rentrée des Chiffonniers*," which is quite perfect in its simple truth of feeling; and of such kind, too, though touched with a far more elevated meaning, are the works of Jules Breton and Israels, though it is not fair to quote the latter as belonging to the French school.

Before passing to the consideration of the landscapes, I must say a few words about the portraiture of the Salon. If we take it throughout, it possesses a degree of excellence to which we can not even approach; for one good portrait-painter that we have, there are in Paris at least a score. If we look at the highest developments of the art, I think we need not fear comparison. Marvelous as is the power of Bonnat and Carolus Duran, in neither of them do I find the strength of penetrative insight, or the sympathy with their subject, which is to be found in all the finer portraits by Mr. Watts. They are superior to anything that Watts has done if regarded from one point of view. The presentation of a great man, with his greatness legibly written on his countenance, is, I think, better done by Bonnat than it has ever been done before, and this is where he excels Mr. Watts. Mr. Watts never makes one start back from his picture with the mental exclamation of "What a wonderfully lifelike portrait of Victor Hugo!" No; the unique power of Mr. Watts's portraiture consists in this, that one looks at his picture and says: "*Is that So-and-so?*" I never thought he had all that in his face." In a man's face there are two series of facts. One shows what he is on the outside, perhaps even what his ruling desires and passions are, and that series every one can read. The second shows the man's inner nature; it re-

veals to you what the man is in his finer moments, when he is less crushed by antagonism and less thwarted by circumstance—not only what he is, but also what he might be. This is to be read by only one or two men in a generation, and this it is the painter's final triumph to see and interpret. It is in this way that Mr. Watts stands above all living painters of portraits. If we had to seek for the nearest approach to Mr. Millais among the painters of the Salon, we should probably be right in selecting M. Bastien Lepage, who, although he paints in a very much slighter key of color than our English artist, has yet very much of his power of delineating brilliant flesh-tints, and is as subtle and delicate in his arrangements of color as his rival is powerful. The portraits of Tripet, Saintin, and especially the portrait of Gérôme by Glaise, are all first rate of their kind, and painted throughout with a care and a simplicity very rare in similar work in England; their chief fault is a certain hardness of flesh-painting.

We must pass over with slight mention the various decorative works of the Salon, for their discussion would lead us into quite a new field, decoration in France being understood in a far wider sense than it is in England, and embracing the most dissimilar schemes of color and modes of treatment. In this, as in most other branches of painting, the French aim at perfection, and that on the grandest scale; designs for decoration in pure bright colors and of a gigantic size, such as the composition of the Genius of Industry (or Peace, or the Republic, we forget which) inaugurating the Exposition Universelle from the tower of the Trocadéro, having no parallel in our Academy, or any other English exhibition. The style of dusty coloring, and arrangement of beautiful forms in pale, delicate hues of color, in which Mr. Albert Moore* is such a proficient, has a parallel in the Salon in the two large decorative designs of "Nymphs on the Seashore," and "The Prodigal Son." It is to be noted that M. Pavis de Chavannes, the painter of these works, is perfectly aware of their limitations, and indeed describes his picture of "The Prodigal Son" as a design for a decorative panel; while, in the work of Mr. Moore, the decorative tendency of the pictures is not frankly acknowledged, but there is somewhat of an attempt to give them the qualities of deliberate oil-painting—an error which only draws attention to the artist's shortcomings. In the delicacy of his arrangements in gray, pink, and palest buff, M. de Chavannes ranks as highly as Mr. Moore, and there is, besides, an amount of subject and thought in his pictures which is decidedly greater than that of our artist. The

execution, however, is somewhat slighter, and there is not that delicacy of invention in the arrangement of transparent drapery which is always the most attractive portion of Mr. Moore's work. The enormous painting of M. Laugée, of "The Triumph of Flora," may be mentioned as another style of work of which we have none in our own country—a style where there can hardly be said to be any distinct pictorial motive, save to introduce as many Cupids and nymphs as possible into the picture, and arrange them in the most picturesque manner.

In Mrs. Barrett Browning's "Aurora Leigh," there is a passage where Aurora says:

"The English paint a thistle and an ass,
Because they love it and they find it so."

This really gives the key to the great gulf which is fixed between the landscape of the two countries; there is in the Gaul none of the peculiar love for nature, *qua* nature, which exists in England. A Gallic painter will paint a brilliant effect of sunshine, or a grand effect of storm, and paint it well; he will even paint quiet scenes of nature, if they are such that he can arouse in himself any specific feeling, dramatic or contemplative, by them; but in no French picture with which we are acquainted has the painter sat down to quiet, deliberate reproduction of nature unmoved by any specific emotion or conception, and only desirous to reproduce to the utmost of his power the facts before him. He will carry the study of details as far as he thinks is required to help his design, but he will never carry it as far as he possibly can for the sake of getting out of each separate detail all the beauty possible. To a nation that habitually views everything in the light of some broad idea, which is accustomed to leave no fact ungeneralized even for a moment, there is a distinct barrier to landscape-painting on what may be called the English system. I call it the English system; for though it is, perhaps, not followed by the majority of English painters, yet it is the one which is gaining ground day by day, and is, besides, distinctively English, being followed out at present by no nation but our own. I have shown elsewhere, and have no space to repeat here, how this style of landscape arose in England; how it was that we came to paint things with the utmost fidelity we could master, instead of continuing to treat them in a more or less superficial manner. The extraordinary artistic movement which is known as pre-Raphaelite, if it has done nothing else, has taught us one fact of the most vital importance to art; and that is, that it is only by following Nature that we can ultimately conquer her—that it is hopeless to try and paint an ideal picture before you can paint a real one.

* See his works at the Grosvenor Gallery.

If we look through the more important of the landscapes in the Salon, we find that there is in the better works an amount of dignity which we have hardly obtained in landscape. In place of the patient reproduction of pre-Raphaelitism, we find in these works a style of treatment in which, while details are given in abundance, they nevertheless are held in strict subordination to the ruling feeling of the painter. It seems to me that the influence of great traditions of painting, which has such a disastrous effect upon the figure compositions of the French, is at the root of the breadth of conception which is to be found in their representations of natural scenery, and that, considering there is no trace to be found among French artists of the pre-Raphaelite love of nature's detail, this academic tradition is, on the whole, a good thing; it at all events prevents the artists from treating landscape in the fashion of the Scotch painters, and reducing it to a mere record of transient gleams of sun and clouds of mist.

If we do not get pictures which tell us how keenly the artist has felt the beauty of the scene, we certainly get some which tell us with what feeling he has regarded it; we have an illustrative rendering of Nature, if not a transcription of her essential beauty. Thus, for instance, in a picture, like that by C. Bernier, of "The Abandoned Avenue," we have a rendering of a scene which is both natural and beautiful, but in which neither nature nor beauty is the chief quality, nor is even the solitude of a deserted park the chief meaning of the painter. What the artist wishes to impress upon us is a sentiment peculiarly national—the feeling that even the most beautiful scenes of nature are desolate when they are abandoned by man—a sort of quaint, half-conceited, half-pathetic regret for the forest, in which the *frou-frou* of Worth's dresses is no longer heard. This feeling of the profound connection between humanity and nature is, I think, very imperfectly realized by my countrymen, and is partly the reason of much of our *bad* realistic art. When Mr. Millais painted "Chill October," why was it that every one delighted so much in the picture? Reeds and water and cloudy gray sky had all been done as well before. The secret was, that the artist had caught the feeling of lost summer and coming winter, had combined an intense impression with beautiful painting, and then given the spectator a key to his thought, so that its truth was immediately recognized. If you think that it was only because of the masterly painting of the picture, will you tell me why none of the subsequent landscapes by this master have attracted the same liking? The painting in "Scotch Firs" and "Winter Fuel" was even more wonderful than in "Chill October";

but who, except the penny press, cared for those pictures in the same way? Why is it that Mr. Vicat Cole paints year after year, in entrancing hues, the most beautiful scenes of woodland and river in our land, and yet never awakens in us a thought or a feeling beyond admiration for his skill? It is because he is (as far as can be seen in his works) utterly without any feeling for the scenes which he paints, and is only intent upon making a beautiful picture.

So I would hold that the chief merit of the French landscape-painting is its clear recognition of the human element, which is necessary before paintings of scenery can affect us powerfully. When their paintings are without this, they are distinctly inferior to the majority of English works, and in the element of color they are nearly always either deficient or exaggerated. Thanks to a few determined English artists who have borne their banner triumphantly through a perfect storm of ridicule, our painters in general have grasped the great fact that the grass is green and the sky blue; but our neighbors have yet to learn it. Water-color painting, which has done so much to spread right notions as to landscape, is still in France in a very immature state, and used more for slight sketches and tinted drawings than for completed pictures. Such work as that of Walker, Pinwell, Boyce, Alfred Hunt, and dozens of others, has nothing to come near it in the Société des Aquarellistes; there is hardly a picture which attempts even to give the delicacy of the medium employed. This is especially noticeable in the treatment of skies and water. It seems that this arises more from a mistaken notion as to the capabilities of the material, than actual incompetence on the part of the artists, for in the work which they attempt in water-colors the French are as delicately skillful as could be desired. But the works in this medium seem only to be designed for albums, and there is a bewildering spottiness of bright patches of color, and a general look of unnatural lightness and unsubstantiality, very unworthy of the name of serious art. If I wished to point out, to any admirer of the French coloring, its essential want of depth and feeling, I should take him to this water-color gallery, and then to Boissier's sweetmeat-shop on the Boulevard, and ask him to notice how exactly similar was the coloring of the comfits and the pictures.

We have had in the Salon large works of historical, allegorical, and sentimental interest, treated from the outside point of view, and dependent for their interest on the arrangement of their figures, the gracefulness of their lines, and the accuracy of their treatment. We have had also *tableaux de genre*, of which we have found the great fault to be a certain staginess of treat-

ment, which gave an unreal air to the most ordinary occurrences, except where the motive was one connected with labor and sorrow, both of which are in the main depicted simply and truly. We have had various styles of landscape, in which the greatest kind has been almost invariably actuated chiefly by the personal sentiment of the painter, and various styles of portraiture comprehending all but the very highest department of that art; and we have also had decorative pictures and minute realistic works of many kinds. So much for the Salon. In the Academy we have found that of great historical works we have hardly a trace; but that of the academic principle, which is so fully appreciated and carried out by the French, there are evident traces, though it is by no means such pure academicism as in France. We have glanced at the greatest merit of our portraiture, and tried to show that it is superior to any that the French possess, and noted the great drawback of the large landscapes both of our English and Scotch schools, and also of men like Millais and Brett, and we have rather hinted at than explained the true distinction between pre-Raphaelite and picturesque landscape.

So we see that of what I defined in the beginning of this article as the greatest art we have found no specimens, and, as far as I am aware, there are only two painters in England who are capable of producing such work, and these are Rossetti and Burne Jones. Of the former it would be useless for me to speak, since it is years since the public has had any opportunity of seeing his pictures, but "The Annunciation" of the latter hangs in the Grosvenor Gallery; and I think, if any of my readers will take the trouble

to examine it quietly for themselves, they will understand why I place such work on a level by itself, far above the various styles which I have described. There is in it not only beauty and thought, though there is much of both, but there is that which is far beyond either, and can hardly be characterized in words—something which can not be explained if it is not felt. One might as well try to explain the reason why we feel glad on a bright spring morning. I desire especially to avoid all charge of finding imaginary beauties in pictures, or of using extravagant eulogy; but it is my sincere belief that this work is one of the highest class of spiritual art, and that, whatever its errors and inconsistencies may be, they are not to be dwelt upon for a moment in comparison with the great truth and deep insight which are here displayed. Thus I think that if a fair comparison be instituted between French and English art, we shall come to the conclusion that, though the former is considerably wider in its range, and far more daring and varied in its conceptions, yet we have in English pictures three things, and those of the highest importance, which are hardly to be found across the Channel. We have portraiture-painting which excels in depth of feeling and penetration any foreign rivalry; we have a school of landscape-painting which paints nature with absolute truth as far as its power extends; and we have figure-painting which can seize the inner meaning of a scene, and clothe its representation with an amount of poetry and beauty before which we can only bow our heads in admiration, and to which we can find no parallel even in the "pleasant land of France."

Cornhill Magazine.

A VENETIAN NIGHT.

TWILIGHT found us lingering in a palace-garden which had been laid out in the last century for the convenience of *contesse* in patches and farthingales and *lustrissimi* in red cloaks and knee-breeches. But Nature, who after all has a tender thought for the barren stone city, had set the well-trimmed hedges shooting out their arms in wild entanglement, had straightened the distorted larches and covered the flowerbeds with rank weed-growth, from which sprang up snapdragons and larkspurs and marigolds, whose seeds had blown down from the soap-box gardens of the neighboring garrets.

Against the ivy-grown wall was an alcove lined with shells, mottled by the weather-stains

of years, with tremulous maiden-hair standing out from the crevices to form a background for the great water-god, with his beard dropping slime and his mantle embroidered with weeds, who stood with a wide-mouthed urn under his arm, from which hung a growth of green, born of the long-gathered dregs of the stream. In the basin below, the water lay dark and silent, with its rock-border filled with ferns that leaned over among the shadows of the bending fir-trees. Ivy-leaves and brown cones lay idly on the surface. Through the arching boughs above, the ray of an early star darted into the sluggish water and trembled at the feet of the old god.

On one side of the garden flowed the canal.

A broad marble stair led to the water's edge where the black *gondole* were moored. A white carved balustrade gleamed against the dark leafage with vines, heavy with white roses, drooping over it to meet the wash of the canal.

You may read of such gardens as these of Venice in the old Italian poets—gardens inhabited by lovely enchantresses who intoxicated the senses of the warriors they lured to their painted pavilions lost in groves of orange and oleander, and lulled their valor to sleep with the scents of magical flowers, the plashing of enchanted fountains, the tinkling of mysterious lutes. You may see sometimes, in the Italian theatres, some coarse picture on the curtain, of marble steps and balustrades, with oleanders massed above them, with walks stretching back in far perspective, and a cloud-land palace high up on a hill in the vaporous distance, while in the foreground sits a lady, in rich-toned broidered dress, listening to the love-words of some page or knight. There is something in the gaudy daub that will carry you away from the vulgar actuality of its representation into the ideal country where the poor scene-painter wandered in his dreams.

A wide gateway led to the court of the palace. On either side stood a dark, weather-beaten group in stone—a satyr bearing away a nymph in his arms—things by which some old noble, infected with the false classicism of his time, had no doubt set great store, but which Nature had charitably hidden under the drooping larch-boughs.

The court was inclosed by arches with balconies behind them above the covered walk. Above the street entrance was a large gilded escutcheon—all arabesques and scrolls, tarnished and stained. Grated windows, overgrown with convolvulus-vines, looked on to the court. Busts of warriors, in bronze and marble, with wide ball-less eyes, frowned from their smoky pedestals. Over the winding stair was a gilded Madonna with a black face. A well, with Byzantine arches and twisted columns carved upon it, black in the hollows and gleaming white on the worn marble projections, stood in the middle of the court. Old wine-casks, dull blue, with rusty iron bands, lay under the arches. A man sat smoking his pipe under a bit of green vine in the corner. A woman was knitting near the stair.

Along the narrow streets, the people were sitting about the thresholds with their children playing near. Through the open doors we caught glimpses of chests of drawers with fanciful pottery adorning them and flaring sacred prints on the walls—all merged into the dusk that was broken only where the rays of the shrine-lamp darted from among the flowers.

On the balconies sat, among the leafy plants,

young girls in light dresses, with dashes of color in them that lightened the gray arches and harmonized with the glittering balls, red and yellow and blue and silver, that hung from the oleander-boughs, reflecting the glow of the street-lamps and catching the rays of the early moon.

We came upon an archway by the side of a church—the entrance to a dismantled cloister.

The moonlight lay white on the pavement, broken by the oblique shadows of the inner columns. A stone quadrangle, raised above the level of the walk, occupied the body of the cloister space, with two stone wells upon it, about which, all day long, patter the naked feet of the water-carriers, the jangling of whose copper vessels breaks the convent peace.

High on the wall were perched worn tombs of old divines and physicians and soldiers and senators. Angels bearing scrolls, grotesque monsters, grave-eyed human heads peered down from the stone masses rendered shapeless by the shadows. The windows of the cells looked out upon the quadrangle, but, instead of peering, cowed heads, the moonlight fell on cheerful flower-growth. Along the ledge above the columns, crawled stealthy feline shapes, like the ghosts of the old brotherhood roused from their tombs by the night-spell.

About the windows, tawny, large-limbed shapes were faintly outlined in the moonlight—the green and red draperies of old Venice—cherubs and goddesses and giants—strong and muscular—drawn in the red-brown tones that the old lagoon painters loved, and thrown into bolder relief by the gray of the wall, where the plaster had dropped away, carrying with it the bare limbs of some frescoed virtue or the floating cloak of a pagan god.

We paused in the moonlight silence. There was no sound but an occasional quick tread along the outer walk, which died away under the arches. It is at times like this that Venice is peopled with phantoms.

"Look there, where the moonlight falls on the flowers in that window! Do you not see a scaffolding rising against the arch?" I cried to my companions. "And, standing with his hand following the outline of that robust nymph, do you not mark a tall, bearded figure in velvet cap and gown? Something bright, like steel, gleams under his long robe. As he works, he glances around, and now and again his hand leaves the brush and wanders to his side. Down below, on the cloister-walk, do you mark those slight figures in doublet and long hose, lurking behind the columns and gazing up at the painter as though they would blight him with one glance from their fierce black eyes? Do you know who he is, that phantom painter who plies his brush so busily in

the moonlight of the summer nights? It is one Pordenone, who lived in the golden age of Venice. He was all his life fired with a passion to rival Titian, the pride of the republic. He painted so closely after his great model, and so well wrought was his work, that the disciples of the great colorist feared for their master's fame and swore to annihilate this upstart. And so, when the monks of San Stefano ordered Pordenone to cover their cloister-wall with shapes of beauty, the poor painter was forced to work at his task with his sword by his side, for he knew not at what moment some fiery Venetian youth, whose color-god was Titian, might not snatch his brush from his hand and strangle him there on the holy cloister-ground."

I can picture old Pordenone sitting up there on the scaffolding in the summer mornings, when the friars were pacing the length of the cloisters, conning their mass-books or telling their beads, stopping to give the painter a word of greeting, or to glance stealthily at the wondrous mythic shapes, pagan gods or goddesses in the disguise of Christian virtues, with which he is covering their hitherto undefiled walls. I wonder if then, as now, the pigeons circled about the wells, drinking at the hollows in the marble; if the bright dresses of the water-carriers flashed among the columns; if the country girls trudged with their baskets of roses and lavender through the barren stone passage; if the white-kerchiefed market-women bore their shrieking fowls head downward along the walk; if the tired peasants dragged their baskets of purple figs, with sweet red mouths, into the cloister-shade and begged leave of the friars to stand there and sell them? How fair and gracious the summer must have seemed to the painter who sat up there in the world of his creation!

Voices began to echo through the streets from the groups gathered about the doorways or high up in the windows under the tiles—the harsh voices of men drinking in the lighted wine-shops, the tender lullabies of watching mothers, the shrill young melody of girls' voices, hidden like nightingales in high leafy prisons, the passionate utterance of young men's hearts. There is a deep reverence for nature and the unseen in the night-songs of the Venetian people. Light and gay they are, for they are born of the moonlight and the lagoon-foam, but, like the light and the foam, they are the blossoming of the heart-depths of the universe.

A sudden turning brought us into a broad street with shops and booths on both sides, closed and deserted, save for some sleepy vagabond lying at full length against a door, or a watchful *carabiniere* striding by, with his tall plume nodding at every step. The street wi-

dened into a piazza that stretched away on one side under high, covered arches, under which stood market-stalls. A wide, sloping staircase, with low buildings on either side, led across a bridge.

The inner arches were thick with shadows, through which gleamed out, touched by the moonlight, a marble shape that bore the semblance of a kneeling human figure supporting a platform. It was the old Gobbo, the Hunchback of the Rialto, a poor broken slave who had knelt there, year after year, through the noisy noon-days and the silent midnights, bearing upon his bowed shoulders the pedestal from which the laws and edicts of the old republic were proclaimed. Scrawled with pencil-marks—the calculations of some brown fisherwife—blackened with dust and charcoal, a mark for decayed vegetables from the surplus stock of youthful traders, he had dragged on a weary, miserable life that should have ended with the end of the republic. There was something pathetic in that submissive attitude of his, there in the mellow loneliness of the moonlight. He had outlived his day. Centuries of humiliation had bowed his back till he dared no longer walk erect among the scoffing market-people. He should have gone down into the past with all the old legends of the city, and have remained an honored, intangible memory.

Who knows but that Antonio's indebtedness to Shylock was proclaimed from the weary shoulders of the Gobbo? Or perhaps the merry maskers, of whom Lorenzo was one, laid a rude hand on his poor head as they passed, bidding him rise and come with them.

Back under the arches, at the opening of a narrow street, stands the dark, moldy pile the people call Shylock's house. And there is a window, set high in the wall, through which, says tradition, fair Jessica escaped. Tell us, old Gobbo, if thou didst see the sweet, bold page waiting up there for gay Lorenzo?—didst see her let fall the jewel-case?—didst hear the ring of the ducats on the pavement? Didst thou twist thy wry neck and prick up thy poor, servile ears to see the meeting of the lovers? Was thy poor heart wrung with longing and fierce despair at the sight of their happiness? Did Jessica give thee a kindly glance from her black eyes as she passed on in the midst of the mad train, with the torch-glare reddening the arches, frightening the drowsy bats, and glowing on thy pale, pitiful countenance? Didst thou watch the merry crew dash up the long stair till it was lost on the other side, and then sink down into the darkness and cry out in thine agony for the human God-gifts of love and joy and pain and tears?

Dost thou remember, old dreamer, how thy

human counterpart, Launcelot Gobbo, was wont to come sauntering by, and assail thee with his foolish wit, turning thy miseries to a jest and striking thee for thine ugliness? And the long-bearded Jew, tottering home to find his ducats and his daughter gone—didst thou not writhe when he smote thee in his agonized rage?

Where the market-boats unload and pyramids of green cabbages rise high above the green water, stands the old justice-hall. When the moonlight streams over the great arched door by the side of the bridge, I can see Antonio enter in his black dress, supported by his friend Bassanio, with the Jew whetting his knife on his sleeve as he follows, hustled by the angry crowd of gondoliers and fishermen, eager, one and all, to throw the Jewish dog into the canal. He may thank his prophets that he is well protected by the guards of the senate. When the plash of an oar echoes through the stillness, I know that a gondola has drawn up at the water-gate of the palace. It left the mainland at dawn, and in it sit, half in tears, half mirthful, young Doctor Bellario and his beardless clerk Nerissa. How the crowd cheers and applauds! It is this wise young doctor who is to plead the poor merchant's cause. I linger with the crowd on the bridge, gazing eagerly up at the windows of the great hall. We are silent and breathless, for a clear sweet voice rings out on the summer breeze, speaking of mercy, to judge and Jew. The people outside catch something of the gentle speech and cry: "Bravo! bravissimo! il Signor Dottore!"

There is a hum of voices in the court-room above. The crowd streams down the stairs, calling and huzzaing, for the Jew is worsted and Antonio is free! Here he comes, the pale merchant. The people crowd around him and kiss his hands, and the old market-women snatch at the folds of his robe and press them to their lips as though he were one of their martyr-saints. And the people cry out for a sight of the good young doctor, but he and his clerk have slipped away into the gondola that bore them to Venice, for they are eager to reach Belmont before night.

We crossed the wide space of glittering marble which broke the rhythm of the canal, and passed *piazze*, surrounded by high, moldy houses, with arches and turreted chimneys thrown into relief by the moonlight. Here and there, a wide church-door, with gaudy paper flowers above it, yawned out from the shadows. As we neared St. Mark's, the footfalls grew more frequent. Bursts of laughter rang through the streets. Through open archways that had plants grouped about them, we looked into gardens where people sat about little tables, eating and drinking and smoking, in a blaze of gaslight among ev-

ergreens and flowering trees hung with golden balls.

High up on the terraces, tables were spread among the vines and the pots of flowers. Hidden lamps cast mysterious lights about the stately figures of the men, the clear-cut features of the women, the curly heads of the children.

It was the bathing season in Venice. From the interior towns of the northern provinces the people had flocked to the city to pass their *villeggiatura* within its dazzling white walls. It was easy to distinguish them from the languid, graceful population of the lagoons. If they were of the upper classes, you would recognize a greater attention to fashion in their dress with less of native elegance and distinction—a certain briskness in speech and motion which jars on the eye and ear accustomed to the soft undulations of Venetian form and speech.

But it is in the middle class that the most fruitful field for comparison is found. You may know them, as they stroll about the streets, by their awkward air of unaccustomed idleness. The women are brave in gold rings and pins, and silks of green and blue and violet, made with all the splendor of adornment that the taste of the provincial dressmaker could devise. The men wear shining black hats and fine new broadcloth that is a deal too flimsy for their stalwart limbs, and indeed they look as though they were aware of the fact, and wished the ambition of their hard-toiling spouses had run into some other channel. Undoubtedly they are great prophets in their own country—own fields of vine and olive and yokes of snow-white oxen, or else spend their lives in dark shops, in some gray old town of Lombardy or Romagna, accumulating *lire*, with no greater dissipation in their thoughts than a cheap seat at the opera on *festa* nights or a chair near the music-stand on the market-place of a Sunday afternoon. They wore a look of sober concentration, as though enjoyment were a new thing to them, and the folding of their hands a crime to be confessed to the cathedral priest on their return home.

The women ape the Venetian graces—powdered their hair and draped the black veil about their sunburned faces—but it booted nothing. The taint of life-long activity and workfulness would not give place to the calm grace and in-born repose of the Venetian nature.

We entered the brilliant street of shops, which is as narrow and fantastic in its construction as an Eastern bazaar. We passed arched doorways, with reliefs of their patron saints over them, in which the mediæval tradesmen were wont to stand in their sleek prosperity on summer evenings—churches with tombed philosophers over the door, frowning from among their books and

globes on the low commercial crowd. Where the two bronze giants keep watch above the mighty clock of St. Mark's and tell the hour with the stroke of their hammers on the great bell, we entered the piazza.

The band was playing in the heart of the great square. Before the *caffè*, rows of chairs and tables extended into the space left free for the passage of saunterers. The strolling people wore that listless look in their eyes, that expression of unconscious but hopeless monotony, which haunts the Venetian faces in repose.

We passed on through the crowd to Florian's, the largest and most famous of the Venetian *caffè*. At the tables sat ladies in light dresses with black or white veils on their heads, and men with that nameless distinction of carriage that marks the Venetian patrician.

A silence lay on all the brilliant groups. The women leaned back dreamily in their chairs. The fluttering fans were at rest. The men hummed to themselves, in an undertone, the melody that issued from the band, for that ready sympathy and intuitive harmony of the Italian nature renders it impossible for these impassioned organizations to listen in phlegmatic unresponsiveness to the music upon which their youth has fed.

It was the pathos of "La Traviata" that was holding these women spellbound with old memories. The soft night-wind—the moonlight streaming upon the colorful front of the cathedral, crystallizing the flowering spires, glittering on the golden horses—the play of light and shadow—the perfume of jasmine and heliotrope, of rose and magnolia—the sensuous sadness of the love-music stealing through the hearts of the listeners—what wonder that the dark eyes under the white cloud-veils grew large and full of mysteries that none could interpret but those who loved them?

How it wailed along the arches and hovered about the lovely heads of the women and made the mouths of the poor working-girls tremble—the unutterable sad sweetness of the love-promise! The place was quiet, as though all the gay crowd mourned in sympathy. Just as the wild death-cry wailed from the heart of the piazza, the bell struck the hour—tolling in measure with the passionate dying song, like a peal for the passing of a soul. The bell and the melody died away together in a long, reluctant echo. The women shook the dreams from their hearts with a sigh. It is not strange that they should cast themselves headlong into the emotion of the music. The whole passionate Italian nature is incarnate in Verdi's creations.

There were women seated at those tables who might have served as personifications of

that bacchanal of flowers and moonlight and music and love-words that is the Venetian summer night. Watch them as they rise to stroll awhile on the arms of their *cavalieri serventi*. Their slender, undulating shapes are draped in white, with the moon-gleam of pearls in the folds of the gossamer veils that cover their heads and shoulders. Their motions form continuous curves. Their features are statuesque in form and repose—the eyes such as rarely look you straight in the face—dark and passionate like fixed stars—or hard and clear and subtle like strange gems—set in square, white, sculptured lids. When they turn their stately heads to listen to the homage of their *cavalieri* you would think them serpents slowly lifting their crests to strike. Their bodies sway with their speech. Every gesture is deliberate and significant. It is not coquetry that is in these women of Venice, but fascination, subtle and inexplicable. They are Circes who would change their lovers into swine and look upon them with neither a laugh nor a sneer, but only a passive indifference in their great, mysterious eyes. They have an Eastern look with their pearls and their white veils and their rhythmic gait. They have the charm of a waterfall that glances on for ever, white, mysterious, inscrutable, wreathing itself in shapes perpetually new and never approaching finality. It is the spell of curved lines, of gleams and suggestions, of flowing form—of falsehood so consummate as to be called truth.

The men on whose arms they lean, despite the haughty carriage which has come down to them from the ancestry that ruled the seas, have an air of languor and indifference, of strength wasted upon pleasure. The populace that toils for its bread and knows no leisure but that of Sundays and holidays, distinguishes them by the title of "Florianista"—a bit of plebeian sarcasm. For the *Caffè Florian* is their day-long haunt. They slumber away their mornings, lounge at noon into the *caffè*, glance idly at the papers, and discuss the latest scandal or invent a fresh one. Late in the afternoon they repair to the *Giardinetto* to meet the ladies, who by this time have completed their morning toilet, and have come in their *gondole* to take the air on the quay. There they walk until dinner-time—a pleasant, light-hearted, courteous company, full of charming graces and dainty touches of concealed gallantry. In the evening they meet again at theatre, opera, or *salon*, and on summer nights they throng to the piazza.

The Venetians of the last century perceived the inconvenience of exercising hospitality in their homes. They formed themselves into associations called *casini* which met in the apartments now used as *caffè*, under the arches of the

piazza. Here they danced, and conversed, and gambled, and held *accademie*. There was no such thing as domesticity in that latter Venice. The populace lived by preference in the streets, the theatres, the *caffè*.

A singularly republican feeling shines through this vast assembly of the piazza. At the table next you may be seated your shoemaker, with his hard-working wife and three children devouring pink ices. A beggar touches the elbow of some languid Florianista and craves his cigar-end. A hungry-faced woman passes by, with her child in her arms, devouring with her eyes the coffee that lingers in the cups. Behind you may be seated some hideous old patrician, whose diamonds are the richest in Venice—some beautiful high-born woman renowned for her coquetry—some gray-haired old soldier who is pointed out by the young men for his share in the establishment of Venetian freedom.

A young Florianista who has sought your acquaintance, through a desire to improve himself in foreign tongues, will perhaps join you. He will talk to you of the last opera, the coming regatta, and then he will open for you his vast stores of personal information. In Venice every one who sets foot on the piazza must needs expect to have his family history, embellished and adorned, passed from mouth to mouth, from gondolier to Florianista.

As the people pass in review before you, your Florianista will check them off like portraits in a gallery. The Venetians have two epithets, "*antipatico*" and "*simpatico*," to express like or dislike in its collective sense. These adjectives your young student of manners distributes freely throughout his characterizations.

"That handsome *giovannotto* with his mustaches turned up—*lei veda!*—he is the *cavaliere* of that large woman in blue—she is old enough to be his mother, and has five children at home. That tall, sinister-looking man all in black, even to his gloves—you see him? *antipatico quanto mai*—well, they say he has the gift of the evil-eye. He is the lover of that ugly old countess with red roses in her hair, and since she has known him she has lost half her fortune.

"Ah! there comes a poet, or at least he would be one. He writes tragedies and pays to have them played. And there is another, that handsome old man with gray beard and scholarly bearing. He is a real one—among our best. And do you see that round-headed man with staring eyes? well, he is the last of the line of Alighieri. It is Dante's blood that is in him. He has the nose of the poet, but not much else. That handsome, fair-haired young fellow? He is our new tenor—a glorious voice—I served my volunteer year with him. Those girls at the

next table are *ballerine* from the theatre; and those two tall black-eyed women, with the little man for protection, are Russian countesses, and some say socialists."

The old-time hospitality of the city is reproduced in the asylum it offers to all who suffer with broken hearts, broken fortunes, broken reputations. Old Venice was the refuge of all religious and political non-conformists, of all bold experimenters in science, of all misunderstood poets and philosophers. It was then and is now the receptacle for the odds and ends of humanity, stranded on the seashore of the world, waiting for the next tide to wash them off into the ocean, or drag them up beyond the water-mark.

Suddenly a strain burst from the band that wailed and shrieked along the arches like the cries of tortured souls. Through it broke loud tones of command, clear, joyous sounds of praise, soft, tender notes like the voices of young cherubim, with two powerful conflicting elements struggling for the mastery—a noble harmony full of deep and wonderful thoughts that led the souls of the listeners off into the infinite, with its powerful groundwork, and brought them back to their beautiful mortality with the earthly sweetness of its melody. Strange feelings crept over them. The color, and the pleasure, and the music of their Venetian life came up in strange contrast with the infinite and eternal that gazed at them from the deep philosophy of the music. When the notes ceased, loud applause broke from the gathered crowd. Cries echoed under the old portico of "*Boito! Viva il Maestro Boito!*"

Sheets of red and green flame broke forth at the side of the piazza. The frightened pigeons fluttered from the lintels. At a window above the arches appeared a man's figure. The people recognized it as that of the composer of "*Mefistofele*." They burst into loud cries of admiration and boisterous hand-beating, and many of them removed their hats. Brave *maestro*, think no more of the long waiting and watching, the heart-sickness and despair, the mighty vision and the feeble execution! In the hearts of the people, in the depths of their music-filled eyes, sparkle the jewels that form thy royal crown of genius.

The moonlight streamed over the Piazzetta and the white, marvelous wall of the cathedral. It glittered on the great arched window of the palace, brought the white pillars into relief, lay heavy and tangible on the floor of the arched portico, broken by the shadows of the short columns. Against the background of moonlit water rose the two dark columns, with the saint and the lion standing sharply defined against the luminous sky. The great black shaft of San

Giorgio loomed beyond the rippling moon-track. *Gondole* darted against the bright, liquid distance. Dark human shapes broke the molten whiteness of the open space. There were noise of soft voices and merry laughter, flashing of white veils and dark eyes.

Music floats up from the garden where the lights burn among the trees, deadening the moon-glow. Along the curve of the *riva* gleams a chain of golden lights. Beyond the white undulations of the water burns a lamp on some dark island or distant fishing-boat.

The bridges are white to intensity. Shadows never gather thickly in this summer moonlight. It lurks not under arches; it brings them out into the open and catches them unto its bosom. There is a rich penetration in its touch, a warm, mellow tenderness in its radiation. It dazzles the eyes and the senses; it is like some large-limbed marble Diana, white and warm in irradiating womanhood. I can understand here in Venice the moon-worship of the ancients. I know why the people are warmed into life by her caress, and why she draws their souls to their lips in wild choruses. What are their love-songs and ballads but hymns in honor of the great moon-goddess?

The noisy youths who saunter along the *riva*, with cracked accordions or worn guitars in their hands, are her votaries. You might take them for young Greeks on their way to wreath her shrine with flowers, so heroic are their shapes, so full of grace and harmony their songs, so rhythmic their pace. The morrow will find them working for bread in dark shops or on the heated lagoon.

We went down to where the moored *gondole* were dancing to the rhythmical ripple of the water. We floated along the lagoon to where the great water-way opened, with a mighty dome guarding it, touched with silver, against the translucent sky. The wide space was as a street of molten silver—one row of palaces dark in shadow, the other full in light, with every arch and molding distinct in relief. Shadows wavered in the water from the *gondole*. The boat-stakes stood, like hooded watchers, in gray half-relief against the arches of the water-gates. A golden light hung here and there from a balcony or a gondola-prow. White arms hung idly over the balconies among the flowers. Dark heads, like those of old warriors, were bent low over jeweled hands. From among the flowers came the tinkling of guitars.

From the gardens behind the white balustrades, where the cypresses were dark against the sky, came scents of jasmine and oleander. The plashing of oars, the mellow voice of an idle gondolier breaking into snatches of love-

song, the laughter of young throats—such were the echoes of the summer night.

Our gondoliers broke into a melody full of longing and despair. When the strains died away on the lips of one, the other caught it up and sent it echoing far along the moon-track. In it were all the passion and pleading of a Venetian night, so that to hear it was to be steeped in a delicious melancholy, formless, colorless, from which not the gleam of white arches, nor the scent of flowers, nor the glow of moonlight, could arouse you. When it died away, it would seem that all earthly sensation had left you, and only a divine apathy held you in its embrace.

"It is Clorinda's song, signori, from the 'Gerusalemme,'" said the gondoliers, "and we can sing many another verse from the great Tasso."

A gay chorus echoed far down the canal. A boat-load of men and boys, seated, with colored lanterns swinging above their heads, were drifting under the windows of the palaces, singing old ballads. It was a company of workmen who sing about the streets after their day's toil is over. The people call them the "Pittori," perhaps because the tradition lingers in their minds that, in the golden art-time, the painter-lads were wont to roam the streets in companies, with their guitars in their hands and songs on their lips.

"Signori, look! There is the house of Desdemona, who married the Moor," said the gondolier—a *palazzino*, narrow and tall, with high arched windows, sculptured like wrought lace-work; a great escutcheon high up on the roof; a balcony on the *piano nobile*, with fine wheel-carving, white and dazzling with gray half-tones. Against the long arches were dark masses of leafage, oleanders with rosy blossoms warming the gray circles of stone, and suggesting the great round windows of cathedrals. Behind the heavy foliage fluttered a white dress. It might have been that of Desdemona, as she waited for the coming of the Moor, with the moon shining on her fair white face. Down in the *calle* by the side, where the street-lamp breaks the shadow and the lights of the *traghetto* shrine under the trellis reveal the black shapes of the *gondole*, stands Iago, wrapped in his cloak, and calls to old Brabantio to guard his daughter well.

To-night, when the moon shall have set behind the red roofs of the palaces, the girl will steal across the courtyard, and the Moor will meet her on the Campo, and they will hurry into the little sacristy of some neighboring church, perhaps San Maurizio or San Fantin, and there, among the musty vestments and the guttering candles, the priest will bless their union. Then Othello will lead his bride to his home down there on the side-canal, past the white arches

and the great jousting-yard of the Foscari Palace. It is a square *palazzo*, with arched windows that frown down upon us as the gondola picks its way among the heavy black barges. An air of silence and mystery lies upon it. In a niche of the wall stands an old figure of a warrior, in shield and armor, gazing with wide, vacant eyes straight before him. He knows that he has seen the lovers float at midnight to the water-gate of the dismal house, and has been sworn to secrecy for all time.

We leave the dark palace behind, and return to the wide water-street. In the distance a sheet of red-and-green flame envelops the pale, py-

ramidal shape of the Rialto, making of it a precious jewel set in the moon-gold of the water. From under the dark arch ring the oar-strokes and the boat-songs of the Pittori. Above all, floating along the luminous track, caught up by the girl-voices on the balconies and the gondoliers lying in their boats, echoes the sweet mandolin refrain in praise of moonlight wanderings:

"Andiam la notte è bella,
La luna va spuntar
Di quà di là
Per la città
Andiamci a trastullar."

CHARLOTTE ADAMS.

HOW TO POPULARIZE WORDSWORTH.

MR. ARNOLD, in the somewhat thin but humorous critical essay on Wordsworth which appears in the new number of "Macmillan's Magazine,"* asserts that ever since Wordsworth's death, in 1852, the influence of his poetry has waned. "To tenth-rate critics," he says, "and compilers for whom any violent shock to the public taste would be a temerity not to be risked, it is still quite permissible to speak of Wordsworth's poetry not only with ignorance, but with impertinence. On the Continent he is almost unknown." And yet—counting only those who are no longer living—Mr. Arnold himself places Wordsworth next to Shakespeare and Milton among our modern poets—i. e., excluding Chaucer, as belonging to a different world—places him above Spenser, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, Coleridge, Campbell, Moore, Byron, Shelley, Keats. "Wordsworth," says Mr. Arnold, "taking the performance of each as a whole, seems to me to have left a body of poetical work superior in power, in interest, in the qualities which give enduring freshness, to that which any one of the others has left." This is a bold judgment, with which only the few among the lovers of English poetry would agree; and yet if the value of poetry is to be estimated by the degree in which it stimulates with a healthy stimulus, freshens and elevates the hearts of those who know and love it, the present writer at least would be disposed to assign him even a place higher in the roll of English poets, and affirm that, to him at least, a more serious and sensible blank would be left in English literature

by the extinction of Wordsworth's poems than even by the extinction of the grand Puritan classic himself. No doubt the volume of Wordsworth's voice is not so mighty as that of Milton's, nor the music of his verse so rich and various. But the intellectual world in which Wordsworth lived is infinitely more unique and wholesome, more abounding in the healing waters which human nature needs for its rest and refreshment, more thoughtful, and more lucid, than the intellectual world of Milton—and these qualities far more than make up for the matchless volume of Milton's force and the richer music of his speech. Still, we confess to a doubt whether the most perfect test of poetry, as poetry, be the test which would assign to Wordsworth so supreme a place in our literature. And if you judge chiefly by any other test—say, by the degree in which poetry is capable of exciting the imagination of the majority of cultivated men and women—doubtless not only Milton, but Byron and Shelley, perhaps even Burns and Keats and Coleridge, would take rank above him. For it must be admitted, we think, that after allowing all we may for the injudiciousness of Wordsworth's admirers and interpreters, Wordsworth is not, and probably never will be, a popular poet. And here we use the word "popular" not in the sense of appealing to the homeliest hearts, as Burns appeals, but in the sense of having the power to haunt the cultivated fancy, as Byron's "Isles of Greece," and Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark" haunt the fancy of the literary multitude. To some extent, we imagine that the power of a poet must be measured by the extent of the dominion over which he rules; and, so measured, we imagine that

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neither our own nor Mr. Arnold's estimate of Wordsworth's place is likely to be accepted by the majority of good literary judges, English or Continental. We doubt, for instance, whether Goethe could ever have been made to enter into Wordsworth's transcendent greatness, or whether there was any element in Goethe to which that greatness could have been made clear. Could Heine have been made to understand it? Could even Sir Walter Scott? Mr. Arnold justly enough says that Scott was "too genuine himself not to feel the profound genuineness of Wordsworth, and with an instinctive recognition of his firm hold on nature, and of his local truth, always admired him sincerely and praised him genuinely"; but there is not a trace of Scott's assigning to Wordsworth anything approaching to the high place which Mr. Arnold assigns, and indeed we think it clear that what Sir Walter most appreciated in Wordsworth's poetry was not by any means its highest level. Take his praise of the poem called "The Fountain"—and subtle and discriminating praise it was—but it was all praise for the dramatic touch in Wordsworth's description of the old man who passes so easily from the mood of melancholy to the mood of almost harebrained mirth, not praise for the strain of noble and passionate melancholy which is the real burden of that beautiful poem. We suspect Scott, though far too fresh and great to miss altogether the freshness and greatness of Wordsworth, would not have placed him very high on the roll of English poets.

And though, undoubtedly, wise exposition might make Wordsworth a far more popular poet than he now is, we are strongly disposed to think that the qualities in which he is greatest will never be those for which the greater number of his readers will admire him. The truth is, that most lovers of poetry look to poetry for immediate imaginative stimulus, just as they look to champagne for immediate nervous stimulus. And the first effect of Wordsworth is not immediate imaginative stimulus, but rather to breathe on us a strangely lucid and bracing atmosphere of solitary power. The highest influence of Wordsworth is, no doubt, a stimulating influence in that sense in which the solitude of the Alps is stimulating, but *not* in the sense in which the parade of a great army, or the murmur of an agitated multitude, is stimulating. And to get such stimulus as Wordsworth's, you must first pass into a solitude so profound that the chill of it strikes, and perhaps numbs you, so that you become insensible to the mental thrill which would otherwise follow. And here we are speaking of his really highest work, of such poems as the lines written near Tintern Abbey, or the "Ode to Duty"—and not, of course, of that con-

siderable admixture of genuine prose which, as Mr. Arnold very justly says, repels many who are quite capable of appreciating his highest work, from ever grappling truly with a poet capable of such miserable humdrum.

If we were to attempt to make Wordsworth as popular as, in the nature of the case, he is ever likely to be, we should begin by reiterating Mr. Arnold's warning against "The White Doe of Rylstone," "The Excursion," and in a less degree against even "The Prelude," and "Peter Bell"—as the poems by which to test Wordsworth; and by confessing at once that in many of these poems passages may be found—like that so humorously referred to by Mr. Arnold in the following criticism—which not only do not prove the poet, but taken by themselves might fairly, though erroneously, be supposed to prove absolute incapacity for poetry:

"Finally, the 'scientific system of thought' in Wordsworth," says Mr. Arnold, "gives us at last such poetry as this, which the devout Wordsworthian accepts:

'O for the coming of that glorious time
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
And best protection, this imperial realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to *teach*
Them who are born to serve her and obey;
Binding herself by statute to secure
For all the children whom her soil maintains
The rudiments of letters, and inform
The mind with moral and religious truth!'

Wordsworth calls Voltaire dull, and surely the production of these un-Voltairean lines must have been imposed on him as a judgment! One can hear them being quoted at a Social Science Congress; one can call up the whole scene. A great room in one of our dismal provincial towns; dusty air and jaded afternoon daylight; benches full of men with bald heads, and women in spectacles; an orator lifting up his face from a manuscript written within and without, to declaim these lines of Wordsworth; and in the soul of any poor child of nature who may have wandered in thither, an unutterable sense of lamentation, and mourning, and woe! 'But turn we,' as Wordsworth says, 'from these bold, bad men,' the haunTERS of Social Science Congresses. And let us be on our guard, too, against the exhibitors and extollers of a 'scientific system of thought' in Wordsworth's poetry. The poetry will never be seen aright while they thus exhibit it."

No; Wordsworth's poetry will never be seen aright while it is thus exhibited. But neither, we suspect, will it ever become even as popular as it may yet become, if those who fail to admire Wordsworth are simply told of "the power with which Wordsworth feels the joy offered to us in

nature, the joy offered to us in the simple, elementary affections and duties," and of "the power with which in case after case he shows us this joy, and renders it so as to make us share it."

We should attempt to popularize Wordsworth, so far as he can be popularized, by first presenting to the uninitiated some of those pure and lucid pictures of simple beauty in which, though they, too, embody the "lonely rapture of lonely minds," everybody may take some delight, if only for the color and the animation with which the poet's buoyant mind has invested them. Where, for instance, is there a lover of poetry of any kind who could not enter into the vivacity of such a poem as this?—

"THE DAFFODILS.

"I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

"Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

"The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought

"For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils."

The color, the life, the motion in that exquisite picture will reconcile many to the significance of the last verse, who would fail, at first at least, to see that in the last verse lies the real pith and power of the poem. Next, we should go on to point out the fidelity and strength with which Wordsworth can take up into his musing imagination, and isolate there, the simplest and most permanent of the human passions, as, for example, in the noble poem called "The Affliction of Margaret," in which a bereaved mother, who waits in vain to learn her long-lost son's fate, pours forth her heart's yearnings:

"Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan,
Maimed, mangled by inhuman men;
Or thou upon a desert thrown

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Inheritest the lion's den;
Or hast been summoned to the deep,
Thou, thou and all thy mates, to keep
An incommunicable sleep.

"I look for ghosts; but none will force
Their way to me: 'tis falsely said
That there was ever intercourse
Between the living and the dead;
For, surely, then I should have sight
Of him I wait for day and night,
With love and longings infinite.

"My apprehensions come in crowds;
I dread the rustling of the grass;
The very shadows of the clouds
Have power to shake me as they pass:
I question things, and do not find
One that will answer to my mind;
And all the world appears unkind.

"Beyond participation lie
My troubles, and beyond relief;
If any chance to heave a sigh,
They pity me, and not my grief.
Then come to me, my son, or send
Some tidings that my woes may end;
I have no other earthly friend!"

The intensity of maternal passion, as it is reflected in the lonely musings of one who can concentrate as well as understand it, was never more powerfully translated into human speech. After this, we would place before the reader some of the many poems in which Wordsworth's feeling for the purest grace and beauty of human life, and his fine sense of the analogy between the beauty of nature and the beauty of human loveliness, are most exquisitely expressed—as, for example, the lovely sonnet to a lady beautiful in her old age:

"Such age how beautiful! O lady bright,
Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined
By favoring nature and a saintly mind
To something purer and more exquisite
Than flesh and blood; when'er thou meet'st my
sight,
When I behold thy blanched unwithered cheek,
Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming white,
And head that droops because the soul is meek,
Thee with the welcome snowdrop I compare;
That child of winter, prompting thoughts that
climb
From desolation toward the genial prime;
Or with the moon conquering earth's misty air,
And filling more and more with crystal light
As pensive Evening deepens into night."

And then, rising a little higher, we would entreat the reader to let the perfect melody of "The Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle" sink gradually into him, observing especially the remarkable contrast between the calm, sweet

wisdom engendered in "The Shepherd-Lord" by his long seclusion in homely and peaceful scenes, and the eloquent conventional hopes of the local minstrel, with which it concludes :

" Again he wanders forth at will,
And tends a flock from hill to hill :
His garb was humble ; ne'er was seen
Such garb with such a noble mien ;
Among the shepherd grooms no mate
Hath he, a Child of strength and state !
Yet lacks no friends for simple glee,
Nor yet for higher sympathy.
To his side the fallow-deer
Came, and rested without fear ;
The eagle, lord of land and sea,
Stooped down to pay him fealty ;
And both the undying fish that swim
Through Bowscale-tarn did wait on him ;
The pair were servants of his eye
In their immortality ;
And glancing, gleaming, dark or bright,
Moved to and fro, for his delight.
He knew the rocks which angels haunt
Upon the mountains visitant ;
He hath kenned them taking wing :
And into caves where faeries sing
He hath entered ; and been told
By voices how men lived of old.
Among the heavens his eye can see
The face of thing that is to be ;
And, if that men report him right,
His tongue could whisper words of might.
—Now another day is come,
Fitter hope, and nobler doom ;
He hath thrown aside his crook,
And hath buried deep his book ;
Armor rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls ;
'Quell the Scot,' exclaims the Lance—
Bear me to the heart of France,
Is the longing of the Shield—
Tell thy name, thou trembling Field ;
Field of death, where'er thou be,
Groan thou with our victory !
Happy day, and mighty hour,
When our Shepherd, in his power,
Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,
To his ancestors restored,
Like a reappearing star,
Like a glory from afar,
First shall head the flock of war !"

" Alas ! the impassioned minstrel did not know
How, by Heaven's grace, this Clifford's heart was
framed ;

How he, long forced in humble walks to go,
Was softened into feeling, soothed and tamed.

" Love had he found in huts where poor men lie ;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

" In him the savage virtue of the race,
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts, were dead :
Nor did he change ; but kept in lofty place
The wisdom which adversity had bred.

" Glad were the vales, and every cottage-hearth ;
The Shepherd-lord was honored more and more ;
And ages after he was laid in earth,
'The good Lord Clifford' was the name he bore."

If, after such an initiation as this, any average cultivated man were not convinced that Wordsworth at his best was a great poet, we should almost despair of any large measure of popularity for Wordsworth. But with such an initiation, we think almost any cultivated man might be convinced that in Wordsworth there was indeed a great poet, however much also that was not great poetry, might have come out of him. And then, perhaps, we might go a little further, and the reader who had appreciated Wordsworth thus far, might by this time learn to understand the mystical grandeur of the "Ode to Duty"; the meditative passion which, like a river which sometimes runs above and sometimes underground, makes of "The Prelude," in spite of considerable intervals of prose, so magnificent a poem; the subtle splendor of the three poems on Yarrow; and this latest of all the really great poems of Wordsworth, his spiritual "Skylark" (written in 1825), in which the genius of the man may be said to be almost perfectly embodied :

" Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

" To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler ! that love-prompted strain
('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain :
Else might'st thou seem, proud privilege ! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

" Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;
A privacy of glorious light is thine ;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam ;
True to the kindred points of heaven and home !"

Any one who had really learned to love this poem as it deserves, would hardly fail to love, in time, all that is great in Wordsworth—and is it not nearly half of all that he has written ?

The Spectator.

THE SEAMY SIDE.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOR," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW STEPHEN ASKED FOR BARE JUSTICE,
AND DID NOT GET IT.

THE die was cast, then. Stephen had committed all his fortunes to one hazard, the chance of his being right.

The great, quiet house—his own, he said to himself—became almost intolerable to him. The face of the indignant girl, so like, so reproachfully like his mother, haunted him, and remained with him. Above the mantel-shelf, the Señora gazed down upon him with sorrowful eyes of deep black, like Alison's, which followed him wherever he moved. The girl's very gestures recalled to his mind his mother, her Spanish blood, and her Spanish ways. It was not pleasant, again, to feel that somewhere the two ladies were conversing together, indignant and humiliated, in wrath, shame, and misery; it was not an agreeable reflection that not only then, but ever afterward, he would be regarded as the author of all the sorrow. One may be an impenitent spendthrift; one may be the black sheep of the family; but one never likes to be thought the cause and origin of trouble, and this Stephen had brought upon his own back. Besides, he would have been the blackest of villains, indeed, had he been able altogether to forget Anthony, the generous brother who had maintained him in luxury for so many years, and whom he was going to repay in this—this very disagreeable way, so very disagreeably put by Anthony's daughter. People do not so much mind the sin of ingratitude as being reminded of it.

Stephen took no notice whatever of the boy's impertinence: that was nothing: he hardly heard it; for the moment he was wholly overpowered by a sense of his own audacity. His mother, from her picture; his brother, from every corner of the room, from every trifle about it, from every book, from every chair—for all was full of his memory; his brother's daughter, with her gestures of surprise, contempt, and loathing; his cousin, timid and gentle enough as a rule, with her tearful face of sorrow and disgust—these, separately and together, reminded Stephen that he had staked his all upon one event,

and prepared him for opposition and indignation.

He tried to shake off the impression produced by this contempt and wrath. It was useless. An hour before he had been a strong man, walking with the firm tread of strength. Now he felt small and weak; he walked, or thought he walked, with bent knees; he seemed to tremble as he stood; and when he looked at his mother's portrait, her eyes, which to him had always been so full of pity and of love, were turned, like those of Alison, into loathing. One never, you see, estimates quite justly beforehand the consequences of one's actions.

But he had done it. It was too late to go back.

No future words of his could ever destroy those which had passed between himself and his niece. They could never be recalled. There could be, he said, no reconciliation for himself and Alison; there could be nothing between them for the future but a duel *à outrance*. On her side would be his cousins, all the family. On his own, the mystery—the impenetrable mystery—of her birth.

The battle was inevitable: the victory, he tried to persuade himself, was certain. Yet he hesitated. He wished he had been more gentle: he wished he had kept his temper; he wished he had weighed his words. One thing he could do: he would leave the house. There was no necessity for him to continue under the same roof with his brother's daughter; he could hardly turn her out: he would leave it himself, at all events for a time, until the first shock of the row should wear off a little.

His nerves were shaken, and he was glad to find an excuse for getting out of the place. The issue was so important, the stake so great, the associations of the house so strong, that he wanted the solitude of his own chambers. He told the footman that he should not be back for a day or two, and left the house. In reality, he ran away from Alison, whom he feared to meet again.

Alison, for her part, outraged and stricken down by this cruel and wholly unexpected blow, took refuge in her own room, trying to understand it, if she might. She was too wretched for tears. She threw herself upon the bed and buried her face in her hands, moaning with agony and

shame. Everything was torn away at once; the dream of a fond and worthy mother, the belief in a noble and honorable father.

Had Anthony Hamblin foreseen this sorrow? Had there been no middle way possible, by which the girl could have been spared at once the shame of her father's sin, and the agony of her mother's dishonor?

"Grief," said young Nick, when the clock pointed to half-past one, which was dinner-time—"grief, *with* waxiness, makes a man hungry. Call down Alison, mother. Dinner will be on the table in a minute or two. As for the first cousin once removed, he's gone. I saw him out of the house myself ten minutes ago."

Mrs. Cridland went to call her niece. She returned after a few minutes, her eyes heavy with tears. Alison would not come down at all.

Young Nick shook his head sagaciously.

"Girls," he said, "are good at a slanging match. Their tongues hang free, and their cackle is continuous. Men are nowhere. Still, men don't shirk their grub because they've had a fight. None such fools. It's only girls who don't see when it comes to keeping up the pecker, that the pecker must be kept up by more than the usual amount of grub, and break down. One short burst, good enough while it lasts, is the most they can manage. Then it is all over."

When dinner was served, he took Alison's place at the head of the table and assumed the carving-knife and fork with considerable increase of dignity. Whatever might happen, he had covered himself with glory as the defier of villainy. Besides, it is not every day that a boy of fourteen is trusted to carve.

"Boiled rabbit, mother"—he brandished the carving-knife with ostentatious dexterity—"boiled rabbit, smothered in onions, and a little piece of pickled pig. Ah! and a very fair notion of a simple dinner, too; what we may call a reasonable tuck-in for a hungry man: not a blow-out, like the Hamblin Dinner; but a dinner that a man can do justice to, particularly if there's no falling off when the pudding comes. Let me give you a slice off the back. I say, mother"—there was a twinkle in his eye as he stuck the carving-knife into the vertebræ—"I say, I wish the bunny's back was Uncle Stephen's, and my knife was in it. Wouldn't I twist it? And suppose we had him before us actually smothered in onions!"

He took a more than ample meal, because, as he explained, he had now hurled defiance at his uncle, and a gentleman's glove once thrown down had to be fought for; therefore he must hasten to grow and get strong. With which object he must eat much more meat than was heretofore thought prudent, and a great deal more pudding.

He begged his mother to remember that for the future.

"Fig pudding, old lady!" he cried presently, with beaming eyes, having the dish set well before him. "Figs made into pudding are recommended by doctors. They are said to be comforting after trouble." He cut a slice for his mother, and then placed a very large one on his own plate. "This," he said, with a sigh, "is for Alison, poor girl! She can't eat any. This" (he added another massive lump) "is for myself. I will do the best I can and eat up her slice for her. She must not be allowed to lower the system." His white eyebrows glittered like a diamond-spray as he rapturously contemplated the double ration.

As for Stephen, he was driving to town in a cab.

As he had been so hasty, as the thing had been told, as the cousins would most certainly hear of it immediately, it was far better, he thought, to go to them himself and tell the story first. At present, too, he had accepted the post of guardian, and thereby put himself in a false position. He ought not to have taken it; he ought to have asserted his claim from the beginning, in a modest but firm way; he should have communicated his suspicions. But then Stephen could never run straight. Meantime he must go and tell his story, whatever the result.

The result? Outside the house he began to shake off some of the whipped-hound feeling which oppressed him beneath the triple influence of which I have spoken. The result? What result could there be? His brother had never married. Why, justice was on his side; he asked for nothing but plain and simple justice: let bare justice be done to every man alike. What could his cousins, what could the world, object to in his claim for simple justice?

Yet there was once a man, a younger son, who laid a claim to a great title and great estate, held by his elder brother, on much the same grounds as he was about to advance. And though he had justice on his side, though it was clearly proved that he was the heir, the world condemned that man for raking up old scandals, for dishonoring the name of his mother, and the credit of his father. Stephen thought of that case, but he hardened his heart. Besides, he said it was done now; he had spoken the fatal words, he must go on. To tell Alison, for instance, that he intended to let her hold the estates by his gracious favor would never console her for the trouble he had brought upon her, would never heal the wound he had inflicted, would never lead her to forgive him who had cast a blot upon the fair name of her father. And, again, it was absurd to suppose that he was

going to let her hold the estates when they were his own.

If no man suddenly becomes the basest of men, it is also true that no man, brought up as Stephen Hamblin was brought up, can at any time, after however long a course of selfish pampering to his own appetites, contemplate an action of the basest kind without some sort of hesitation. No one would deny that this man was one eminently untrustworthy. Most of those who knew him best trusted him least. There was, in the opinion of his cousins, no wickedness of which he was not capable. They would not, for instance, have believed that this deed, perpetrated with such apparent calm deliberation, could have cost him so much hesitation and self-abasement. When we plan out a line of action for a knave, we are generally right, but we forget how much battling with his knavish conscience it costs him.

In truth, Stephen, by much brooding over the thing, had got to the level of hallucinations, a very common level with all sorts of people whom the world condemns.

He thought people would sympathize with him. In imagination, he took up the attitude of one who calmly, firmly, and without heat or passion, claims his own, standing out for the simple, the barest justice.

Alison showed him, with her swift contempt, how the world would really regard his action, what he would really seem. With her spear of Ithuriel she changed him from the upright figure of a wronged and injured man to a crawling, sneaking spy, who had crept into the house under false pretenses, and made use of his opportunities to pry into the secrets of his brother, discover the weak points and nakedness of the land, and, in his own interests, search into all the secret documents.

This view of the matter was not so pleasant to contemplate, and Stephen put it behind him as much as possible.

He deposited his bag in his chambers at Pall Mall, took a late lunch, with a single pint of champagne, at his club, and then drove into the City. Since the thing had to be done, let it be done quickly.

He presented himself at his cousin's private office with an air which struck Augustus Hamblin as of ill omen. His dark eyes were blood-shot and more shifty than usual. They were ringed with black, the result of midnight potations, not of villainy, and they seemed more crow's-footed than usual; his dress, which was that of a young man of five-and-twenty, seemed more than usually incongruous; he held between his lips the remaining half of a great cigar—men of Stephen Hamblin's stamp are seldom without

a cigar between their lips—and smoking, especially in the daytime, was always an abomination to Augustus Hamblin. Lastly, Stephen's cousin noticed that his cheek was twitching—a sign of nervousness—and that his hands shook, which might be the effect of villainous intention, or of late hours, or it might be drink. It must be understood that Augustus put none of these observations into words. They remained unarticulated thoughts.

"You here, Stephen?" he asked, not very cordially. "Is anything wrong with your ward?"

"Nothing is wrong with my ward," replied Stephen. "It is not about her, or at least only indirectly, that I have come to see you."

"Is it on business? Then we will ask my partner to be present. Two heads are better than one, or three better than two."

He whistled down a tube and sent his message.

Augustus Hamblin spoke cheerfully, but he remembered what Alderney Codd had told him, and he felt uneasy. William the Silent presently came, and nodded to Stephen; but he, too, looked meaningly toward his partner. The two sat like a judicial bench behind the table. Stephen, like a criminal, stood before them. He laid down the cigar, and looked from one to the other with a certain embarrassment.

"You will remember," he said presently, producing a pocket-book full of papers—but this was only a pretense—"you will remember that when I was here last, Augustus, I asked you what you knew about my brother Anthony's marriage."

"Certainly."

"Since then I have been employing myself, in Alison's interests, in trying to clear up the mystery."

"Yes, though you might as well have left it alone."

"I might as well, so far as her interests go, as it seems," said Stephen, clearing his throat. His face was pale now, but his attitude was firm and erect. He was about to fire the fatal shot. "I might as well, because I have made—a remarkable discovery among Anthony's papers—a most surprising discovery—a thing which alters the whole complexion of affairs, and puts me in a most awkward position."

One of Stephen's least pleasant traits was a certain liability to inspiration of sudden falsehood, just as some men are apt to be inspired by sudden bursts of generosity and lofty purpose. It would have been better for him had he stated the truth, that he suspected no marriage, and found in the papers no proof of marriage. But it occurred to him at the moment that he would strengthen his case if he asserted that he had found proof of no marriage—a very different thing.

"What is your discovery?" asked Augustus, with a presentiment of something wrong.

"It is nothing less than the fact—you will be both more surprised than I was—nothing less—I am a man of the world, and take these things as quite common occurrences—than the fact that my brother Anthony was never married at all."

"Stephen!" cried Augustus, "can this be true?"

"Patience," said William the Silent. "Let him tell us the nature of the proof."

"Oh! pardon me," said Stephen. "The nature of the proof I hold in my own hands. It is among these papers, and will be produced if necessary by my own lawyer, at the proper time and place. Anthony was never married."

There was silence for a space.

"I leave to you," said Stephen, "if you like to undertake it, the task of proving that there was a marriage. I should advise you not to try. It will, I assure you, be labor lost."

Again neither spoke, and Stephen was obliged to go on.

"The consequences of this discovery," he said, "will be very serious. It makes me the Head of the House. Alison, my brother's daughter, is entitled to nothing. I shall, of course, take my brother's position as chief partner in this firm."

"No!" said William, decidedly.

"Certainly not," said Augustus. "Whatever happens, you will never, I assure you, be a partner in this firm."

Stephen nodded carelessly. "We shall see. When it comes to taking me in or taking the consequences—however, I can afford to overlook a little natural surprise. Now, before I go before the Court of Probate, I am anxious to obtain your approval, your acknowledgment, that my course is absolutely forced upon me. Remember, you invited me to be guardian. In that capacity I went into residence at Clapham; in that capacity I made inquiries in Alison's interest; still in that capacity, still in her interest, I searched through the old papers, and—I made this discovery. She has no legal right to more than the clothes she stands in. All the rest is mine. I am the sole heir. I ask you, as business men, what I am to do. I bring to you, as my cousins and hers, the first intelligence of the discovery."

He did not wait for an answer, being perhaps afraid that they might either repeat that question as to the nature of the discovery or counsel him to go and burn it.

"What would either of you do? It is, I know, absurd to ask. You would advise me at once to ask for bare justice. My just and legal claim is for the whole estate. This is my inheritance. When that claim is granted, I am

prepared to consider the claim of my brother's daughter. What do you say?"

He looked from one to the other, but received no answer for the moment.

Then Augustus, in his dry and solemn way, asked:

"Pray, how much does Alison know of this—this alleged discovery?"

Stephen tried to look unembarrassed, but failed.

"She knows all," he replied. "My hand was forced by some attempted interference with me. I told her the exact truth; I disclosed her true position."

"Poor girl!" said Augustus.

"However," said Stephen, "pity will not alter facts. I wait for an expression of your opinion."

Augustus looked at his partner. William the Silent nodded his head suggestively in the direction of the door.

"We refer you," said Augustus, "to Mr. Billiter. You may go and see him. Tell him, if you please, what you have told us. Our offer made a few weeks ago is, of course, withdrawn. You can no longer act as Alison's guardian. Henceforth, it will be better for you to communicate with us, who will assume the position of the young lady's protectors, through your solicitors. We express no opinion on what you have done; we do not venture to give you any advice. Good morning."

The cold, contemptuous tone of his cousins was almost as intolerable as the indignation of Alison. Stephen left the office without a word.

When he was gone, the partners looked at each other and shook their heads.

"He may be lying," said Augustus; "he may be speaking the truth. What do you think?"

"Lies!" said William, whose opinion of Stephen was extremely low—"lies somewhere!"

"Perhaps in either case we lose nothing by waiting. Could we have thought Anthony capable of such deception?"

"Lies!" said William again, stoutly.

Augustus Hamblin, himself a man of the strictest principle, had known his cousin Anthony from boyhood, had worked beside him, knew as he thought every action of his life. Yet he seemed ready, on the bare, unsupported statement of Stephen, to believe that a man whose youth and manhood, open to all alike, were honorable and honored, was a profligate, a deceiver of women, a secret libertine. There is no man so good but that the worst shall be believed of him. The just man of Athens would never have been exiled had his countrymen been able to rake up a scandal against him. For my own part, when I consider the position, I am amazed that Aristides did not himself grow weary of provoking his

countrymen by the exhibition of a virtue to which nothing short of the nineteenth century can show a parallel, and openly go and break half a dozen at least of the commandments, and so regain a hold upon the affections of sympathetic humanity.

William Hamblin would doubtless have been equally ready to believe this thing but for his suspicion and distrust of Stephen.

The latter, only half satisfied with his reception by the cousins, drove straight away to the family lawyer. He would have it out at once—state his case, throw down the glove, and defy them to do their worst.

Mr. Billiter thought he was come to sign the agreement, according to their proposal, by which he was to undertake the name of guardian, receive an honorarium, and leave the conduct of affairs entirely in the hands of the partners. But Stephen pushed it aside.

"You may tear that thing up," he said rudely. "The time has gone by when that sort of thing could be signed. I have come to tell you that I have made a discovery—whether you knew it all along or not I do not know; perhaps you did, very likely you did—a discovery of so important a nature that it entirely alters the position both of myself and of Alison."

"Indeed!" The old lawyer's tone changed, and his sharp, bright eyes glittered as he raised them to look at Stephen. "Indeed! What is this discovery? Have you got it in your pocket?"

"It is nothing less than the fact that my brother Anthony was never married at all."

This was indeed a facer.

"What do you think of that?" asked Stephen triumphantly.

"I never allow myself to think of anything until the proofs are before me. Produce your proofs."

"Not at all," replied Stephen, tapping his breast, where lay his pocket-book—"not at all. If there was a marriage, produce *your* proofs."

The ferret-like eyes lit up with a sharpness which Stephen did not like.

"We assume the marriage," said the lawyer. "The presumption is in favor of the marriage. You have to disprove it. Where are your proofs?"

"As I said before," Stephen answered, "I reserve them. You will find that the law assumes that there was no marriage, and will call upon you for the proofs."

"In that case, I give no opinion. This document, then"—he took up the agreement—"is so much waste paper."

"It is. I refuse to sign it. I am going to claim the whole estate, as sole heir."

"A bold game, Stephen. A desperately bold

game. You give up the provision we offered you; you risk all in a single *coup*. Your proofs have need to be strong. You will want them as strong as they can be made."

Stephen sat down upon the table familiarly—on the awful table, before which, as a boy, he had so often trembled.

"I begin to wonder," he said, with as much rudeness as could be thrown into words and manner, "whether you have been a dupe or an accomplice. Anthony had plenty of dupes. He must have wanted an accomplice."

"Dear me!" said the lawyer, not in the least ruffled by this insult. "Here is a turning of tables. So I am an accomplice, am I? Well?"

"You pretend not to know what I mean. And yet there are only you and myself in the room."

"Perhaps it is not prudent to be without witnesses when you are here; but still, you see, I risk it."

"I have been treated," said Stephen, "since my brother's death, with the greatest contumely by yourself and my cousins. You have offered me the post of guardian, coupled with degrading conditions. Yet I have held my hand, knowing what I knew. The time has come when I shall hold it no longer. I am now prepared to strike."

"I clearly perceive, Stephen," the lawyer observed, "that you have been meditating all along a stroke worthy of your former reputation."

"Your age protects you," replied Stephen. "You know that you can say whatever you please."

"I have known you all your life, Stephen Hamblin, and I have never yet known you do a straightforward action. Now tell me, if you like, what you propose to do."

"This, at all events, is straightforward. I am going to take out letters of administration, not for Alison, but for myself. I shall put in an immediate claim on the estate, as the sole heir of my brother, who left no will, and was never married."

He tried to look the old lawyer steadily in the face, but his eyes quailed.

"I see," said the old man, "this is your manoeuvre, is it? Well, Stephen, we shall fight you. I don't believe a word of your discovery. It is bounce and suspicion, and a hope that, because we do not know where Anthony was married, we can not find out. Meantime, you must of course live on your own resources. You will have no help from us."

"That," said Stephen, "I anticipated."

"You will get nothing from the estate until the case is decided; and, of course, we shall only communicate with you through your solicitors. I have nothing more to say."

He turned his chair round and took up some papers. Stephen lingered a moment. His face was dark and lowering.

"I hope that I have made myself sufficiently clear," he said, stammering. "I ask for nothing but justice. I am the heir. I assert that my brother never married."

"You are quite clear," said Mr. Billiter, without looking up; "I am perfectly aware of what you mean."

"I only claim my rights. Do you, a lawyer, dare to call that dishonorable?"

"Stephen Hamblin," replied Mr. Billiter, laying down his papers and leaning back in his chair, and tapping his knuckles with his glasses, "I said just now that I had never known you do one single good action. But you have done so many bad ones that I am never surprised at anything you do."

"As for the bad actions, as you are pleased to call them—it is absurd, I suppose, to remind you of the exaggerations made—"

"Ta—ta—ta," said the lawyer. "*We* know. Your brother on whose generosity you lived being dead, you proceed to reward that generosity by proclaiming to the world the illegitimacy of his daughter, which you suspect, and hope to be true, but can not prove. That is, indeed, the act of a high-toned, whole-souled gentleman."

"It is in a lawyer's office," said Stephen, as if with sorrow, "I am upbraided in my intention of claiming what is justly due to me. So far, however, as Alison is concerned, your own injustice and the misrepresentations of my cousins will produce no effect. I shall provide for her: so far as a yearly hundred or two, I am willing—"

"Get out of my office, man!" cried the ferret-faced little lawyer, pointing to the door. "You propose to rob your niece of a quarter of a million, and you offer her a hundred a year! Go, sir, and remember you have not got the money yet!"

Stephen had done it now. He felt rather cold as he walked away from Bedford Row. It was like parting with power in reserve. As for the wrath of his cousins and the old lawyer, that troubled him, after the first unpleasantness, very little. One thing only seriously annoyed him. Why had he not drawn the proffered yearly allowance of five hundred pounds before announcing his intentions? It was awkward, because Anthony, his sole source of income, being dead, and his balance at the bank being reduced to less than fifty pounds, it might become a difficulty to provide the daily expenses. However, long before that difficulty presented itself, he should, he thought, have gained a decision of the Court in his favor.

He went to his club in the evening, and dined there with his friend Jack Baker, whom we have already met at the Birch-Tree Tavern.

Stephen was melancholy, and inattentive to the claret.

"You are hipped, old man," said Jack. "What is the matter?"

"A discovery I made the other day has rather knocked me over," said Stephen. "A discovery that obliges me to take action, in a painful way, with my own people."

"In your own interests?"

"Very much, if we look at it only from a money point of view," Stephen said with a sigh. "It is connected with my brother's estate, in fact. The estate, you know, is worth, one way and the other, something like three hundred thousand pounds."

"Ah! He left no will, did he?"

"None; and up to the present moment my niece, his daughter, has been supposed to be the sole heiress. Now, however, we have discovered that the sole heir is— But it will all come out in the courts, before very long. No need to talk about it. This is very fine Léoville; let us have another bottle."

"And you are his only brother," said Jack Baker thoughtfully. "Why—"

If Stephen had searched about all over London for the best method of spreading a report abroad, he could hardly have hit upon a better one than that of hinting to his friend Jack Baker that something was in prospect. Perhaps he knew this.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VALLEY OF TEARS.

THE pudding was finished and the tablecloth removed before Alison appeared. She was calm now, but there was a burning spot in each cheek, and a glow in her dark eyes, from which an enemy would have augured ill.

She sat down and wrote two letters: one of them was to Gilbert, the other to Augustus Hamblin. To the latter she related, as exactly as she could, what had taken place. The former she simply invited to call and see her as soon as he conveniently could.

She sent Nicolas with this note to the Temple, and posted the former. The boy understood that the letter meant the beginning of war, and his enthusiasm in the cause was roused. He acquired, too, a considerable accession of self-importance from considering the fact of his own share in the struggle.

He took the omnibus to Blackfriars very soberly, playing no pranks at all on the way, and turning neither to right nor to left until he found himself in Gilbert's chambers in Brick Court. The young barrister was engaged in some devil-ing, that ingenious method by which the brief-less delude themselves into the belief that they are getting on. He looked up and nodded cheer-fully.

"How is young Nick? What seeks he here?" he asked.

Nicolas shook his head and looked mighty grave.

"What has happened?"

"Villainies," replied the boy in a hollow voice—"villainies, conspiracies, and a kick-up. Here's a note for you. Alison wants you to come at once. You are not to delay one moment, she says, not even to part your hair down the middle." The young man's middle parting was always remarkably clear and well defined. "'Tell him,' she says, 'if he wants any more spooning, he'd better step out and get down at once.'"

"I must at least change my coat. Now, boy," emerging from his bedroom, "just tell me, in a few words, what has happened."

"Uncle Stephen—no, I forgot, he is no longer to be an uncle—first-cousin-once-removed Stephen has been staying with us for a week or so, as you know. He's been mighty civil to Alison, I must own. But the artfulness! It was all to poke about among the papers. And then he has a row with my mother, and then with Alison, and then he tells her that she's no right to the fortune at all, and it's all his. Think of that! 'Oh, yes,' he says, 'you think it's yours, do you? Much. I'm the owner, I am. As for you, you are nobody. You may go. Nicolas Cridland,' he went on, 'may go, too, with the old lady.'"

"Not the heiress! What does he mean?"

"Here comes in the villainy. Because, he says, Uncle Anthony was never married; that's the reason. Well, when Alison heard him say that—she's got a fine temper of her own, once get her back up: you will discover it some day, so don't say I didn't warn you—she went at him with"—he looked round him in doubt—"with the tongs."

"Nonsense!"

"I backed her up. When she quite finished, I let the first-cousin-once-removed have a bit of the rough side of my tongue, too. I don't pretend to be a patch on Alison, because when a girl—a strong girl, mind you—gets her back up and her tongue well slung, she can let out in a way to make a man's hair stand on end. His hair stood up, all that's left of it; he hadn't a word to say."

The boy stopped, waiting for applause. None came.

"I say, I suppose you envy me, don't you? Wish you had been in my place to cowhide him?"

"Why, you don't mean to say that you—"

"I *promised*, which is the same thing," said Nicolas proudly. "Let him wait till I am one-and-twenty; then he shall feel how spry a curly one about the legs will make him. But, I say, you're a private and particular friend of Alison's. I don't mind taking you in. It's seven years to wait, you see, and then no telling what may happen. We'll stand in together, if you like."

"Thank you," said Gilbert; "and where is he?"

"Oh, ran away! Didn't stop to reflect that he's got seven years to wait. Ran away at once. Alison wouldn't have any dinner, though there was—never mind. Came down when we'd finished, quite quiet, but looking dangerous—handy with her heels, you know—and wrote two letters. One was yours. I was rather glad to get out of the house myself. No telling whether she mightn't have rounded on me, as she's done once or twice before."

The boy, in answer to Gilbert's questions, stuck to the substantial basis of his story, although he embellished it by features which changed with each narration. Alison was not the heiress, because her father was never married. And this statement had been made coarsely, and even brutally.

Could it be true? and if so, what was Alison's position?

Gilbert lost no time in getting down to Clapham, leaving the boy behind to saunter through the streets and follow at his leisure.

He found Alison standing at the window of her own room, impatient and restless. She was transformed. The girl whom he had last seen, only a day or two before, soft, shrinking, gentle, stood before him with lips set firm, defiant pose, and eyes in which the glow of love and *douce pensée* had given place to a hard and cold light.

He took her hand and wanted to kiss her.

"No, Gilbert," she said harshly. "It was not to listen to love-stories that I sent for you. Perhaps, most likely, all that is over. You have heard—did the boy tell you?—what has happened?"

"He did tell me. Stephen Hamblin seeks to rob you of your inheritance."

"And of my name, and of my father's honor, and of my mother's honor. He will try to rob me of all at once. There will be nothing left." Her voice failed her, but it was not to sob or cry that she broke down. "Tell me first, Gilbert, if you, too, were one of those who all along sus-

pected this thing? My uncle says that everybody suspected it."

"It is false, Alison. Nobody, so far as I know, ever suspected such a thing—I the least of all men."

"But he *said*," she repeated—"he *said* that everybody always suspected."

"It is false again, Alison—a thousand times false! Believe me, no one ever dreamed of suspecting such a thing."

She seemed not to hear him.

"So that I have been living for ten years in a fool's paradise, while people scoffed at me behind my back, and at my mother, and said hard things about my father. What a life for us both! and we never knew it."

"Alison! Do not believe, do not think such things."

"But if such things are true—and, whether I think them or not, they may be true. And one thing seems true, that my poor father left no will, and, unless I can prove his marriage, which—he—says never took place, I am a beggar in fortune as well as in honor. I have nothing."

"Yes, Alison"—he took her hand in his, and held it in the firm man's grasp which brought her comfort for the moment—"yes, Alison, you have something left. You have me; you have love. You have plenty of others who love you, but not so well. We shall only have to wait a little longer. You will not be able to hear your husband called a fortune-hunter. That is what it means, if it is true—all it ever shall mean to you and to me."

She shook her head, and the tears ran to her eyes. For some moments she could not speak. Then she conquered herself, drew back her hand, dashed the tears away, and became hard again.

"It means more, Gilbert. It means a great deal more. I am—illegitimate."

She did not blush nor wince, but boldly pronounced the word, as if she would face the thing at once.

"I must be ashamed of my mother; I must be ashamed of my father; I must never, never think of marriage or of love. This must be my farewell to you, dear Gilbert."

He seized her in his arms, and kissed her again and again, until she broke away from him.

"My darling! Do you think I should let you go? Why, what is it? You have lost your name; all the more reason for taking another. And as for—for your father, you must try not to think unkindly—"

"Not unkindly," she said. "Never unkindly, only sorrowfully, because I thought him blameless."

Each time her lover ceased to touch her, she became hard and defiant again.

"Do not think of it at all in connection with him," urged Gilbert. "Let your thoughts dwell only on the happy past, which can never be forgotten. Think if he did you a great wrong, he did all he could to repair it."

"Yes, yes," she murmured impatiently. "It is of—the other—that I think—the man who has done the mischief to me. Yesterday I knew nothing. Yesterday I was proud of my father, and of myself. I had everything that a girl wants, except him whom I had lost. I had a lover—"

"You have still, Alison. I will not be denied that title. I am your lover, whatever may happen."

"You are kind, Gilbert," she said; "but you must not love me any longer. I will not think of love any more. I will not drag you down. I mean it. I am resolved in this. I will not marry. I will not endure to feel that your own people would have to apologize for me, that perhaps my own children would have to blush for their mother's birth. Spare me that, Gilbert, if you love me, as I think you do."

"The misfortune has fallen on both of us alike," she went on, releasing herself a third time from Gilbert's hands. "It has been sweet for me to feel that I was loved, especially since my father's death. It is dreadful to give you up, Gilbert. But I am resolved. When my uncle told me this morning, my first thought was that I must give you up. Ever since then I have been thinking about it."

She drew a ring from her finger—the ring of her engagement. "Take it back, Gilbert. Our engagement is at an end. I give you back your vows with this ring. You shall marry no base-born girl."

He refused to take the ring.

"I will take back neither vows nor ring, Alison. I am your lover. I swear that I will never be released unless you marry another man."

"I shall marry no one," she said. "Go away, Gilbert. You must see me no more. I forbid you the house, my poor Gilbert, as long as I have a house at all. Soon I shall have no house."

"Alison," cried the young man, "do not be cruel! I will *not* be sent away. Remember, I am always your lover."

She shook her head. There was resolution in every line of her figure, as she stood before him. He saw that remonstrance, entreaties, and prayers were useless—for the moment.

"You must not try to see me any more, Gilbert. Remember that every time I see you will bring me fresh pain and misery. I will go away somewhere—I dare say my cousins will not let me starve—and hide myself and all this shame."

I only sent to you, to tell you that it was all over. Poor boy!" Her hard eyes softened and became beautiful again, as she laid her hand upon his sleeve. "You feel it now, but you will forget. You will go about in the world and do great work, and so learn to forget, and then you will find some other girl whom you will love as much as ever you loved me—and who will have a—a—story that can be told without shame."

"Stay!" cried Gilbert—"stay, Alison. We are going far too quickly. All is not over yet. Whose word have you besides your uncle's?"

"No one's. He *would* not dare to say such a thing unless it were true."

"He says, Nicolas tells me, that he has proof that there was no marriage. We shall believe that story when we see the proofs."

"There must be proofs."

"Let us first learn what they are. Until we can examine the proofs for ourselves, I for one, Alison, shall disbelieve the statement. What would the proof be? Are we to believe that your father deliberately left a paper among his private documents, stating that he was never married? This seems ridiculous. What other proof has he, or can he have?"

"I believe," Gilbert continued, "that the statement is a pure fabrication. See, Alison, Mr. Stephen Hamblin is, and always has been, a man of low principle. It is his interest to make out this charge. He knows that there is no will. He knows, further, that your father was unwilling, for some reason best known to himself, to talk about his married life; and so, he calmly frames this gigantic LIE, in hope that it will be believed."

Alison shook her head.

"Let us not be the first to believe it. Until it is proved—and it never can be proved—let us—if only you and I remain loyal—go on believing in the honor of your father. My dear, you *must* believe it."

"You say so, Gilbert, to comfort me."

"Perhaps, partly to comfort you; but I believe solemnly that it is the truth. Surely it is more easy to believe that your father was always what you knew him to be in every relation of life—a good man—than that he lived perpetually in an atmosphere of deceit and treachery. Shake off that distrust, Alison. It is a nightmare born of the base insinuations and suggestions of that man. Hold up your head and face the world. Let us say simply, 'Anthony Hamblin *could* not have done this thing.' And even if the law allows him, which I do not think, to lay his unrighteous hand upon your fortune, go on in your belief and loyalty to your father."

"They are brave words, Gilbert," she said. "You are a strong man: you can dare and do.

I am only a weak woman. When things are said, the words are like daggers and pierce my heart. But you are right. I am fallen indeed if I can cease to believe in the goodness of my father."

"And this ring, Alison?" He held up the engaged ring.

"No," she said, "I am resolved upon that. You and I, Gilbert, will believe in my father—you, because you are loyal to the memory of a man who loved you, and I, because it will be all my comfort. But I will not put on that ring again until it has been proved to all the world that I need not blush with shame when my mother's name is mentioned."

Gilbert hesitated for a moment, thinking what to say, what comfort to bring.

"In that case," he said at length with a forced smile, "we must try to penetrate the mystery and find the truth about your father's marriage. At least you will let me work for you."

"I shall be deeply grateful to you," she replied, holding out her hand to him. The hard light in her eyes was gone, but the lip trembled still: "I shall be grateful, even if you find nothing. But you must remember one thing, Gilbert: until you have found out—what we seek—there must be no word of love; and, if we never find out, there must never be word of love between us. Do you promise not to break this rule?"

"It is a very hard promise, Alison. If you knew how I love you, you would not ask it of me."

"It is because I do know, and because—O Gilbert!—because it is as hard for me to ask as for you to promise, and because whatever happens, I must try to keep my self-respect. Promise me."

He promised, at length, kissing her fingers.

"And now," he said, "I shall go to your cousins and offer my services to unravel the mystery. I shall do nothing else until we have learned the truth."

"Oh, Gilbert!" She was going to have one devoted friend at least. To be sure, she had known that he would be her knight. "But you must not ruin your practice at the bar for my sake."

The young member of the Inner Temple laughed sarcastically.

"My practice?" he asked. "What does not exist can not be very well ruined, my dear child. I have no practice. No doubt I shall get some in course of time if I go on. At present, solicitors do not know my name, and I am briefless. Do not be disturbed about my practice."

Meantime Nicolas had found his way home and discovered his mother again in tears. This

was disagreeable. It was still more disagreeable, when he inquired the cause, to learn that, if Alison lost her inheritance, his mother would lose that three hundred pounds a year which formed, as Nicolas for the first time learned, her sole income.

"I suppose we shall all three go to the work-house!" the poor lady sobbed.

"No, mother," said Nicolas. "You and Alison may go there, if you like, and if you prefer skilly to chops. I sha'n't. Come, old lady"—he rammed his hands into his pockets, and stood with his legs apart—"come, cheer up. Work-house, indeed! Haven't you got ME? For the present, I suppose, I must enlist. I can have stoppages made for you and Alison out of the pay. That will carry you on till I'm old enough—provided I am not in the mean time killed in action—to enter the firm. The least they can do for me after cheeking Uncle Stephen—and, of course, I shall horsewhip him when the time comes—is to give me a desk. Then I can support you both in comfort, with boiled rabbit and onions and pickled pig every day. That fellow Yorke, unless I am greatly mistaken in the man, which isn't usual with me, will want to cry off when he hears that Alison has got no money. I don't much like that style of man: blue eyes, curly brown hair, regular features—barber's-block features, long legs, and broad shoulders. I hope she won't take it too much to heart. After all, it will be only waiting for me. I'm the sort of man to make her really happy. I feel it in me. Cheer up, old lady."

He kissed his mother and patted her cheek. I think Mrs. Cridland was greatly comforted by the thought that her boy would be so great a stay and prop to her.

Then the boy heard Gilbert's step in the hall, and ran out.

"Done with Alison?" he asked. "Come this way." He led him into the study, where there stood a rack of choice canes, walking-sticks, and bamboos, brought to the Head of the House from foreign parts. It was a really valuable and beautiful collection, which Anthony had been accumulating for many years.

"This way." He stood before the rack and examined the contents critically. "I will find something that will just do for you, Yorke. See: don't take this Malacca, because it is too light for serious business: Malaccas are apt to break in the hand. Here's a Penang Lawyer, which I should like to lend you if I could trust your temper. But I can't, and you might kill your man. This Persuader is from Singapore, but they've loaded it with lead, and we must stick to the legitimate thing. The Tickler at your left hand is from Shanghai: it has tickled many a China-

man into an early grave. But we don't want to give him anything luxurious. This is a lovely thing from Mauritius, see: clouded and mounted; it's trustworthy, too, and heavy; but I'm not going to treat such a fellow as that to anything expensive. He'd boast of it afterward. Common ware, sir, and tough, and apt to curl about the legs. That's all he shall get from me."

Gilbert looked on in amazement. What did the boy mean?

"Now here"—he took down a thin and longish bamboo. "This is the very thing. Common and cheap, effective, and tough. You can lay on with this without fear of its breaking. It's as springy, too, as India-rubber. That thing, sir, judiciously handled, will raise the most enormous weals, and hurt like winking. Phew! Ey—oh!"

"What do you mean?"

"You've been spooning again," said Nicolas severely, "and it's made you go silly. Didn't I promise you should stand in with me about the cowhiding? Very well, then. Take and go and do it."

"Oh, nonsense! There's to be no cowhiding."

"No cowhiding?" Young Nick almost shrieked with indignation. "Why, I *promised* him. You're *not* going to do it?"

"Certainly not."

The boy's face fell. This was bitter disappointment.

"Go away," he said; "I thought better of you. If I had a girl who'd been treated as Alison has been treated, I'd cowhide the man first and pepper and salt him next. You'll do as you please." He replaced the stick with a sigh. "Of course all the real work, as usual, is laid upon my shoulders."

CHAPTER XV.

HOW STEPHEN LEFT THE HOUSE.

STEPHEN slept at his chambers that night. But in the morning, the strange feeling of nervous terror, under the influence of which he had left the house at Clapham, had disappeared with the impression produced by Alison's eyes and words. He began to consider whether it was prudent to retract from the stronghold of constructive possession.

It was matter of simple evidence that he went to the house on the very day of his brother's death: that might be with the view of assuming the guardianship which naturally devolved upon him, or that of asserting his own claim. He had lived there for three months, by tacit acknowledgment, he might say, the master. And yet,

on the day when he distinctly laid his pretensions before the partners, he returned to his own chambers. Perhaps that would look something like distrust of his own claims.

This knotty point gave him uneasiness. He really did not wish to return: he was afraid of meeting his niece: he was afraid of those black eyes in the portrait which followed him round the room with reproachful gaze; but, on the other hand, he was bound to show a bold front. He had taken up a position from which there was no retreat. He had gone beyond the truth in asserting that he held written proof that there never had been any marriage at all; whereas all that he could really prove was that he had found no mention of any marriage. And there was always the terrible doubt in the background that, after all, there might have been a secret marriage, a marriage under an assumed name which further search might reveal. If it were discovered, he would be indeed ruined.

It was more than possible: it even seemed probable, now that it was too late, now that he had incurred the wrath of the other side and played his trump cards. Why was it that it seemed so impossible the day before?

Given a man of absolutely unblemished character, living a life open for all the world to see; given the fact of a child strongly resembling him, and even more strongly resembling his mother; add to these the open production and acknowledgment of the girl as his own daughter—these things made up a very strong case; so strong, that when Stephen put them together he felt cold, and began to wish that he had not been so precipitate.

It became, therefore, the more necessary to maintain the boldest bearing. He would go back to the house, install himself there, and let the servants know that he was master. As for Alison, it was her part, not his, to turn out.

The house, when he admitted himself with a latch-key, was perfectly silent. The two ladies were in the breakfast-room; Nicolas was at school; the servants were engaged in the light and leisurely occupations which they called work. They made no noise; if they talked, it was in low tones, so as not to disturb the silence which, for three months, save for the voice and the steps of Nicolas, had been almost unbroken. He stepped hurriedly, as if afraid of meeting some one, into the study. The eyes of his mother's portrait met his as he closed the door, and again the odd feeling of cold, as if the dead were reproaching him, fell upon him. He threw down his bag: took a cigar from the box nearest, lit it, and went out of this silence, which was sepulchral and oppressive, into the gardens.

The morning was delightful: the lilacs, al-

monds, peaches, white-thorn, and laburnum—for it was an early season—were all blossoming together: the air of the young spring was heavy with perfume: a blackbird was singing in the garden: all round him were the delicate leaves of spring, the young foliage, yellow rather than green: a broad horse-chestnut over the stables was showing on its branches the great sticky cone, oozing all over with gum, out of which would shortly spring blossom and leaf: the dark cedars of Lebanon showed black beyond it. At his feet were all the spring flowers that he remembered of old—the London-pride, the pale primrose, the wallflower, the violet, the auricula, the polyanthus, the narcissus, and the jonquil.

The memory of those accusing eyes of the portrait followed Stephen into the garden; the lawns and flower-beds, the lilacs and laburnums, awakened unexpected associations.

"I have not seen the old garden," he murmured, "for twenty years. It is not changed at all. My mother might be on the lawn now, as she was one morning—just such a morning—thirty years ago and more, when I was a boy—"

As he spoke, Alison, coming from the vinery, crossed the lawn on her way to the house. She paused for a moment, and standing on the springy turf, not seeing her uncle, she looked round her and breathed the soft sigh of contentment which the early summer air pours into the heart of maidenhood. She had tied a handkerchief round her head. Her black eyes were full of softness, heavy with the sweet influences of the hour: her lips were parted: her head drooped a little, like a flower too happy in the sun; her figure, *svelte et gracieuse*, seemed soft and yielding, a very figure of Venus—how different from the wrathful eyes, the angry voice, the set lips, of yesterday!

Stephen dropped his cigar.

"My God!" he said, "I thought it *was* my mother! How like her she is!"

He dropped into thought, standing where he was, gazing through the shrubs upon the vacant lawn, peopled again in imagination by just such a woman as Alison, only older, by a child of five or six, himself, and a tall, raw schoolboy, his brother.

"Anthony!" he murmured, with something like a choke in his throat. He saw again in his imagination the little boy running backward and forward, shouting, laughing, dancing, while the elder boy played for him and with him, and the lady with her black mantilla watched them both with soft and loving eyes.

Stephen's own eyes softened as he recalled the pretty scene, so old, so long gone by, himself the only survivor.

Now, to what length this softening process might have gone, had it not been interrupted, I do not know. One can only speculate. It was, in point of fact, stopped, ruined, and hopelessly destroyed, all in a moment, and in the very bud and opening. For just then a stable-boy—this was on the way to the stables—who was engaged in polishing harness, became suddenly possessed by the devil. I think, indeed, that he was the devil himself. He laughed aloud—a strident, mocking laugh, which seemed to Stephen as if his one newly-conceived germ of—call it a tendency to a readiness to accept the softening influence of repentance—were the object of the stable-boy's derision.

Stephen's temper was arbitrary; his own personal submission to that temper was abject. He stepped hastily into the stable-yard and cursed that young assistant, who, to outward view, was as meek as Moses, till he trembled and shook in his shoes.

Then Stephen entered the stables themselves and began to examine them. The profitable vision of the lawn had already faded from his mind. When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness, even in imagination, and for a few brief moments only, he does not like to be laughed at. He would rather relapse. Stephen relapsed. He remembered, too, that he was there to show himself as the master; he therefore cursed the groom a second time.

"Two fat coach-horses and two riding-horses and a pony," said Stephen, standing at the door of the stable, while the groom trembled outside, "and four lazy scoundrels to wait on them! You, groom-fellow, take a month's notice. Tell the coachman to take a month's notice. Tell the other men to take a month's notice. I am going to sell off all the horses—do you hear?—and this coach and the pony-carriage. A hansom cab is good enough for me. Such mad expenditure," he added, "would swamp the income of a Rothschild!"

The groom made no reply, resolving to lay the whole case immediately before the young lady. Miss Hamblin's riding-horse, Master Nicolas's pony, and all to be sold off! And the coachman, grown old in the Hamblin service, to be dismissed! And himself to take a month's notice, who hoped to remain, like the coachman, among the Hamblins all his life! "Why," thought the boy, watching Stephen's receding figure, "who's Mr. Stephen, to come and order people out of the house?" But he was alarmed.

Stephen passed through the shrubs and came into the garden itself. Alison was sitting at the window of her own room, called the breakfast-room, and saw her uncle. Instantly the day became cold to her, and the sunshine paled. She

pulled down the blind, but the sight of him brought back the horror of the day before, and her brief joy in the season of spring was destroyed.

The garden, both broad and long, had a great lawn, set with flower-beds, immediately behind the house. At the back of the lawn was a goodly show of glass, with vineries, conservatories, hot-houses, every kind of luxurious garden-house. And at the back of the glass houses lay the kitchen-garden.

Most of the glass houses were new to Stephen. He began to reckon up the expense of keeping them up, and resolved on one more economy. It is curious to observe how jealous the prodigal son has always shown himself over the reckless extravagance of his brother.

"Who are you?" he asked a man without a coat, who was pottering among some plants, set out to enjoy the morning sun. The man was tall and spare; he had red hair; his cheek-bones were high. They called him Andrew, and he never boasted any other name.

"Who are you?" he repeated, because the man only looked at him and replied not. In fact, Andrew did not know Stephen by sight, and was just slowly beginning to make out that the stranger bore a resemblance to Miss Hamblin. "Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

"I'm head gardener," replied Andrew, with dignity, "and that's what I'm doing."

"Head gardener! Why, how many of you are there?"

"Three," said Andrew. "Myself, a man, and a boy."

"Three!" Stephen echoed. "And four lazy devils for the stables. What a household! what reckless profusion!"

Andrew looked stolidly at him.

"I suppose"—Stephen addressed the chief of this watchful band of three—"I suppose you think that this extravagance will be allowed to continue?"

"It's accordin' to the young leddy," said Andrew. "You and me, we've just got to do what she says."

"You and I?" cried Stephen. "What the devil do you mean?"

"Dinna swere," said Andrew. "What I mean is that the young leddy is the maister since poor Mr. Hamblin got drowned. If ye don't like this extravagance, go and tell her, and leave me and my wark."

"I tell you what," cried Stephen, in a rage, and again obedient to that hard taskmaster, his temper, "I'll soon show you who's master here! Go and put on your coat; you shall have a month's wages instead of notice."

"Eh, eh?" said Andrew, no way discon-

certed. "I reckon I'll just wait till the young leddy tells me go."

"You scoundrel!" cried Stephen, raising his stick, "I'll break every bone in your insolent body!"

Andrew quietly allowed the spud in his hand to assume a horizontal position, so that it became at once a spear leveled at vital parts.

"Aweel," he said, with a smile of resolution, "if there's ony breaking of bones, there's always the spud."

Stephen turned away. Hitherto he had not gained much by assuming the air of the master.

He returned sulkily to the study, where he sat down, angry, ashamed, and unquiet, to examine and turn over for the tenth time those diaries of Anthony's life.

The day was not destined to be a propitious one for him. He had not been more than half an hour at his work when he became aware of a most intolerable and exasperating noise.

Unfortunately, it was Wednesday.

Any misfortunes which might happen in that household on that day were always, from a rude, instinctive recognition of the principles of cause and effect, associated with the fact that it was young Nick's half-holiday.

He was wont on Wednesdays to return home a little before one o'clock, with idle hands and a mind free from care, and therefore ready for the reception of temptation; in fact, anxious to be tempted.

Let us do the boy justice. On this occasion he thought that Stephen had left the house, after the awful row, for good, and was not coming back any more. Otherwise he would have proceeded with more discretion. Thus, he would not certainly have whistled so loudly as he ran up the steps which led from the garden entrance into the hall; nor would he, on arriving in the hall, have followed up the rich and creamy notes of his whistling—he always chose those airs which most madden and drive wild the adult hearer—by singing the same melody at the top of a voice which was not by nature musically soft, and was strident in the upper notes.

Had he known, too, that the great-coat hanging in the hall belonged to his Uncle Stephen and not to the family doctor, who, he presumed, was at the moment in conversation with his mother, he would have hesitated before drawing from his pocket a small case containing needles and thread and sewing up the lining of the sleeves. This, however, he did lightly, but with judgment, about six inches above the cuff, so that the arm on reaching the obstacle would have acquired a certain amount of momentum. Nicolas had not yet studied dynamics, but he knew that the greater the force with which a human

arm meets such an impediment in the sleeve, the greater is the shock to the system. Young Nick, therefore, executing his task with the sweet smile of anticipated delight, which he proposed to enjoy from ambush, sewed up the sleeves very low down.

This done, still in ignorance of his uncle's presence, he began to whistle again, and be-thought him of a certain double-shuffle which he had seen at the Christmas pantomime, and had practiced without success ever since. The noise caused by a double-shuffle on canvas is in itself far from soothing to the nerves. After the dance he proceeded to try a new figure in gymnastics, which also necessitated a good deal of inharmonious sound. He had just inverted himself, and was balancing on his two hands, trying to acquire complete control over his feet, when the door of the study opened and Stephen came out. He had been goaded almost to madness by the stamping, dancing, and whistling combined. He had borne it for a quarter of an hour. When it became intolerable he rushed out. The boy, thinking it was one of the footmen, began at once to spar at him with his feet.

"You little devil!" roared Stephen, enraged at this last insult. "Get up at once, and I'll break your neck for you!"

Young Nick sprang to his feet, and was instantly collared by the angry Stephen and dragged into the study. He realized in a moment the danger of the situation. He was hurried thither because there was the choice collection of canes to which he had himself only the day before introduced Gilbert Yorke. "How swift," observes the poet of Olney, "is a glance of the mind!" In a moment the boy remembered every cane in the rack, and wondered whether he should be operated upon by Penang Lawyer, by Malacca cane, by Singapore Persuader, or by Chinese Tickler. For the moment he gave himself up for lost. Yesterday's defiance would be also reckoned in. A caning, grim and great, was imminent. It was, however, only for a moment that young Nick abandoned hope. Stephen dragged him across the room, making swiftly for the sticks. There was not an instant to be wasted in reflection. Suddenly Stephen found the boy's legs curled round and mixed up with his own. He staggered, let go the collar of his prisoner's jacket, and fell heavily, tripped up by the craft and subtlety of the artful youth. The next moment there was a mighty crash, as the heavy table-cloth, with all its books, inkstands, papers, cigar-cases, and heterogeneous litter which piled it, was dragged down upon him. When, after a few moments of struggle, he disengaged himself and stood upright among the debris, the boy was gone. What was worse, he

had locked the door. Young Nick had escaped. It would have been a flying in the face of Providence had he not seized the happy chance and turned the key upon his enemy.

This done, the fugitive sat down upon the floor of the canvas, drumming his heels with delight and waiting the course of events. He had not long to wait. The next moment he heard the scuffling of his victim, as he freed himself from the table-cloth, the angry turning of the door-handle, the discovery that the door was locked, and the ringing of the bell. Upon this, young Nick sprang to his feet and rushed to the stair-head. He met the footman leisurely mounting the stairs to answer it.

"You need not disturb yourself, Charles," he said softly. "Go on with your dinner; I know what my uncle wants."

Charles descended. Young Nick watched him till he had returned to the kitchen, and then, sliding noiselessly down the banister, mounted a chair and unshipped the study-bell.

"Now he can ring as long as he likes," said the boy.

After this, he composed his features and went up stairs to his mother, who was sitting sadly with Alison, both of them far too dejected to have noticed the small disturbance which had just taken place. Here he took a book and sat sweetly reading, in silent calculation as to the time during which his uncle should be a prisoner.

Presently, there was heard a noise as of one kicking or hammering against a door, with a roaring as of an angry wild beast. The two ladies did not for some time notice this disturbance. Young Nick, who did, put up the book before his face to hide the unbidden smile of satisfaction. It was Uncle Stephen, kicking at the study-door and swearing at the top of his voice.

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Cridland, "what can be the matter? Who is that making this terrible noise?"

"It may be the gardener," said Nicolas sweetly; "I will go and see."

It was time that he went, because the footmen, who had now finished their dinner, were becoming aware of something singular going on overhead, and in two minutes Stephen might have been free, and upon him with a cane in his hand. Now, in the open, in the garden, young Nick felt himself a match for any man, armed or not. He therefore retreated to the top of the stairs which led to the garden, there to await events.

At this moment a carriage drove up. Charles, the footman, arriving in the hall, alarmed by the kicking at the study-door, and the awful explosion of wrath which threatened vengeance on

the whole house, opened the hall-door first. The visitors were the two partners of the firm, Augustus Hamblin and William the Silent, with Mr. Billiter, the family solicitor. Young Nick, at the top of the stairs, in readiness for flight, observed the arrival of this group with considerable curiosity. Something important was in the wind. He connected it with the row of the day before.

Kick—kick. "Open this door!" roared Stephen, adding a volley of oaths strong enough to throw into shudders the immortal gods who heard them. "Open this door!"

"Really," said Augustus, "this is very scandalous language in a house where there are ladies. What is the meaning of it?"

The footman tried the handle of the door. It was locked, but the key was in it. He caught sight of young Nick as he turned the key, and at once divined the whole history. He, too, had the presence of mind, as Stephen emerged, raging, cursing, and swearing, to retreat behind the portly form of Mr. Augustus Hamblin.

For a moment Stephen, who was blind and speechless with wrath, did not see who were grouped before him, as he stood and stamped, hurling incoherent oaths at all the world. Young Nick had dropped down to the lowest step of the stairs, which just left his eyes half an inch above the level of the hall-floor. Thus, from a comparatively safe spot, he enjoyed a complete view of the proceedings, which interested him profoundly.

"What does this mean?" asked Augustus. "Is the man mad?"

"What do you want here?" returned Stephen, foaming at the mouth. "This is my house!"

"Not at all," said Augustus. "It is not your house until the Court awards it to you. It is Alison's house. We are here to protect her, and to see that you leave the place immediately."

"Leave the place? Leave my own house?" cried Stephen.

"Certainly. It is presumably Alison's until you have succeeded in acquiring a legal title to it. You must go away, and that at once. We shall remain here until you do."

Stephen hesitated. It was a strange thing that a man so versed in all the ways of the world should have jumped to the conclusion that all he had to do was to step at once into his brother's place, and stay there.

"Understand, pray," said Mr. Billiter, "you have no more power to occupy this house than you have to receive your brother's rents and dividends. After the announcement you made to us all yesterday, we have come to the conclusion that it is no longer becoming or decent that you

should be allowed to remain here, under the same roof as Miss Hamblin."

"And if I choose to remain?"

Black Hamblin looked dark as midnight. Mr. Billiter laughed, and rubbed his hands.

"Really," he said, "one hardly likes to contemplate such an emergency. You see, nothing is yours until you prove your case. Meantime everything is presumably ours. It makes one think of physical force. No doubt—but it is absurd—no doubt, the footman, gardener, and grooms could, between them, be able to effect an—ha! ha!—an ejectionment."

"I go," said Stephen, "but under protest. I go from here to my own lawyers. If I am advised that I am entitled to live here, I shall return."

Young Nick slowly mounted the stairs. A delicious surprise awaited him. The coat which he had mistaken for the doctor's belonged to Stephen. Here was a joyful chance!

Stephen, with a face as full of dignified remonstrance as could be compassed on so short a notice, and after half an hour of such unrestrained wrath, took down his coat, and began, in a slow and stagelike way, to put it on. The action in itself is capable of being filled with "business" and effect, as my readers have often observed upon the stage.

"You will all of you," said Stephen, taking the coat by the collar, and adjusting it with the left, so as to bring that sleeve into position—"you will all of you regret the tone which you have been pleased to adopt toward me." Then he thrust his hand into the sleeve half-way, and brought the coat round with a swing to the right. "I claim, as any man would, his bare rights. Let justice be done." Then he thrust his right arm into the corresponding sleeve. "I am met with unworthy and undeserved accusations." Then he hitched the coat higher up, and perceived, but without alarm for the moment, that there was some obstacle in both the sleeves.

The faces of his three opponents watched him with grave and solemn looks.

It was the grandest spectacle which this world offers—that of baffled villainy. The virtuous, rejoicing in their virtue, were for the moment triumphant. Nothing better was ever invented in fiction than this situation of real life. And to think that it was all fooled away by such a paltry trick as sewing up a coat-sleeve!

Having delivered himself, Stephen wished only to retreat with dignity. There was only one drawback. He could not get his arms through the sleeves. The unrelenting three gazed upon

him with cold and severe eyes, while he scowled as fiercely as any villain in stage-story. But there comes a time when severity must relax and scowling becomes oppressive. The more Stephen plunged at his coat-sleeves, the more they resisted.

"Damn the coat!" he cried, losing his patience.

Charles, the footman, came to his assistance.

He it was, instructed by experience, who discovered the truth.

"I think it's Master Nicolas, sir," he said; "he's sewed you up, sir. If you have a pen-knife—"

The two partners smiled: the lawyer smiled: severity vanished. Stephen swore: the partners laughed aloud; the dignity of the revengeful bravo disappeared. It was with a very poor flourish that he finally put on his hat and left the house.

"You will understand, Charles," said Augustus, "that under no circumstances is Mr. Stephen allowed to enter this house again, until you hear again from us or from Mr. Billiter."

He led the way into Alison's room.

"You had my letter, Cousin Augustus, you have heard the dreadful news?" asked the girl, who was standing at the window, wondering what all the talk and noise in the hall meant.

"I have heard, my dear. We are here, your cousins, to protect you. Your Uncle Stephen has left the house, and will not return to it."

"Oh! tell me you do not believe it—what he says!"

"We certainly do not," said Augustus. "We do not know what case he has, if any; but we hold his position to be impossible. We believe in your late father, my dear; we are confident that we shall establish your claims to be what he always led us to believe you, his legal daughter and his heiress."

He kissed her on the forehead, a rare distinction with a man so grave as Augustus Hamblin.

"I concur," said William the Silent, and kissed her too.

"And as for me," said Mr. Billiter, taking her hand, "you see in me, my dear young lady, your most faithful and obedient servant. Never doubt that we shall succeed."

"And am I and my boy to be turned out?" asked poor Mrs. Cridland.

"Certainly not, Flora," replied Augustus. "We want you to continue your kind services to"—he made a profound bow—"to my late cousin's heiress, Anthony's daughter, Alison Hamblin."

(To be continued.)

THE SOUVENIRS OF MADAME VIGÉE LE BRUN.*

THERE are superior persons who object to what they are pleased to call "light reading." And they not only include in their condemnation novels, but also those pleasant memoirs which they loftily designate as mere gossip. They seem to imagine that books which may amuse can not by any possibility instruct. The proper study of mankind, according to the self-elected wise men of the nineteenth century, is to solve questions which are practically insoluble. The lost spirits who reasoned high and found themselves in wandering mazes lost, probably realized their situation; but we do not think metaphysicians of the present day are in the slightest degree aware when they are floundering. Mrs. Charles Kemble, whose character is so charmingly described in that delightful book, "The Records of a Girlhood," used to say of the sages of her day, "When A talks to B and C, and B and C do not understand him, and A does not understand himself, that's metaphysics." Here are the specimen articles of the magazine of the period: "The Place of Will in Evolution," "The Place of Conscience in Evolution," "The Reasonable Basis of Certitude," "Philosophy of the Pure Sciences," "Psychometrical Facts." Then in the midst of these awful lucubrations comes an article entitled "Is Insanity on the Increase?" A very suggestive question, in answer to which we can only sorrowfully imagine that, while there are writers and readers of brain-puzzling articles like these, it is impossible that insanity can be altogether on the wane. And then how conceited young gentlemen patronize and bore mankind with their "schools of thought" and "aims of life"! How pleasant, perhaps superior persons would say how degrading, to turn from celestial talk and "psychometrical facts" to the sunny souvenirs of Madame Vigée Le Brun!

What a pleasant picture is here given of French society just before the whirlwind which scattered it for ever! Madame Le Brun, as an artist patronized by royalty, naturally saw kings, queens, and princes through rose-colored spectacles. Her accounts of Marie Antoinette are flattering in the extreme, but they coincide with the general impression left by the memoirs of the period.

Madame Le Brun writes:

It was in the year of 1779, my dear friend, that I took the Queen's portrait for the first time. She

was then in all the brilliancy of her youth and beauty. Marie Antoinette was tall and admirably proportioned, her arms were lovely, her hands small and beautifully formed, and her feet charming. She walked better than any woman in France; carrying her head with a majesty which denoted the sovereign in the midst of her court without detracting in the least from the sweetness and grace of her whole aspect. In short, it is very difficult to give an idea, to those who have not seen the Queen, of so much grace and dignity combined. Her features were not regular: she inherited from her family the long, oval-shaped face peculiar to the Austrian nation; her eyes, which were nearly blue, were not large, but their expression was at once lively and soft; her nose was small and well-formed, and her mouth was not large although the lips were rather thick. But the most remarkable thing about her was the brilliancy of her complexion. I never saw anything like it, and *brilliant* is the only word to express what it was; her skin was so transparent that it allowed of no shadow. I never could obtain the effect I desired; paint could not represent the freshness, the delicate tints of that charming face, which I never beheld in any other woman.

At the first sitting, the Queen's imposing air began by intimidating me extremely, but her majesty spoke to me with so much goodness that her kind manner soon dissipated this impression. It was then that I made the portrait which represents her with a large hoop, dressed in white satin and holding a rose in her hand. This picture was destined for her brother, the Emperor Joseph II., and the Queen ordered two copies of it; one for the Empress of Russia, the other for her apartments at Versailles or at Fontainebleau.

It was at this first sitting that Marie Antoinette replied to Madame Le Brun, in answer to her remark how much *l'élevation de sa tête* added to the nobleness of her aspect: "If I were not Queen, they would say that I have an air of insolence; is not that true?" The supposed haughtiness of the Queen made her an object of hatred to the French people, and, the more she dispensed with etiquette and entered into society, the more her unpopularity increased.

In an unpublished memoir of the time, it is stated that the parties at the Duchess of Polignac's gave great offense to a portion of the nobility. The Queen was supposed to preside at these *soirées*. Those who were not invited were furious, those who were asked and were not sufficiently noticed were malignant. Hence arose those false and cruel libels which spread from the highest to the lowest classes of society. With what result is too well known. One is almost

* *Souvenirs of Madame Vigée Le Brun*. London, 1879.

forced to agree with the Greek dramatists that fate is the great agent pervading life. Marie Antoinette was born on a day of evil omen, *Le jour des Morts*, and there is no record in history of a woman who suffered such prolonged tortures and who endured them so nobly.

Madame Le Brun writes :

One day it so happened that I failed to appear at the time appointed for my sitting, because, owing to my health being very delicate at the time, I was taken suddenly ill. I hastened the next day to Versailles to make my excuses. The Queen had not expected me, and had ordered her carriage to go for a drive, and this carriage was the first thing I saw on entering the courtyard of the château. Nevertheless, I went up and spoke to the gentlemen-in-waiting. One of them, M. Campan, received me very stiffly, and said angrily, in his stentorian voice : "It was yesterday, madame, that her Majesty expected you, and of course she is going out driving, and she will certainly not give you a sitting." On my saying that I merely came to take her Majesty's orders for another day, he went to find the Queen, who immediately sent for me into her cabinet. She was finishing her toilet ; and held a book, from which she was teaching her daughter, the young madame. My heart beat, for I felt nervous, knowing I had been in the wrong. The Queen turned and said kindly : "I waited for you all yesterday morning ; what happened to you ?" "Alas ! madame," I replied, "I was so ill that I was unable to attend your Majesty's commands. I come to-day to receive them, and will leave directly." "No ! no ! do not go away," she rejoined ; "I will not let you have your journey for nothing." She countermanded her carriage, and gave me a sitting. I recollect that, in my anxiety to make amends for her goodness, I seized my box of colors with such haste that I upset them all, and my brushes and paints were strewed over the floor ; I stooped down to repair my awkwardness. "Let them alone, let them alone," said the Queen, "you are not in a condition to stoop" ; and, in spite of all that I could say, she picked them all up herself.

In the "Memoirs of the Baroness d'Oberkirch," which are as pleasant as those of Madame Le Brun, many anecdotes are given illustrating Marie Antoinette's kindness of heart. The Queen in the education of her children endeavored to instill in them kindness and consideration for others.

Madame Le Brun writes :

The Queen never neglected an opportunity of teaching her children the gracious and affable manners which so endeared her to all who surrounded her. I have seen her making madame, then a child of six years old, dine with a little peasant-girl, whom she protected, serving her first, and saying to her daughter, "You must do her the honors."

Nothing could be more perfect in theory than an education of this kind, but we fear in practice it resulted in the pride that apes humility ; for Madame d'Oberkirch, who piqued herself on her knowledge of court etiquette, received the following setting down from the child of seven.

Madame d'Oberkirch writes :

I was struck by the beauty and grace of the child, and accustomed to the freedom of German courts I said so ; this liberty displeased her ; an expression of anger spread itself over her face as with a proud and dignified air she replied :

"I am charmed, baroness, that you think me so ; but I am surprised to hear you say it." I was stunned.

However, the governess came to the rescue. The gracious and affable Princess relented, held out her hand to be kissed, and restored the bewildered Baroness to her senses.

Madame Le Brun gives a curious account of the way she was treated by the Princesse de Conti :

One day while Madame de Montesson* was sitting to me, the old Princesse de Conti paid her a visit, and this Princess in speaking to me always called me miss. It made the thing more remarkable that I was immediately expecting the birth of my first child. It is true that formerly all the great ladies so addressed their inferiors, but this fashion had ceased with Louis XV.

Madame Le Brun was passionately fond of the theatre. In the days of her girlhood the opera was her constant resort :

In the summer the performance finished at half-past eight, and the most fashionable people left even before it was over to walk in the garden. It was then the custom to carry enormous bouquets, the odor of which, added to that of the strongly-scented hair-powder which every one wore, actually embalmed the air that we breathed. Later on, but before the Revolution, I have known these *réunions* prolonged until two o'clock in the morning, with music in the open air by moonlight. Many artists and amateurs sang there, among others Garat and Alsevido. It was crowded with people, and the famous St. Georges often played there on his violin.

The Comédie Française was then in its glory. "The actors were so admirable," writes Madame Le Brun, "that they have never been excelled." There is a most animated description of them in these memoirs. She was present at a representation of the "Mariage de Figaro" by the actors of the Comédie Française at the residence of Count Vaudreil, the intimate friend of Marie Antoinette. Nothing shows more the blindness

* Mistress of the Duke of Orleans.

of the French aristocracy than their encouragement of an author who was writing them down.

The last play acted in the theatre at Gennevilliers was a representation of the "*Mariage de Figaro*" by the actors of the Comédie Française. I remember that Mademoiselle Sainval played the countess, and Mademoiselle Olivier the page; and that Mademoiselle Contat was charming as Susanna; nevertheless Beaumarchais must have worried M. de Vaudreuil into permitting such a very doubtful play to be performed at this theatre. Dialogue, couplets, all were directed against the Court, of which the audience chiefly consisted, without speaking of the presence of our excellent Prince. Every one felt this want of tact; but Beaumarchais was wild with delight. He rushed about like a madman, and, on some one complaining of the heat,* instead of allowing time for the windows to be opened, he broke all the panes with his cane.

Madame d'Oberkirch thinks that "the nobility showed a great want of tact in applauding it, which was nothing else than giving themselves a slap in the face. They will repent it yet." And they did repent it; in a short time the greater part of that brilliant audience was in exile or prison. Even the actresses were not spared.

Madame Roland writes from her prison just before her execution:

I write this on the 4th of September at eleven at night, the apartments next to me resounding with peals of laughter. The actresses of the Théâtre Française were arrested yesterday. To-day they were taken to their own apartments to witness the ceremony of taking off the seals, and are now returned to prison, where the peace-officer is supping and amusing himself in their company. The repast is noisy and frolicsome. I catch the sound of coarse jests, while foreign wines sparkle in the goblet. The place, the object, the persons, and my own occupation form a contrast not a little curious.

The rage for theatricals was extreme. Amateur acting was the order of the day. The Queen herself acted, among other characters Rosine in the "*Barbier de Séville*," but alas, she acted badly, and sang out of tune! The royal princes also acted and sang "spicy" songs; Monsieur, afterward Louis XVIII., while sitting to Madame Le Brun, sang such vulgar songs that Madame Le Brun wondered where he had learned them.

Madame Le Brun writes: "His voice was never in tune. 'How do you think I sing?' he asked one day.

"'Like a prince, Monseigneur,' I replied."

A most courtly answer. Royal princes, whether they command an army, sing, fiddle, or shoot, should do it well or not at all. George III., who once took lessons on the violin, abandoned the pursuit when, in answer to a question as to how he was getting on, his master replied: "There are three classes of performers. Those who play well, those who play badly, and those who can not play at all. Your Majesty is just entering the second class." The Prince of Wales also prided himself on his singing, and quarreled with his chaplain, the witty "Dean" Cannon, because he would not agree with him that he sang a certain song better than any one in London. Another royal duke of the period, who piqued himself on his shooting, having deprived his equerry of half his sight, complained that the wretched unfortunate made such a "fuss about his eye."

As in Edinburgh in the olden time, so in Paris the suppers were the chief charm of society.

No one can imagine [writes Madame Le Brun] what society was like in France in those days when business was over, and twelve or fifteen people would visit at different friends' houses, and there finish the evening. It was at the suppers that Parisian society showed its superiority over all Europe.

Madame Le Brun's *salon* seems to have been one of the most popular in Paris. Her suppers were merely a simple repast—a fowl, a fish, a dish of vegetables, and a salad; but everybody was gay, good-tempered, and the hours passed like minutes. Here is the account of one which was such a grand success, and it only cost a few francs, although it was reported to have cost sixty thousand:

Here, my dear friend, is an exact account of the most brilliant suppers I ever gave:

One evening I had invited twelve or fifteen friends to hear a reading of the poet Le Brun; while I was resting, before they arrived, my brother read to me some pages of the "*Travels of Anacharsis*." When he reached the part describing Greek dinners, and the different sauces and food they had, he said, "We ought to try some of those things to-night." I immediately spoke to my cook and told her what to do, and we decided that she should make one sauce for the fowl and another for the eels. As I was expecting some very pretty women, I thought we might all dress up in Greek costumes so as to create a surprise for M. de Vaudreuil and M. Boutin, who we knew could not arrive before ten. My studio, full of things with which I draped my models, provided me with several clothes, and the Comte de Parois, who lodged in my house, had a fine selection of Etruscan vases. He came to see me that day, as it happened; I informed him of my project, and he

* The actors and actresses of the Comédie Française are now at the Gayety Theatre. Their performances are wonderful, but the heat is extreme. Would that there were a Monsieur Beaumarchais to give us a little air!

brought me a quantity of vases to choose from. I dusted them carefully, and placed them on a mahogany table, laid without a cloth. I then placed a large screen behind the chairs, which I concealed by covering it here and there with a drapery like that which is seen in some of Poussin's paintings. A hanging lamp threw a strong light on the table. At last everything was prepared, even my costumes; the first to arrive was a daughter of Joseph Vernet, the charming Madame Chalgrin. Immediately I dressed her hair and draped her; then came Madame de Verneuil, renowned for her beauty; Madame Vigée, my sister-in-law, who, without being pretty, had the most lovely eyes; and there they were, all three metamorphosed into *bona fide* Athenians. Le Brun-Pindare came in, we took off his powder, and undid his side-curls, and on his head I placed a wreath of laurel. The Comte de Parois had a large purple mantle which served for drapery for my poet, and in a twinkling there was Pindare transformed into Anacreon. Then came the Marquis de Cubières; while they went to his house for his guitar, which he had mounted as a golden lyre, I dressed him also, as well as M. de Rivière (my sister-in-law's brother), Ginguère, and Chaudet, the famous sculptor.

It was getting late; I had not much time to think of myself, but, as I always wore white, tunic-shaped dresses, now called blouses, I only needed a veil and a crown of flowers on my head. I took great pains with my daughter, a charming child, and Mademoiselle de Bonneuil, now Madame Regnault d'Angély, who was very pretty. Both were most graceful to behold, bearing each an antique vase and waiting on us.

At half-past nine the preparations were over, and as soon as we were seated the effect of the arrangement was so novel and picturesque that we kept rising in turns in order to look at those who were seated. At ten we heard the carriage of the Comte de Vaudreuil and De Boutin, and when these two gentlemen entered the room they found us singing the chorus of Gluck, "The God of Paphos and Guido," while M. de Cubières accompanied us on his lyre.

I never in my life saw two such astonished faces as those of M. de Vaudreuil and his companion. They were surprised and delighted, and could hardly tear themselves away from looking at us, in order to sit down in the places reserved for them. Besides the two dishes I have mentioned, we had a cake made of honey and Corinthian grapes, and two plates of vegetables. We did, indeed, drink that evening a bottle of old Cyprian wine, which I had given me, but that was our only excess. We sat a long time at table, and Le Brun recited several odes to us. We all spent a most enjoyable evening.

No one had at this time any apprehension of what was coming. Life was a carnival; every one lived for pleasure, and pleasure alone. Everything was for the best in the best of all possible worlds. There was discontent among the

people, but no one for an instant imagined that anything would occur to shake the monarchy to its foundations. France in 1786 was apparently as powerful as ever. She had been victorious in war, she was ruling Holland, building out the sea at Cherbourg, and concluding a commercial treaty with England, which was calculated to restore material prosperity to her people. But the cost of the war to free America had been enormous—seventy millions. And there was this danger: the King of France was in the same situation as "The Divine Figure from the North" is now. He had dispensed liberty abroad, and it was demanded at home. The King of France tried concession; it failed. The Emperor of Russia is using repression; it may succeed. In addition to this, the hard winter of 1788-'89, combined with the scarcity of corn, exasperated the people to the last degree; and the most alarming symptoms of popular discontent began to appear. But no one even then imagined the catastrophe so near.

Madame Le Brun writes:

About the same time I went to spend a few days at Marly with Madame Auguier, a sister of Madame Campans, and attached, like herself, to the Queen's household. She had a château and a fine park near the weir. One day as we were standing at a window looking on to the court, and thence to the high-road, we saw a drunken man enter and fall down. Madame Auguier, with her usual kindness, called to her husband's valet and told him to pick up this unfortunate creature, take him to the kitchen, and look after him. Soon after the valet returned.

"Madame is really too kind," said he; "this man is a scoundrel! here are the papers he let fall from his pocket"; and he placed in our hands several documents, one of which began with, "Down with the royal family! Down with the nobles and priests!" Then followed revolutionary litanies and a thousand atrocious prophecies, drawn up in language which made one's hair stand on end. Madame Auguier had the village-guards called up; four of these soldiers came, who were desired to take the man away and make inquiries about him; they led him off, but the valet, who followed them from some distance without their knowledge, saw them, as soon as they had turned the road, take their prisoner by the arm and dance about and sing with him as though they were the best of friends. I can not tell you how this alarmed us; what was to become of us if the civil guard even lent itself to the cause of the wicked?

I advised Madame Auguier to show these papers to the Queen, and a few days after, being on duty again, she read them to her Majesty, who returned them, saying: "It is impossible that they should meditate such wickedness; I will never believe them capable of it!"

Alas! subsequent events have shown the fallacy of this noble doubt; and, without speaking of the

august victim who would not believe in such horrors, poor Madame Auguier herself was destined to pay for her devotion with her life.

This devotion never wavered. In the cruel times of the Revolution, knowing the Queen was without money, she insisted on lending her twenty-five louis. The revolutionists heard of it, and hastened to the Tuileries to conduct her to prison—or, in other words, to the guillotine. On seeing them coming furiously toward her with menaces on their lips, Madame Auguier preferred speedy death to the agony of falling into their hands; she threw herself out of the window and was killed.

The soldiers and police were not to be depended on. In fact, the extinguishers were on fire, and the revolutionists were emboldened to proceed to extremities. The famous "Maison du Roi," the descendants of the heroes who had turned the tide of battle at Steinkirk and Fontenoy, had been disbanded for financial reasons. The Swiss regiments were alone to be depended on, who fought for their master nobly, but in vain.

Madame Le Brun writes:

The dreadful year of 1789 had begun, and fear had taken possession of all wise minds. I remember in particular one evening, having invited some friends to hear some music, that the greater part of them arrived with consternation depicted on their faces; they had been that morning to Longchamps; the populace, assembled at the Barrière de l'Etoile, had abused frightfully all those who were in carriages; some wretches got out on the steps of the carriages, crying out, "Next year you will be behind your coaches, and we shall be inside!" This and many other still worse remarks they were exposed to.

In October, after the King and Queen were dragged to Paris by the triumphant populace, Madame Le Brun sought safety in flight—luckily for herself, as the favorite of royalty would have probably shared the fate of so many of her friends.

On her way to Italy—

I had opposite me in the diligence a man extremely dirty and unpleasantly odorous, who told me very coolly that he had stolen watches and other articles of value. Fortunately he saw nothing on me to tempt him; for I had only a little linen with me and eighty louis for my journey; all my trinkets I had left at Paris. The thief, not content with relating these acts of prowess, spoke continually about hanging such and such persons, naming several people of my acquaintance. My little girl was so frightened at the man's manner and conversation that I took courage to say to him, "Sir, I beg of you, do not speak of murder before this child." He was silenced, and ended by having a game of play with her.

It was in Italy that Madame Le Brun heard the details of the horrors in Paris, of the death of so many dear friends. It is a curious fact that the only person guillotined who showed signs of fear was Madame du Barry, the celebrated mistress of Louis XV.

Madame Le Brun writes:

She is the only woman, among the numbers who perished in those days, who was unable to face the scaffold: she wept, she implored mercy from the horrible crowd which surrounded her, and that crowd was so affected that the executioner hastened to put an end to her agony. I am convinced that, had the victims of that awful time not died so courageously, the Terror would have ceased much sooner. Men whose intellects are not fully developed have too little imagination to feel touched by internal suffering, and the pity of the populace was more easily aroused than its admiration.

It is singular that the screams of Madame du Barry should have produced more effect on the bloodthirsty populace than the sight mentioned by De Tocqueville of a tumbrel full of noble ladies being dragged to the place of execution who were looking as serene and tranquil as if they were going "*à la messe*."

On her arrival in Rome Madame Le Brun was warmly received by her friends:

The Abbé Maury came to tell me that the Pope wished me to take his portrait. I greatly desired to do so, but it was necessary that I should be veiled while painting his Holiness, and the fear that under the circumstances I should not be able to do justice to my subject compelled me to decline this honor. I was very sorry about it, for Pius VI. was one of the handsomest men I had seen.

The French nobility flying from the Revolution were now arriving in Rome. There were also many distinguished ladies from different countries who sat to Madame Le Brun for their portraits. Miss Pitt, the daughter of Lord Camelford, afterward Lady Grenville, who only died the other day at an advanced age, then sixteen and very pretty, was painted as "Hebe on clouds, holding a goblet in her hand, from which an eagle was drinking."

Madame Le Brun writes:

At the same time I took the portrait of a Polish lady, the Countess Potocki. She came to me with her husband, and, when he had left us, she coolly observed: "It is my third husband; but I think I shall take up with my first again, who suited me better, although he is a regular scamp."

Will the ties of marriage ever become as loose in England? We really are in fear. Only the other day three thousand Norfolk farmers were seized with a burning desire to marry their

wives' sisters,* and this at a time of agricultural depression! They will surely go further when the good old times return. And their petition to Parliament was presented in such cold weather! Sydney Smith had an idea that people were more moral in the winter than the summer; heat made their virtue ooze out of their fingers' ends. As an illustration of this he once† called out to Mrs. Norton at a large dinner-party, "If this hot weather lasts we must give up port wine and marriage, and addict ourselves to sherbet and polygamy." A woman with three husbands alive must have such delightful reminiscences! We were reading the other day about Lady Hamner, the wife of Sir Thomas Hamner, the Speaker, who ran off with Tom Hervey. Sir Thomas did not care much about that, but he was horribly disgusted with Tom, who kept on writing letter after letter to him about "*our* wife." The three proprietors of Madame Potočki must have had moments of strange perplexity about *their* wife.

Another of Madame Le Brun's acquaintances had escaped from the prisons of Paris, and arrived at Rome, who is described by her friend, Horace Walpole, as "the pretty, little, wicked Duchesse de Fleury," who seems, like Madame Potočki, to have had relays of husbands always in waiting.

It is of this lady that Madame Le Brun relates the following anecdote: "Before the return of the Bourbons, having occasion one day to visit the Emperor Napoleon, he said to her brusquely, 'Do you still love men?' 'Yes, sire, when they are polite,' she replied."

The Bonapartes were not polite, and the readers of these memoirs will contrast the insolent manner of Madame Murat, when sitting for her portrait to Madame Le Brun, with the graciousness of Marie Antoinette.

At Naples Madame Le Brun met Lady Hamilton, and speaks with wonder at the facility she had of expressing in her features either joy or sorrow, and of imitating different persons.

One moment she would be a delightful *Bacchante* with animated eyes, and hair in disorder, then all at once her face would express sorrow, and you saw a beautiful repentant Magdalen.

At Vienna, as in every other capital in Europe, Madame Le Brun was received in the highest society. Among other friends she was very kindly treated by Prince Kaunitz, the celebrated minister of Maria Theresa. The Prince was then in his eighty-third year. He was a man of

the most singular habits and prejudices. Madame Le Brun was invited to see him ride, which the Prince imagined that he did better than any one.

Madame Le Brun writes:

He rode like a Frenchman; his costume and figure reminded me of the cavaliers of the time of Louis XIV., such as we see them represented in the beautiful pictures of Wouvermans.

Although so old, he would never allow the passage to the other world to be mentioned in his presence. There was no such thing as death. When Maria Theresa died the event was announced to the Prince thus: "The Empress signs no more." He was always very independent in his manner with Maria Theresa. One day her Majesty began to talk to him about his scandalous mode of life. The Prince promptly replied, "I came here to talk about your Majesty's affairs, not about my own." Madame Le Brun frequently dined with him, and committed the most atrocious fault a guest can commit: she would not, or could not, eat anything, which very much annoyed the Prince. We wonder whether she was witness to that tremendous operation after dinner which is described by Swinburne in his "Courts of Europe":

After dinner the Prince treated us with the cleaning of his gums—one of the most nauseous operations I ever witnessed; and it lasted a prodigious long time, accompanied with all manner of noises. He carries a hundred implements in his pocket for this purpose, such as glasses of all sorts for seeing before and behind his teeth, a whetting steel for his knife, pincers to hold the steel with, knives and scissors without number, and cottons and lawns for wiping his eyes. His whims are innumerable; nothing allusive to the mortality of human nature must ever be rung in his ears. To mention the small-pox is enough to knock him up for the day. . . . The other day he sent a favorite dish of meat as a present to an aunt of his, four years after her decease, and would not have known it but for a blundering servant, who blabbed it to him.

Madame Le Brun's account of the state of society in Russia during the closing days of the Empress Catharine, and the mad reign of Paul, are peculiarly interesting at the present time.

Madame Le Brun writes:

Paul was extremely ugly. A flat nose, and a very large mouth, full of long teeth, made him resemble a death's-head.

In the "Memoirs of Madame d'Oberkirch," who accompanied Paul and his beautiful wife to Paris, when they visited France as the Comte and Comtesse du Nord, the character of the unfortunate Prince is drawn in favorable colors, but

* Lord Palmerston said the great advantage of this kind of marriage would be that it required only one mother-in-law.

† From a note-book.

on his advent to the throne it is clear that his mind was unhinged.

Madame Le Brun writes :

Once he made me witness a rather curious scene. I had placed a screen behind the Empress, so as to have a stationary background. During one of the pauses, Paul began to cut all sorts of capers, like a monkey : scratching at the screen and pretending to climb over it ; this game lasted some time. Alexander and Constantine were evidently grieved at seeing their father behave in such an extraordinary manner before a stranger, and it made me very uncomfortable also.

Madame Le Brun was at Moscow when the murder of Paul was accomplished. At midnight on the 24th of March, in the midst of a group of people, a young noble pulled out his watch, and said, "It must be over now." It was over. Five conspirators, headed by Zouboff, the lover of the Empress Catharine, had entered Paul's sleeping apartment, and murdered him after a desperate resistance.

Madame Le Brun writes :

His body was embalmed and exposed for six weeks on a state bed, the face uncovered and very little decomposed, for they had put on rouge. The Empress Maria, his widow, went every day and prayed beside this funeral couch ; she took her two youngest sons, Nicholas and Michael, with her, who were of such tender years that the former asked her once "why papa was always asleep?"

What a reminiscence for the Emperor Nicholas !

In 1802 Madame Le Brun paid a visit to England, where she was received with the utmost distinction. Madame Le Brun seems to have found society in London, like its climate, rather dull and oppressive. We give an extract from her journal respecting the great actress of the time. Madame Le Brun was an excellent critic,

and her opinion will perhaps convince some doubters who imagine that the acting of the Kembles was conventional and unnatural :

I was more fortunate with Mrs. Siddons, whose visit I did not lose ; I had seen this celebrated actress for the first time in "The Gamester," and I can not express the pleasure with which I applauded her. I do not believe it possible for any one to possess greater talent for the stage than Mrs. Siddons had ; all the English were unanimous in praising her perfect and natural style. The tone of her voice was enchanting ; that of Mademoiselle Mars alone at all resembling it ; and what above all, to my mind, constituted the great tragedian was the eloquence of her silence.

We have now concluded, although we fear imperfectly, the agreeable task of reviewing such a book as this. It may be gossiping, but then how dull history would be without its gossip ! Where did Macaulay procure his wonderful historical portraits but from memoirs like these ? From those of Saint-Simon, Grammont, Pepys, and Dangeau, were produced the lifelike characters of Charles II. and Louis XIV. So the future historian will from these "Souvenirs" obtain a picturesque description of that charming society which existed in France in the ancient days. How France has suffered since 1789 ! Three times has her capital been occupied by foreign armies. Revolution has followed revolution. In 1870 her end seemed at hand. But that is not to be. Always falling over like a tumbler pigeon, how rapidly she resumes her flight ! The pleasure of this revival to Englishmen is not marred by envy. We are indebted to France for many pleasures of our life, and there is no greater pleasure than in reading the manners and customs of bygone times written in the style of that accomplished artist, Madame Vigée Le Brun.

Temple Bar.

AN HOUR WITH THACKERAY.

I HAD the pleasure of making the personal acquaintance of Mr. Thackeray at Richmond, Virginia, in 1855. A friend, coming into my office one morning, said, "Would you like to call on Mr. Thackeray?" I said "Yes," and I was introduced to Mr. Thackeray in the parlor of his hotel.

The famous author of "Vanity Fair" was quite a lion, as may be supposed, in the "quiet, friendly little city," as he called Richmond ; but

I certainly had, personally, no desire whatever to "lionize" him. A natural interest in, and curiosity to meet, so favorite a writer, I felt in common with many others ; and perhaps no sentiment is more general than this interest in the writers of fiction especially. There really seems to be an enormous amount of curiosity as to the characters, habits, and modes of living of the "pen-holders," and the fact is not very difficult of explanation. The book which excites a

reader's sympathy is a bond of union between himself and the author. He may admire celebrities in other departments—great soldiers, statesmen, or public speakers—but his favorite authors stand in a closer relation to him. Marlborough and Bolingbroke are nearly forgotten, but the world has not forgotten Addison smoking, out at elbows, in his garret, and Steele, with his wig awry, writing his "Tatlers" on a tavern table, or keeping a keen lookout for the bailiffs. We take but a faint interest in this or that King George, but follow the gay author of "Tom Jones" to the playhouse, where he yawns over his own bad comedies, and laughs when they are hissed; or Goldsmith, in his gorgeous laced coat, to the club; hear Johnson growl as he snubs his friend Boswell; and Coleridge delivering his wonderful monologues at Highgate. A great many famous orators and politicians are mere names to us now, but we hear the friendly laugh of honest Walter Scott at Abbotsford; Lamb stutters out his epigrams; the dapper little figure of Tom Moore slides through the crowd of admiring duchesses to the piano; and Byron scribbles "Don Juan" in the Italian nights with the glass of gin at his elbow. There seems at first no good reason why the children of the pen should excite so much interest when their contemporaries, filling a far larger space at the time in the world's eye, should be lost sight of; but the interest exists. An authentic anecdote of William Shakespeare would far outweigh one of Queen Elizabeth; and the explanation is that given above—that Hamlet, Ophelia, Falstaff, and the rest appeal directly to the reader's sympathy, and are a bond of union between himself and the author.

Though very far indeed from being a hero-worshiper of anybody whatever, I had this interest in and curiosity about Mr. Thackeray, heightened, no doubt, by the fact that I pursued, *longo intervallo*, the same craft. What impressed me first was the remarkable difference between the real man and the malicious cartoons drawn of him by his English critics. These gentlemen seemed to have dipped their pens in gall before drawing his likeness. Their outlines were bit in with acid. There had never lived, according to them, a more unamiable human being than the author of "Vanity Fair." Persons with any respect for themselves could not endure him. His heart was cold, his disposition cynical, and his manners so haughty and repelling that everybody thrown in contact with him became his enemy. As he strode by, he scarcely deigned to return the salutes of his friends, if he had any. He would stare, or respond with a curt nod. He would sit up hobnobbing with intimates until four in the morning, and then pass the same per-

sons in the afternoon, as he rode toward the Park, with a movement of the head so cold and indifferent that it quite froze them. He rarely smiled; had nothing about him either natural or inviting; to quote the words of one of his critics, "His bearing is cold and uninviting, his style of conversation either openly cynical or affectedly good-natured and benevolent; his *bonhomie* is forced, his wit biting, his pride easily touched." As to his character, that was said to be as disagreeable as his manners. He was one mass of gloom and misanthropy. Cynicism was his philosophy, and contempt his religion. Seeing nothing to love or respect in human nature, he pursued his species with merciless ridicule—especially woman. If they were good, they were feeble in intellect; if they possessed brains, they were uniformly vicious—as in the cases of Amelia Sedley and Becky Sharp. Fancying himself the English Juvenal, he had something bitter to say of everybody and everything. A mixture of Timon and Diogenes, he went about with a scowl on his brow and a sneer on his lips, refusing to see good anywhere, and spitting out his hate and venom on the whole human species.

If any reader doubts whether "good old Thackeray," as his friends in this country used to call him, was ever thus painted, he has only to turn over the leaves of certain English periodicals published twenty years ago, where he will find that the warm-hearted gentleman was actually at that time so described. The decorous quarterlies were less personal, but their estimate of the character of his writings was very similar. He took the gloomiest views, they said, of life and his fellow creatures. His pictures of human nature had incontestable force; but, even when truthful as far as they went, were really untruthful from the predominance of shadow and their fatal one-sidedness. Mr. Thackeray, in a word, was a full-blooded cynic, and his books reflected the character of the author.

These criticisms, or rather caricatures, were quite familiar to me when I went to call on Mr. Thackeray that morning in 1855, and I was quite surprised, as I have said, to find how different the real person was from the portraits drawn of him. I saw a tall, ruddy, simple-looking Englishman, who cordially held out his hand, and met me with a friendly smile. There was nothing like a scowl on the face, and it was neither thin, bilious, nor ill-natured, but plump, rubicund, and indicative of an excellent digestion. His voice was neither curt nor ungracious, but courteous and cordial—the voice of a gentleman receiving a friend under his own roof. In person he was a "large man"—his height I think was above six feet. His eyes were mild in expression, his hair nearly gray, his dress plain and unpre-

tending. Everything about the individual produced the impression that pretense was hateful to him. He was quiet in his manner, and spoke slowly and deliberately in a low tone—apparently uttering his thought as it rose to his lips without selecting his words. After spending ten minutes with him, it was easy to see that he was a man of the world in the best sense of the phrase, and neither a bitter Juvenal nor a shy "literary man," living only in books. There was, indeed, almost nothing of the typical *littérateur* about him. His face and figure indicated a decided fondness for roast beef, canvas-back ducks—of which he spoke in terms of enthusiasm—plum pudding, "Bordeaux," of which he told me he drank a bottle daily at his dinner, and all the material good things of life. The idea of a disordered liver seems absurd in connection with him. The fact is, Mr. Thackeray was a *bon vivant*—not given to wearing his heart upon his sleeve, but prone to good fellowship, fond of his ease, and liked nothing better than to loll in his arm-chair, tell or listen to a good story, sing a good song, smoke a good cigar, and "have his talk out" with his chosen friends.

As to the general tone of his conversation, what impressed me most forcibly was his entire unreserve, and the genuine *bonhomie* of his air—a *bonhomie* which struck me as being anything but what his critic, Mr. Yates, called it—"forced." The man seemed wholly simple and natural, and I could fancy him saying: "I have nothing to conceal from you, friend; you see me just as I am, and you are welcome to use your strongest magnifying-glasses to discover any hidden humbug about me, and to drag it forth and denounce it publicly. I say what I think, and am not trying to make any impression upon you, good or bad. My desire is to be friendly and natural, avoiding what is hateful to me, sham and deceit." He smiled easily, and evidently enjoyed the humorous side of things, but in private, as in delivering his lectures on Swift and some others, there was an undertone of sadness in his voice. For whether from temperament or in consequence of the great domestic sorrow which was his lot, Mr. Thackeray was not a gay man. He was kind, courteous, and good-humored, but not a hearty, cheery person; and evidently did not look upon this as the best of all possible worlds. His comments on men and things were occasionally half sad, half satirical. He seemed to regard life as a comedy, in which rascals, male and female, predominated—his business as a writer being to laugh at or denounce them. That he saw more vice than virtue, and had been a little soured, may have been caused by his own personal experiences. It is known that his lot had been trying. Inheriting about one hundred

thousand dollars, he held on to his property just long enough to acquire luxurious and expensive tastes, when he was persuaded to risk it in a speculation, and lost the whole. Thereupon he married, like his friend "Philip," and wrote for bread. He alludes to these "hard times" in several places in his books, as where he makes his pen say:

"I've helped him to pen many a line for bread,
To joke with sorrow, aching in his head,
And wake your laughter when his own heart bled."

A more affecting allusion of the same sort may be found in his "Roundabout Paper," *De Finibus*, where he says: "As we look to the page written last month, or ten years ago, we remember the day and its events; *the child ill mayhap in the adjoining room, and the doubts and fears which racked the brain as it still pursued its work.*" It seems hard to fancy any experience more distressing than this; the life of a plowman or woodcutter would be far preferable to that of an author harassed by such anxiety; but Thackeray had gone through the bitter ordeal, and it no doubt saddened him. A last influence, and one worth noticing, was the slowness of his fame. He had reached middle age nearly before he took rank higher than a clever magazinist. With all his faculties in their ripest vigor, with a style as finished as it ever became, and with "Esmond" and "The Newcomes" in his inkstand, this literary leviathan was regarded as a fish of only moderate size, and the manuscript of "Vanity Fair" was declined by publisher after publisher. If this tardy recognition somewhat embittered a man who must have been conscious of his great abilities, the fact is scarcely to be wondered at. He must have resented this obscurity in which his best years were passing; and the reception of "Vanity Fair" even, when that big gun was discharged, did not mollify him, perhaps, in any great degree, as far at least as the critics were concerned. They opened upon him with the cry of "Cynic—misanthrope!" and seemed to grudge a fame which had been secured without their concurrence. It had come by hard brain-work, and the capacity to wait—but the waiting was long; and it is melancholy to reflect that a man capable of writing "The Newcomes" should have floundered about like a big whale in the shallows of "Jeames's Diary," the "Shabby-Genteel Story," and other trifles, until he was nearly forty. It is not probable that the whale liked the shallow water, or relished the slighting comments or the indifference of the critics on shore. The slighting criticisms still followed him into the deep water of "Esmond" and the rest—the author was "a cynic, a man-hater; the lasher of shams was a sham himself"

—and, like a genuine John Bull, Thackeray struck back on all occasions, making his satire still more bitter and uncompromising. With his visit to America, however, this mood of mind seems to have greatly changed. At Boston, soon after his landing, he heard a "rosy-cheeked little peripatetic book-merchant call out 'Thackeray's works!'" in such a kind, gay voice as gave him a feeling of friendship and welcome." This welcome met him everywhere. His lectures became extremely popular, and, as human nature is always human nature, Mr. Thackeray no doubt thawed greatly under this flattering reception. As to this, I can only repeat what I have already said, that when I saw him he was anything but cold, cynical, and disagreeable in his personal bearing. His *bonhomie* was wholly unforced; I could not have imagined a more courteous and agreeable companion.

To come to my "talk with Thackeray," which the reader may consider too slight a matter for so long a preface. It certainly was not my purpose to "interview" Mr. Thackeray on this or any other occasion. I met him in private or at the houses of friends, who gave him entertainments, and listened with great interest to his opinions of men and books; but I had no intention to make a record of anything which fell from his lips in these unreserved talks. There is no harm in doing so now when he is dead, and I find no difficulty in recalling, aided by some chance memoranda, what Mr. Thackeray said in one of these interviews—to which I shall now proceed.

Having no business to engage me one morning, I went to call on him at his hotel, and found him in his private parlor, lolling in an easy-chair, and smoking. This good or bad habit, as the reader pleases, was a favorite one with him. He was a dear lover of his cigar, and I had presented him with a bundle of very good small "Plantations," which he afterward spoke highly of, lamenting that his friend G. P. R. James, then consul at Richmond, *would* come and smoke them all. On this morning he had evidently nothing to occupy him, and seemed ready for a friendly talk. Smoking was the first topic, and he said:

"I am fond of my cigar, you see. I always begin writing with one in my mouth."

"After breakfast, I suppose. I mean that you probably write in the forenoon?"

"Yes, the morning is my time for composing. I can't write at night. I find it excites me so that I can not sleep."

"May I ask if you ever dictate your books to an amanuensis?" I said. "I ask this question, Mr. Thackeray, because our friend Mr. G. P. R. James says that the power to dictate is born with

people. If it is not a natural gift, he says it can not be acquired."

"I don't know," Mr. Thackeray replied. "I have dictated a good deal. The whole of 'Esmond' was dictated to an amanuensis."

"I should not have supposed so—the style is so terse that I would have fancied you *wrote* it. 'Esmond' is one of the greatest favorites among your works in this country. I always particularly liked the chapter where Esmond returns to Lady Castlewood, 'bringing his sheaves with him,' as she says."

"I am glad it pleased you. I wish the whole book was as good. But we can't play first fiddle all the time."

"You dictated this chapter?"

"Yes—the whole work. I also dictated all of 'Pendennis.' I can't say I think much of 'Pendennis'—at least of the execution. It certainly drags about the middle, but I had an attack of illness about the time I reached that part of the book, and could not make it any better than it is."

Another allusion to "Esmond," and his portrait of Marlborough brought from Mr. Thackeray's lips, in a musing tone, the single word "Rascal!" and he then inquired in a very friendly manner what I had written. I informed him, and he said:

"Well, if I were you, I would go on writing—some day you will write a book which will make your fortune. Becky Sharp made mine. I married early, and wrote for bread; and 'Vanity Fair' was my first successful work. I like Becky in that book. Sometimes I think I have myself some of her tastes. I like what are called Bohemians, and fellows of that sort. I have seen all sorts of society—dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies, authors and actors, and painters—and, taken altogether, I think I like painters the best, and 'Bohemians' generally. They are more natural and unconventional; they wear their hair on their shoulders if they wish, and dress picturesquely and carelessly. You see how I made *Becky* prefer them, and that sort of life, to all the fine society she moved in. Perhaps you remember where she comes down in the world toward the end of the book, and associates with people of all sorts, Bohemians and the rest, in their garrets."

"I remember very well."

"I like that part of the book. I think that part is well done."

"As you speak of Becky Sharp, Mr. Thackeray," I said, "there is one mystery about her which I should like to have cleared up."

"What is that?"

"Nearly at the end of the book there is a picture of Jo Sedley in his night-dress, seated—a

sick old man—in his chamber; and behind the curtain is Becky, glaring and ghastly, grasping a dagger."

"I remember."

"Beneath the picture is the single word 'Clytemnestra.'"

"Yes."

"Did Becky kill him, Mr. Thackeray?"

This question seemed to afford the person to whom it was addressed, material for profound reflection. He smoked meditatively, appeared to be engaged in endeavoring to arrive at the solution of some problem, and then with a secretive expression—a "slow smile" dawning on his face—replied:

"I don't know!"

A desultory conversation ensued on the subject of Becky Sharp, for whom, in spite of her depravity, it seemed very plain that Mr. Thackeray had a secret liking, or, if not precisely a liking, at least an amused sympathy, due to the pluck and perseverance with which she pursued the objects she had in view. And then, from this lady and her sayings and doings, the conversation passed to Mr. Thackeray's other *mauvais sujets*, male and female; and I said that I considered the old Earl of Crabs, in the sketches relating to "Mr. Deuceace," as the most finished and altogether perfect scoundrel of the whole list. To this Mr. Thackeray was disposed to assent, and I asked if the Earl was drawn from any particular person.

"I really don't know," was the reply. "I don't remember ever meeting with any special person as the original."

"Then you must have drawn him from your imagination, or from general observation."

"I suppose so—I don't know—I may have seen him somewhere."

And after smoking for several moments, with that air of silent meditation which his friends must often have observed, Mr. Thackeray added, in the tone of a man indulging in soliloquy:

"I really don't know where I get all these rascals in my books. I have certainly never *lived* with such people."

It did not seem to occur to this profound and subtle observer of human nature that daily association with the class to which the Earl of Crabs, Lord Steyne, and others belonged, was not necessary to the just delineation of the personages. He had looked from behind his glasses, with those keen eyes of his, upon the moving throng of rascaldom, in London, at Rome, on the Parisian boulevards, and everywhere—and the penetrating glance had photographed the figures upon his brain—their inward being as well as their outward show—after which to reproduce them

in his books was, so to say, a mere mechanical process.

Mr. Thackeray spoke of himself and his writings with entire candor and unreserve, of which I shall give an instance before concluding this brief sketch; and his opinions upon other writers were equally frank and outspoken. The elder Dumas, the author of "Monte Cristo" and the "Mousquetaire" stories, seemed to be an especial favorite with him.

"Dumas is charming!" he exclaimed; "everything he writes interests me. I have been reading his 'Mémoires.' I have read fourteen of the small volumes, all that are published, and they are delightful. Dumas is a wonderful man—wonderful. He is better than Walter Scott."

"You refer, I suppose, to his historical novels, the 'Mousquetaires,' and the rest."

"Yes. I came near writing a book on the same subject, and taking Monsieur d'Artagnan for my hero, as Dumas has done in his 'Trois Mousquetaires.' D'Artagnan was a real character of the age of Louis XIV., and wrote his own 'Mémoires.' I remember picking up a dingy little copy of them on an old bookstall in London, price sixpence, and intended to make something of it. But Dumas got ahead of me—he snaps up everything. He is wonderful!"

"I am glad you like him, as he was always a great favorite of my own," I said; "his *verve* is unflagging."

"Yes; his good spirits seem never to change. He amuses you, and keeps you in a good humor, which is not the effect produced on me by many writers. Some books please me and enliven me, and others depress me. I never could read 'Don Quixote' with pleasure. The book makes me sad."

Further allusion to the old knight of La Mancha indicated that the source of this sadness was a profound sympathy with the crazed gentleman—a commiseration so deep for his troubles and chimeras of the brain, that the wit and farcical humor of Sancho were insufficient, in his opinion, to relieve the shadows of the picture.

Passing from these literary discussions, Mr. Thackeray spoke of his tour in America, and said how much gratified he had been by his reception. Richmond was an attractive place to him, he declared—he had been received with the utmost kindness and attention—and he had always looked upon the Virginians as resembling more closely his own people in England than the Americans of other States. They seemed "more homely," I think was his phrase—which I recall, from the curious employment of the word "homely" in the sense of "home-like."

"Your American travels will no doubt give you the material for a volume on this country," I said.

"Yes; I have seen a great deal," was his reply.

"Well, I don't think you will abuse us, Mr. Thackeray."

"I shall not write anything upon America," he said; "my secretary may—he is quite capable. And, as to abusing you, if I do, I'm——!"

The sentence terminated in a manner rather more emphatic than would have suited the atmosphere of a drawing-room; and it was plainly to be seen that Mr. Thackeray had thoroughly made up his mind not to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Dickens, and criticise his entertainers—"throw their plates at their heads," as Scott said when he declined accepting an invitation to dine with the old Count Barras, near Paris, of whom he declared he would probably have some harsh things to say in his "Life of Napoleon." Mr. Thackeray had the instinct that, one would think, should control all persons of good feeling and good breeding, and never wrote a line, that I am aware of, which any citizen of the country, North or South, would have wished unwritten.

Further conversation upon Virginia, the character of the country, people, etc., led Mr. Thackeray to speak of what was then a mere literary intention—the composition of "The Virginians," which was not written, I think, or at least did not appear, until two or three years afterward.

"I shall write a novel with the scene laid here," he said.

"In America? I am very glad, and I hope you will be able to do so soon."

"No. I shall not write it for about two years."

"Two years?"

"Yes. It will take me at least two years to collect my materials, and become acquainted with the subject. I can't write upon a subject I know nothing of. I am obliged to read up upon it, and get my ideas."

"Your work will be a novel?"

"Yes, and relating to your State. I shall give it the title of 'The Two Virginians'—a title which, as the reader knows, was afterward changed for the shorter and simpler 'The Virginians.'"

As I expressed a natural pleasure at the prospect of having a novel painting Virginia life and society from the author of "Esmond," Mr. Thackeray spoke more particularly of his design, thereby exhibiting, I thought, and think still, a remarkable instance of the simplicity, directness, and absence of *secretiveness* in his character. I was nearly an entire stranger, but he spoke without reserve of his intended book, telling me his whole idea.

"I shall lay the scene in Virginia, during the Revolution," he said. "There will be two broth-

ers, who will be prominent characters; one will take the English side in the war, and the other the American, and they will both be in love with the same girl."

"That will be an excellent plot," I said, "and your novel will be a full-blooded historical one."

"It will deal with the history of the time."

"You have a striking *dénouement*—"

"A *dénouement*?"

"Yorktown."

Having so said, I became suddenly aware that I had committed something closely resembling a social *faux pas*, inasmuch as I had quietly recommended to an English gentleman to take the surrender of Lord Cornwallis as the climax of his drama.

"I really must beg your pardon, Mr. Thackeray," I said with some embarrassment.

"Beg my pardon?" he said, turning his head, and looking at me with a good deal of surprise.

"For my ill-breeding."

His expression of surprise was more pronounced than before at these words, and he evidently did not understand my meaning in the least.

"I mean," I said, "that I quite lost sight of the fact that I was talking with an English gentleman. Yorktown was the scene of Lord Cornwallis's surrender, and might not be an agreeable *dénouement*."

"Ah!" he said smiling, "it is nothing. I accept Yorktown."

"I know you admire Washington."

"Yes, indeed. He was one of the greatest men that ever lived."

My host had evidently no susceptibilities to wound in reference to these old historical matters, so I said, smiling:

"Everybody respects and loves Washington now; but is it not singular how the *result* changes our point of view? The English view in '76 was that Washington was a rebel, and if you had caught him you would probably have hanged him."

To this Mr. Thackeray replied in a tone of great earnestness:

"We had better have lost North America."

This ends my brief sketch of an hour's talk with this man of great and varied genius. The man was a study, as his books are; and I might almost say that he was to me more interesting than his books. The singular commingling of humor and sadness, of sarcasm and gentleness—the contrast between his reputation as the bitterest of cynics, growling harsh anathemas at his species, and the real person, with his cordial address, and his voice which at times had a really exquisite sweetness and music in its undertones—

these made up a personality of such piquant interest that the human being was a study. His writings will continue to be studied; for, whatever may be said of them, they assuredly occupy a place of their own in English literature. The object of this little sketch was to show that the man himself was not a bitter cynic, but a person

of the greatest gentleness and sweetness, and that no name could suit him better than that given him by those who knew him best, loving him for his heart more than they admired him for his head—the name of “good old Thackeray.”

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH.

IT has often struck me that the relation of two important members of the social body to one another has never been sufficiently considered, or treated of, so far as I know, either by the philosopher or the poet. I allude to that which exists between the omnibus-driver and his conductor. Cultivating literature as I do upon a little oatmeal, and driving, when in a position to be driven at all, in that humble vehicle, the 'bus, I have had, perhaps, exceptional opportunities for observing their mutual position and behavior; and it is very peculiar. When the 'bus is empty, they are sympathetic and friendly to one another, almost to tenderness; but, when there is much traffic, a tone of severity is observable upon the side of the conductor. “What are yer a-driving on for? Will nothing suit but to break a party's neck?” “Wake up, will yer, or do yer want the Bayswater to pass us?” are inquiries he will make in the most peremptory manner. Or he will concentrate contempt in the laconic but withering observation, “Now then, stoopid!”

When we consider that the driver is after all the driver—that the 'bus is under his guidance and management, and may be said *pro tem.* to be his own—indeed, in case of collision or other serious extremity, he calls it so, “What the infernal regions are yer banging into my 'bus for?” etc., etc.—I say, this being his exalted position, the injurious language of the man on the step is, to say the least of it, disrespectful.

On the other hand, it is the conductor who fills the 'bus, and even entices into it, by lures and wiles, persons who are not voluntarily going his way at all. It is he who advertises its presence to the passers-by, and spares neither lung nor limb in attracting passengers. If the driver is lord and king, yet the conductor has a good deal to do with the administration: just as the Mikado of Japan, who sits above the thunder and is almost divine, is understood to be assisted and even “conducted” by the Tycoon. The connection between those potentates is perhaps the most exact reproduction of that between the 'bus-driver and his cad; but even in England

there is a pretty close parallel to it in the mutual relation of the author and the professional critic.

While the former is in his spring-time, the analogy is indeed almost complete. For example, however much he may have plagiarized, the book does belong to the author: he calls it, with pardonable pride (and especially if any one runs it down), “my book.” He has written it, and probably paid pretty handsomely for getting it published. Even the right of translation, if you will look at the bottom of the title-page, is somewhat superfluously reserved to him. Yet nothing can exceed the patronage which he suffers at the hands of the critic, and is compelled to submit to in sullen silence. When the book-trade is slack—that is, in the summer season—the pair get on together pretty amicably. “This book,” says the critic, “may be taken down to the seaside, and lounged over not unprofitably”; or, “Readers may do worse than peruse this unpretending little volume of fugitive verse”; or even, “We hail this new aspirant for the laurels of Apollo.” But in the thick of the publishing season, and when books pour into the reviewer by the cartful, nothing can exceed the violence, and indeed sometimes the virulence, of his language. That “Now then, stoopid!” of the 'bus-conductor pales beside the lightnings of his scorn.

“Among the lovers of sensation, it is possible that some persons may be found with tastes so utterly vitiated as to derive pleasure from this monstrous production.” I cull these flowers of speech from a wreath placed by a critic of the “Slasher” on my own early brow. Ye gods, how I hated him! How I pursued him with more than Corsican vengeance; traduced him in public and private; and only when I had thrust my knife (metaphorically) into his detested carcass, discovered I had been attacking the wrong man. It is a lesson I have never forgotten; and I pray you, my younger brothers of the pen, to lay it to heart. Believe rather that your unfriendly critic, like the bee who is fabled to sting and die, has perished after his attempt on your reputation; and let the tomb be his asylum. For

even supposing you get the right sow by the ear—or rather, the wild boar with the “raging tooth”—what can it profit you? It is not like that difference of opinion between yourself and twelve of your fellow countrymen which may have such fatal results. You are not an Adonis (except in outward form, perhaps), that you can be ripped up with his tusk. His hard words do not break your bones. If they are uncalled for, their cruelty, believe me, can hurt only your vanity. While it is just possible—though indeed in your case in the very highest degree improbable—that the gentleman may have been right.

In the good old times we are told that a buffet from the hand of an Edinburgh or Quarterly Reviewer would lay a young author dead at his feet. If it was so, he must have been naturally very deficient in vitality. It certainly did not kill Byron, though it was a knock-down blow; he rose from that combat with earth, like Antæus, all the stronger for it. The story of its having killed Keats, though embalmed in verse, is apocryphal; and if such blows were not fatal in those times, still less so are they nowadays. On the other hand, if authors are difficult to slay, it is infinitely harder work to give them life by what the doctors term “artificial respiration”—puffing. The amount of breath expended in the days of “the Quarterlies” in this hopeless task would have moved windmills. Not a single favorite of those critics—selected, that is, from favoritism, and apart from merit—now survives. They failed even to obtain immortality for the writers in whom there was really something of genius, but whom they extolled beyond their deserts. Their pet idol, for example, was Samuel Rogers. And who reads Rogers’s poems now? We remember something about them, and that is all; they are very literally “Pleasures of Memory.”

And if these things are true of the past, how much more so are they of the present! I venture to think, in spite of some voices to the contrary, that criticism is much more honest than it used to be: certainly less influenced by political feeling, and by the interests of publishing houses; more temperate, if not more judicious, and—in the higher literary organs, at least—unswayed by personal prejudice. But the result of even the most favorable notices upon a book is now but small. I can remember when a review in the “Times” was calculated by the “Row” to sell an entire edition. Those halcyon days—if halcyon days they were—are over. People read books for themselves now; judge for themselves; and buy only when they are absolutely compelled, and can not get them from the libraries. In the case of an author who has already secured a public, it is indeed extraordinary what little ef-

fect reviews, either good or bad, have upon his circulation. Those who like his works continue to read them, no matter what evil is written of them; and those who don’t like them are not to be persuaded (alas!) to change their minds, though his latest effort should be described as though it had dropped from the heavens. I could give some statistics upon this point not a little surprising, but statistics involve comparisons—which are odious. As for fiction, its success depends more upon what Mrs. Brown says to Mrs. Jones as to the necessity of getting that charming book from the library while there is yet time, than on all the reviews in Christendom.

“O Fame! if I e’er took delight in thy praises,
’Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases
Than to see the bright eyes of those dear ones discover.”

They thought that I was not unworthy”—

of a special messenger to Mr. Mudie’s.

Heaven bless them! for, when we get old and stupid, they still stick by one, and are not to be seduced from their allegiance by any blaring of trumpets, or clashing of cymbals, that heralds a new arrival among the story-tellers.

On the other hand, as respects his first venture, the author is very dependent upon what the critics say of him. It is the conductor, you know (I wouldn’t call him a “cad,” even in fun, for ten thousand pounds), on whom, to return to our metaphor, the driver is dependent for the patronage of his vehicle, and even for the announcement of its existence. A good review is still the very best of advertisements to a new author; and even a bad one is better than no review at all. Indeed, I have heard it whispered that a review which speaks unfavorably of a work of fiction, upon moral grounds, is of very great use to it. This, however, the same gossips say, is mainly confined to works of fiction written by female authors for readers of their own sex—“*by ladies for ladies*,” as a feminine “Pall Mall Gazette” might describe itself.

Nor would I be understood to say that even a well-established author is not affected by what the critics may say of him; I only state that his circulation is not—albeit they may make his very blood curdle. I have a popular writer in my mind, who never looks at a newspaper unless it comes to him by a hand he can trust, for fear his eyes should light upon an unpleasant review. His argument is this: “I have been at this work for the last twelve months, thinking of little else, and putting my best intelligence (which is considerable) at its service. Is it humanly probable that a reviewer who has given his mind to it, for a less number of hours, can suggest anything in the way of improvement worthy of my consid-

eration? I am supposing him to be endowed with ability and actuated by good faith; that he has not failed in my own profession, and is not jealous of my popularity; yet even thus, how is it possible that his opinion can be of material advantage to me? If favorable, it gives me pleasure because it flatters my *amour propre*, and I am even, not quite sure that it does not afford a stimulating encouragement; but, if unfavorable, I own it gives me considerable annoyance. [This is his euphemistic phrase to express the feeling of being in a hornets' nest without his clothes on.] On the other hand, if the critic is a mere hireling, or a young gentleman from the university, who is trying his 'prentice hand at a lowish rate of remuneration upon a veteran like myself, how still more idle would it be to regard his views!"

And it appears to me that there is really something in these arguments. As regards the latter part of them, by-the-by, I had the pleasure of seeing my own last immortal story spoken of in an American magazine—the "Atlantic Monthly"—as the work of "a bright and prosperous young author." The critic (Heaven bless his young heart, and give him a happy Whitsuntide!) evidently imagined it to be my first production. In another transatlantic organ, a critic, speaking of the last work of that literary veteran, the late Mr. Le Fanu, observes, "If this young writer would only model himself upon the works of Mr. William Black in his best days, we foresee a great future before him."

There is one thing that I think should be set down to the credit of the literary profession—that for the most part they take their "slatings" (which is the professional term for them) with at least outward equanimity. I have read things of late, written of an old and popular writer, ten times more virulent than anything Mr. Ruskin wrote of Mr. Whistler; yet neither he nor any other man of letters thinks of flying to his mother's apron-string, or of setting in motion old Father Antic, the Law. Perhaps it is that we have no money, or perhaps, like the judicious author of whom I have spoken, we abstain from reading unpleasant things. I wish to goodness we could abstain from hearing of them; but the "d—d good-natured friend" is an eternal creation. He has altered, however, since Sheridan's time in his method of proceeding. He does not say, "There is a very unpleasant notice of you in the 'Scorpion,' my dear fellow, which I deplore." The scoundrel now affects a more light-hearted style. "There is a review of your last book in the 'Scorpion,'" he says, "which will amuse you. It is very malicious, and evidently the offspring of personal spite, but it is very clever." Then you go down to your club, and take the thing up

with the tongs, when nobody is looking, and make yourself very miserable; or you buy it, going home in the cab, and, having spoiled your appetite for dinner with it, tear it up very small, and throw it out of window; and of course you swear you have never seen it.

One forgives the critic—perhaps—but never the good-natured friend. It is always possible—to the wise man—to refrain from reading the lucubration of the former, but he can not avoid the latter, which brings me to the main subject of this paper—the Critic on the Hearth. One can be deaf to the voice of the public hireling, but it is impossible to shut one's ears to the private communications of one's friends and family—all meant for our good, no doubt, but which are nevertheless insufferable.

In Miss Martineau's recently published autobiography there is a passage expressing her surprise that, whereas in all other cases there is a certain modest reticence in respect to other people's business when it is of a special kind, the profession of literature is made an exception. As there is no one but imagines that he can poke a fire and drive a gig, so every one believes he can write a book, or at all events (like that blasphemous person in connection with the Creation) that he can give a wrinkle or two to the author.

I wonder what a parson would say if a man who never goes to church save when his babies are christened, or by accident to get out of a shower, should volunteer his advice about sermon-making? or an artist, to whom the man without arms, who is wheeled about in the streets for coppers, should recommend a greater delicacy of touch? Indeed, metaphor fails me, and I gasp for mere breath when I think of the astounding impudence of some people. If I possessed a tithe of it I should surely have made my fortune by this time, and be in the enjoyment of the greatest prosperity. It must be remembered, too, that the opinion of the Critics on the Hearth is always volunteered (indeed, one would as soon think of asking for it as for a loan from the Sultan of Turkey), and in nine cases out of ten it is unfavorable. One has no objection to their praise, nor to any amount of it; what is so abhorrent is their advice, and still more their disapproval. It is like throwing "half a brick" at you, which, utterly valueless in itself, still hurts you when it hits you. And the worst of it is that, apart from their rubbishy opinions, one likes these people; they are one's friends and relatives, and to cut one's moorings from them altogether would be to sail over the sea of life without a port to touch at.

The early life of the author is especially embittered by the utterances of these good folks. As a prophet is of no honor in his own country,

so it is with the young aspirant for literary fame with his folks at home. They not only disbelieve in him, but—generally, however, with one or two exceptions, who are invaluable to him in the way of encouragement—"make hay" of him and his pretensions in the most heartless style. If he produces a poem, it achieves immortality in the sense of his "never hearing the last of it"; it is the jest of the family till they have all grown up. But this he can bear, because his noble mind recognizes its own greatness; he regards his jeering brethren in the same light as the philosophic writer beholds "the vapid and irreflexive reader." When they tell him they "can't make head or tail of his blessed poetry," he comforts himself with the reflection of the great German (which he has read in a translation) that the clearest handwriting can not be read by twilight. It is when his literary talents have received more or less recognition from the public at large that home criticism becomes so painful to him. His brethren are then boys no longer, but parsons, lawyers, and doctors; and, though they don't venture to interfere with one another as regards their individual professions, they make no sort of scruple about interfering with *him*. They write to him their unsolicited advice and strictures. This is the parson's letter:

MY DEAR DICK: I like your last book much better than the rest of them; but I don't like your heroine. She strikes both Julia and myself [Julia is his wife, who is acquainted with no literature but the cookery-book] as rather namby-pamby. The descriptions, however, are charming; we both recognized dear old Ramsgate at once. [The original of the locality in the novel being Dieppe.] The plot is also excellent, though we think we have some recollection of it elsewhere; but it must be so difficult to hit upon anything original in these days. Thanks for your kind remembrance of us at Christmas: the oysters were excellent. We were sorry to see that ill-natured little notice in the "Scourge."

Yours affectionately, BOB.

Jack the lawyer writes:

DEAR DICK: You are really becoming [he thinks *that* becoming] quite a great man: we could hardly get your last book from Mudie's, though I suppose he takes very small quantities of copies, except from really popular authors. Marion was charmed with your heroine [Dick rather likes Marion; and doesn't think Jack treats her with the consideration she deserves], and I have no doubt women in general will admire her, but your hero—you know I always speak my mind—is rather a duffer. You should go into the world more, and sketch from life. The Vice-Chancellor gave me great pleasure by speaking of your early poems very highly the other day, and I

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assure you it was quite a drop down for me, to find that he was referring to some other writer of the same name. Of course I did not undeceive him. I wish, my dear fellow, you would write stories in one volume instead of three. You write a *short* story capitally.

Yours ever,

JACK.

Tom the surgeon belongs to that very objectionable class of humanity called by ancient writers wags:

MY DEAR DICK: I can not help writing to thank you for the relief afforded to me by the perusal of your last volume. I had been suffering from neuralgia, and every prescription in the pharmacopœia for producing sleep had failed until I tried *that*. Dear Maggie [an odious woman, who calls novels light literature, and affects to be blue] read it to me herself, so it was given every chance; but I think you must acknowledge that it was a little spun out. Maggie assures me—I have not read them myself, for you know what little time I have for such things—that the first two volumes, with the exception of the characters of the hero and heroine, which she pronounces to be rather feeble, are first rate. Why don't you write two-volume novels? There is always something in analogy: reflect how seldom Nature herself produces three at a birth: when she does, it is only two, at most, which survive. We shall look forward to your next effort with much interest, but we hope you will give more time and pains to it. Remember what Horace says upon this subject. [He has no more knowledge of Horace than he has of Sanskrit, but he has read the quotation in that vile review in the "Scourge."] Maggie thinks you live too luxuriously: if your expenses were less you would not be compelled to write so much, and you would do it better. Excuse this well-meant advice from an elder brother.

Yours always,

TOM.

"One's sisters, and one's cousins, and one's aunts" also write in more or less the same style, though, to do their sex justice, less offensively. "If you were to go abroad, my dear Dick," says one, "it would expand your mind. There is nothing to blame in your last production, which strikes me (what I could understand of it at least, for some of it is a little Bohemian) as very pleasing, but the fact is, that English subjects are quite used up." Others discover for themselves the originals of Dick's characters in persons he has never dreamed of describing, and otherwise exhibit a most marvelous familiarity with his materials. "Hennie, who has just been here, is immensely delighted with your satirical sketch of her husband. He, however, as you may suppose, is *wild*, and says you had better withdraw your name from the candidates' book at his club. I don't know how many black balls exclude, but he has a good many friends there."

Another writes: "Of course we all recognized Uncle John in your Mr. Flibbertigibbet; but we try not to laugh; indeed, our sense of loss is too recent. Seriously, I think you might have waited till the poor old man—who was always kind to you, Dick—was cold in his grave."

Some of these dear good creatures send incidents of real life which they are sure will be useful to "dear Dick" for his next book—narratives of accidents in a hansom cab, of missing the train by the Underground, and of Mr. Jones being late for his own wedding, "which, though nothing in themselves, actually did happen, you know, and which, properly dressed up, as you so well know how to do," will, they are sure, obtain for him a marked success. "There is nothing like reality," they say, he may depend upon it, "for coming home to people."

After all, one need not read these abominable letters. One's relatives (thank Heaven!) usually live in the country. The real Critics on the Hearth are one's personal acquaintances in town, whom one can not escape.

"My dear friend," said one to me the other day—a most cordial and excellent fellow, by-the-by (only too frank)—"I like you, as you know, beyond everything, personally, but I can not read your books."

"My dear Jones," replied I, "I regret that exceedingly; for it is you, and men like you, whose suffrages I am most anxious to win. Of the approbation of all intelligent and educated persons I am certain; but, if I could only obtain that of the million, I should be a happy man."

But, even when I have thus demolished Jones, I still feel that I owe him a grudge. "What the infernal regions," as our 'bus-driver would say, "is it to me whether Jones likes my books or not? and why does he tell me he doesn't like them?"

Of the surpassing ignorance of these good people, I have just heard an admirable anecdote. A friend of a justly popular author meets him in the club and congratulates him upon his last story in the "Slasher" [in which he has never written a line]. It is so full of farce and fun [the author is a grave writer]. "Only I don't see why it is not advertised under the same title in the other newspapers." The fact being that the story in the "Slasher" is a parody—and not a very good-natured one—upon the author's last work, and resembles it only as a picture in "Van-ity Fair" resembles its original.

Some Critics on the Hearth are not only good-natured, but have rather too high, or, if that is impossible, let us say too pronounced, an opinion of the abilities of their literary friends. They wonder why they do not employ their gigantic talents in some enduring monument, such as a life of

"Alexander the Great" or a popular history of the Visigoths. To them literature is literature, and they do not concern themselves with little niceties of style or differences of subject. Others, again, though extremely civil, are apt to affect more enthusiasm than they feel. They admire one's works without exception—"they are all absolutely charming"—but they would be placed in a position of great embarrassment if they were asked to name their favorite: for, as a matter of fact, they are ignorant of the very names of them. A novelist of my acquaintance lent his last work to a lady cousin because she "really could not wait till she got it from the library"; besides, "she was ill, and wanted some amusing literature." After a month or so he got his three volumes back, with a most gushing letter. It "had been the comfort of many a weary hour of sleeplessness," etc. The thought of having "smoothed the pillow and soothed the pain" would, she felt sure, be gratifying to him. Perhaps it would have been, only she had omitted to cut the pages even of the first volume.

But, as a general rule, these volunteer censors plume themselves on discovering defects and not beauties. When any author is particularly popular, and has been long before the public, they have two methods of discoursing upon him in relation to their literary friend. In the first, they represent him as a model of excellence, and recommend their friend to study him, though without holding out much hope of his ever becoming his rival; in the second, they describe him as "worked out," and darkly hint that sooner or later [they mean sooner] their friend will be in the same unhappy condition. These, I need not say, are among the most detestable specimens of their class, and only to be equaled by those excellent literary judges who are always appealing to posterity, which, even if a little temporary success has crowned you to-day, will relegate you to your proper position to-morrow. If one were weak enough to argue with these gentry, it would be easy to show that popular authors are not "worked out," but only have the appearance of being so from their taking their work too easily. Those whose calling it is to depict human nature in fiction are especially subject to this weakness; they do not give themselves the trouble to study new characters, or at first hand, as of old; they sit at home and receive the congratulations of Society without paying due attention to that somewhat changeful lady, and they draw upon their memory, or their imagination, instead of studying from the life. Otherwise, when they do not give way to that temptation of indolence which arises from competence and success, there is no reason why their reputation should suffer, since, though they may lack the vigor or high spirits of

those who would push them from their stools, their experience and knowledge of the world are always on the increase.

As to the argument with regard to posterity, which is so popular with the Critic on the Hearth, I am afraid he has no greater respect for the opinion of posterity himself than for that of his possible great-great-granddaughter. Indeed, he only uses it as being a weapon the blow of which it is impossible to parry, and with the object of being personally offensive. It is, moreover, noteworthy that his position, which is sometimes

taken up by persons of far greater intelligence, is inconsistent with itself. The praisers of posterity are also always the praisers of the past; it is only the present which is in their eyes contemptible. Yet to the next generation this present will be *their* past, and, however valueless may be the verdict of to-day, how much more so, by the most obvious analogy, will be that of to-morrow! It is probable, indeed, though it is difficult to believe it, that the Critics on the Hearth of the generation to come will make themselves even more ridiculous than their predecessors.

JAMES PAYN, in the *Nineteenth Century*.

CONSPIRACIES IN RUSSIA.

II.

I.

I HAVE given in a previous article* a rapid sketch of the political movements and conspiracies in Russia, which had for their object the establishment of parliamentary government or of a democratic commonwealth. By way of parallel, something may be said now of the Cossack and Serf Conspiracies, in which there is a mixed national, social, and political element.

In 1670 the empire was for the first time shaken by a vast Cossack and Peasant Insurrection. It occurred in the reign of Czar Alexei, the father of Peter I. Stenko Razin was its leader. The course of the insurrection lay along the Volga, where Tartar and Finnic races mainly dwell. In subsequent risings, too, this south-eastern quarter, which contains a more martial stock than the inhabitants of the central Russian provinces, has always proved the more troublesome for imperial and aristocratic misrule.

Stenko Razin, who sought to make an impression upon the peasantry by professing to have the Czar's eldest son and a high church dignitary with him, rapidly took Astrakhan, Saratov, Simbirsk, and other chief towns along the Volga, meaning to strike thence toward Moscow, then still the capital of Russia.

I find in an old little book,† written by an Englishman who had been in Muscovy at the time, but who speaks of the insurrection as "a villainous attempt," some highly interesting details, showing the extent and strength of the ris-

ing, and the danger there was for the throne and the aristocratic possessors of the serfs. "If this power of the rebels," says the anonymous writer, "consisting of two hundred thousand men, had been united and unanimous, it would have been difficult for the forces of the Czar to have resisted and mastered the same." But the rebels were "divided among themselves, and could not agree about the supreme command." Still Razin made his way very quickly. "Everywhere," the English author of 1672 says, "he promised liberty, and a redemption from the yoke (so he called it) of the boiars, or nobles, which he said were the oppressors of the country. In Moscow itself men began to speak openly in his praise, as if he were a person that sought the public good and the liberty of the people, for which cause the Great Czar was necessitated to make a public example of some, to deter the rest."

In order to quell the insurrection, Knes Dolgorukoff, as the commander of the Czar's army, had to make use of the help of German officers, who "afterward were highly applauded by his Majesty for having acquitted themselves so well in leading on their men." When the victory was achieved, the customary torturing, hanging, beheading, and burning of prisoners was ordered by the Autocrat. "Within the space of three months there were, by the hands of the executioners, put to death eleven thousand men, in a legal way, upon the hearing of witnesses." A hundred thousand men had been killed in the field. Razin and his brother were put to the rack. Then Razin had his right arm and his left leg cut off, and was afterward beheaded.

There is a pathetic story of a nun in man's habit, which she had put over her monastic dress,

* See "Appletons' Journal" for July.

† "A Relation concerning the Particulars of the Rebellion lately raised in Muscovy by Stenko Razin." In the Savoy, 1672.

who had sided with the rebels. There appeared not any alteration in her, nor any fear of death, when the sentence of being burned alive was pronounced against her. Crossing herself, in the Russian manner, over the forehead and breast, she "laid herself quietly down upon the pile, and was burned to ashes."

This semi-emancipated nun may be said to have been the first type of a Russian woman acting, and even dying, in the people's cause. Others were to follow in our days.

II.

THERE had at first been a law which ordained that the serf can only be sold together with the land. This law was soon set aside in practice. The same Czar who burned the public registers of nobility, in order, as he alleged, to put an end to the ceaseless disputes as regards rank—or, as is more probable, in order to do away with some of the last remnants of the prestige and influence of old families—quietly allowed the peasant to be treated like a beast. Peter I., it is true, thundered in a ukase against the evil custom of the sale of children, who were torn away from their parents, or of whole families who were sold from their native cottage into distant and unknown parts of the realm. But the reforming tendencies of this arbitrary ruler did not reach far in the question of serfage. He who handed the cup of poison to his own son in the very presence of his court, and who felt greatly astonished when to his question as to "what was the price for a German professor of natural science," the reply was made that they "were not accustomed in Germany to sell professors"—this Czar Peter the Great, who stood himself on so low a level of human culture, could not be expected to be over-enthusiastic in the matter of peasant emancipation.

Catharine II., the philosophical Empress, the friend, as she called herself, of Hellenic regeneration, but whose life showed a sadder want of the most ordinary decency than is usually exhibited among the most degraded classes, extended serfdom over the Ukraine, or Little Russia, which at the time of Boris had not formed part of the Muscovite Empire. If Boris had acted with artful suddenness, surprising his intended victims with a tiger-like spring, the deed of enslavement in the Ukraine was, under Catharine, accompanied by even more loathsome falseness. Courtiers who were in the secret, and who had estates in southern Russia, allured, shortly before the appearance of the ukase, as many workingmen as they could to their land, in order, on the given day, to throw the lasso over their heads. Potemkin, the well-known favorite of the Empress, succeeded, before her decree was promulgated, in

having two regiments of grenadiers quartered on his estates. The result was that they became Potemkin's serfs! It was a state-stroke of the most tricky and hideous kind.

The farcical manner in which the philosopher-Empress dealt with serfdom may be seen from the fact of a decree having been issued by her which struck out the word "slave" from the Russian vocabulary, while she herself converted so many men into slaves. By another decree of Catharine (ukase of August 22, 1767) it was enacted that any serf bold enough to present a petition against his master should be knouted and sent for life to a Siberian mine. It is reported that Catharine, "in order to honor philosophy," asked the Academy to express an opinion on the rightful validity of bondage. This servile body of *demi-savants* and thorough lackeys replied—that "no doubt all principles of right were in favor of freedom, but that there was a measure in all things" (*in favorem libertatis omnia jura clamant, sed est modus in rebus*).

III.

THE wholesale enslavement of the peasantry in what is now southern Russia, by Catharine II., had been preceded by the great conspiracy and insurrection at whose head Iemeljan Pugatcheff stood.

For two years—from 1773 to 1775—that dreaded Cossack shook the southeast of the empire. Having served, during the Seven Years' war, first under Frederick II. of Prussia, and then in the Austrian army, he rose under the name of Peter III., whom the popular legend declared to be still alive. The foul crime Catharine II. had committed she now felt sticking on her hands. It came home to her through this terrible rebellion, in which the counterfeit figure of her murdered husband moved, like an avenger's form, from the misty banks of the Volga toward Moscow's gilded domes.

The history of Russia is full of such false royal apparitions—weird mirages of secret murders. The very attempts of races and classes bent upon escaping from oppression have generally been mixed up in Russia with these impostures of a half-tragic, half-grotesque character. In the story of the pseudo-Demetriuses, and the numerous conspiracies connected with their rise and fall, there is a succession of horrors and deceptions in which the ghastly continually verges upon the ridiculous. After Pugatcheff had been on the scene for a while under the pretense of being Peter III., not only a number of false Peters, but even many false Pugatcheffs, started up, as armed heads, everywhere, until a large part of the empire was filled with a perfect masquerade of returned ghosts and living doubles.

However, the terrific nature of the insurrection was ever present before the eyes of the affrighted Empress Catharine. Malcontents of all kinds took up arms in the lands near the Ural, the Volga, and the Don. These insurrectionary outbreaks were not the mere achievement of an ambitious leader; they were the result of a widespread discontent. Tribes which had lost their national independence made common cause with enslaved men that once were yeomen on their own freehold property. The spirit of Spartacus mingled with that of Vercingetorix and Civilis. Rebellious hinds, workmen from the salt and metal mines, religious dissenters, Raskolniks, and the like, together with Cossacks, Calmucks, Bashkirs, Wotjaks, Permjak, and other Finnic and Tartar hordes, were taken into the ranks of the insurgents, whom Pugatcheff hurled against the Muscovite Empire. Poles, exiled as captives to those southeastern provinces, helped to organize his artillery. Kazan, the old Tartar capital, fell into his hands. One Russian general after the other was defeated by him. The troops of Catharine II., in many cases, went over to Pugatcheff, delivering their officers into his hands. He hanged the officers, and took the soldiers into his army, dressing them in Cossack fashion, with their hair and beards trimmed in the manner of those bold raiders. For a time Pugatcheff was the Czar in eastern Russia.

Moscow, where a hundred thousand serfs lived, showed signs of deep agitation. The masses began to talk boldly of freedom. Threats of a wholesale massacre of their masters were heard. In this grave crisis Generals Suwaroff and Panin at last succeeded in cutting off the leader of the insurrection from the bulk of his forces. Being surprised, he was pinioned, put in an iron cage, and thus delivered over to the tender mercies of the philosopher-Empress.

I have before me a painfully interesting account of the last days of the bold Cossack leader of this servile revolt, published in London in 1775, under the title of "*Le Faux Pierre III.*" There we read: "The clemency of the Empress having restricted the action of the judges, who would have considered it a duty to accumulate tortures in order to punish him for his misdeeds, they simply condemned him, in their sentence, to have his feet and hands cut off, and then to be beheaded." This was the merciful view which Catharine, the murderer of her own consort, took. But by a strange aberration of the executioner she was foiled in her humane desire.

Instead of first cutting off Pugatcheff's feet and hands, the executioner began by striking off his head. Taken to task for this reversal of the order, he excused himself by saying that he had labored under a sudden access of forgetfulness.

The book quoted above, which is a translation from a Russian work, says, however, that many believed there had been secret orders from adherents of the condemned leader, forcing the executioner to act as he did. This reminds one almost of the secret orders at present so often issued by the so-called Nihilist League.

It was also said at the time that "powerful secret friends of the impostor had promised the executioner a considerable reward, as well as impunity, for his culpable 'distraction of mind.'" Others alleged that even the executioner was a friend and adherent of Pugatcheff, and had promised him to shorten his sufferings by hastening his death.

In all this the dark and doubtful character of everything connected with an irresponsible autocracy, which shuns the light and avoids public control, comes out in perfection.

Pugatcheff died bravely, as even his enemies acknowledge. His rising was the last grand attempt at restoring the independence of the steppe tribes, and taking the yoke of villeinage from the cottier. After the fall of this rebel chieftain, the south could not any longer resist the institution of serfdom. "The peasant of the Ukraine," says Ogareff, "yielded to force; but never did he believe that the soil on which he dwells, and which he tills, did not belong to him; and there are still old men who recollect the time when there was no serfage. The Russine peasant considers himself, therefore, proprietor of the soil, and looks upon serfdom as a temporary yoke, inflicted upon him by a foreigner—that is, by the imperialism of St. Petersburg, which, traditionally, he designates as 'Muscovite.'"

IV.

In this way it came to pass at last that nearly the whole population of Russia, north and south, with the exception of a small fraction, comprising the upper classes and a few of the nomadic tribes, had lost the simplest rights of personal freedom. The Slavonic, or Slavonized, Russian race of the center was, in its peasant population, almost to a man under the yoke of serfdom. Whatever "free" peasants still existed were mainly found among the Finns and the Tartars of the outlying provinces. Out of about sixty million inhabitants of European Russia, nearly fifty million were serfs, more than half of whom, at the time of the emancipation decree, under Alexander II., were serfs of the crown domains.

At the same time, the severity with which oppression was exercised had grown year by year, since the days of Boris, in a frightful degree. The ukase prohibiting the sale of land-slaves without the land was openly broken in the capital itself. Bondsmen were sold by auction

under the windows of the Imperial Palace. The labor, the body, the life of the peasant remained at the absolute disposal of the owner. With the whip the latter inculcated upon his serf the Muscovite proverb that "a beaten man is worth two unbeaten ones." If ever a proprietor wished to get rid altogether of a hated or incapable worker, he could, on his own responsibility, send him to Siberia. Scarcely ever was a land-owner taken up for downright murder committed against his human cattle.

Such being the general state of things, it looked liked progress that Alexander I. sought to create a class of peasant freeholders by gradual redemption, though on an almost infinitesimal scale. The measure led to very little, from its execution being surrounded by a mass of troublesome and oppressing formalities. As often as autocracy put its hand to this question, it did so in a halting, half-hearted way. Two opposite currents of thought were ever at war with each other within the Imperial Government. The Czar was continually thrown backward and forward between the desire of breaking the social power of the nobility by an act of "liberalism" and the fear lest the nobles should do an act of vengeance against him, or outrun him even in liberal aspirations.

In the beginning of the present century the comparatively more decided action was taken by the Court of St. Petersburg with regard to serfdom in those provinces which had been recently acquired or conquered—in Courland, Livonia, Esthonia, Lithuania, and Poland. There the object was to gain over the great mass, as against a nobility of ancient renown and influence. In those parts of the empire the Russian Government, therefore, acted with some degree of resolution. However, apart from such considerations of autocratic state policy, the attitude of the fettered multitude itself—especially in the Baltic provinces—strongly suggested to the authorities the overthrow, or at least the considerable alleviation, of serfage. Toward the end of last century, a deputation of the discontented Baltic peasantry went to Riga and St. Petersburg. After their demands had been refused, the enraged people broke out in open insurrection (1783-'84). It was only suppressed after much bloodshed, and by means of a large force of troops. A few years later, when the news of the French Revolution and of the abolition of all socal service came to those distant shores of the Finnic Gulf, the Baltic peasantry compelled the nobility to make some concessions, which, however, were soon retracted. In 1802 a new servile revolt took place. It had been prepared by a conspiracy similar to that of the German Peasant Leagues in the sixteenth century. This

time, again, the rising was overthrown. Not many years afterward, however, an imperial ukase appeared, at least for Livonia and Esthonia, which somewhat bettered the lot of the suffering bondmen.

The whole position of that class in the Baltic provinces was regulated after the conclusion of the Napoleonic wars. From the position of men bound to the soil, the agricultural laborers were raised to that of farmers enjoying personal freedom, though by no means holding the same position as the corresponding class in other parts of Continental Europe. For the Lithuanian and Polish peasants also Alexander I. meditated some slight reform. The French invasion, albeit quickly repelled, yet brought some change for the better there.

In the Old Muscovite parts of the empire matters remained as bad and as cruelly oppressive as before. The atrocities practiced on the estate of Count Araktcheyeff, the favorite of Alexander I., were of a nature so revolting that their fiendishness can only be said to have been surpassed by those of a lady of the name of Soltykoff, who had been brought to justice in 1788 for having killed, by inhuman tortures, in the course of ten or eleven years, about a hundred of her serfs, chiefly of the female sex—among them several young girls of eleven and twelve years of age! The sole alleviation, under Alexander I., of the lot of the peasantry, was the gradual conversion of not a few of the serfs of the nobility into serfs of the Crown. That is to say, the Crown, by way of redemption or of loans made to the nobles, bought a number of land-slaves in order to put them into its own domains.

These "Crown peasants" were, of course, not free. Their treatment was better than that of their brethren on the estates of the land-owners. They even possessed the right of removing. But in reality they still were far from having freedom in our sense; for the right of removing was dependent upon so many formalities, not to mention the pecuniary difficulties, that the thought of exercising that right could but seldom take the shape of an act. The small difference between the two kinds of peasants may be seen from the fact that, down to Alexander I., even the Crown peasant could be given away as a present, like any head of cattle. This custom only ceased after the influence of modern ideas had brought about a better treatment of subject classes all through the Continent.

It was the appearance of a foreign army on Russian soil in 1812 which forced the Czar to occupy himself with the question of the abolition of bondage. In order to beat back the invader, the peasantry had to be armed as a mass-levy. The nobility, on their part, readily responded to

the call of Alexander I., who, in his great fright at the approach of the tricolor, hastened in person to the ancient Kremlin of Moscow, to beseech and entreat the aristocracy and the merchants to lend their aid to him. Since the days of Peter I., the Sovereign had not condescended to speak in this way to the nation. The peril was extreme. The answer to the imploring request was not lacking in patriotic decision. While the Pole, the Finn, the Crim Tatar, and other subject races, listened, as it were, with ear held to the ground, to catch the tramping sound of the approaching foreign hosts, the land-owners of Russia personally took up arms to repel the foe, giving at the same time a serf out of every ten for the Czar's army. The merchants offered the tenth part of their revenues.

In the memory and the imagination of the masses, Moscow was always looked upon as the real capital. When Moscow was burned, as an earnest of the national resolve to throw back the invasion at all costs, the gigantic flood of flames spoke with fiery tongues, across the stillness of the Russian snow-desert, to many a sluggish mind. So great a sacrifice seemed worthy of a reward in the shape of liberty at home. Not a few believed in the existence of a patriotic conspiracy, which had brought about the terrible event. This was an error, no doubt. The initiative of the startling act had been taken by the Government authorities themselves. Yet the impression upon the public mind remained a powerful one. The conflagration of Moscow roused many a political sleeper.

V.

I HAVE described before how the contact of the Russian troops with Western nations had led to liberal and parliamentary aspirations. New ideas of human dignity were learned by them, both from the Germans, with whom Russia then was allied, and from their enemies the French. Some of the officers warmly caught this progressive infection. In a smaller degree the uniformed serfs became imbued with unaccustomed notions.

No wonder, under these circumstances, that the proposal to do away with compulsory labor and serfdom should have found warm advocates in the more enlightened circles. At first the Court entered into the question with apparent zeal. Committees of inquiry were appointed. Speeches and articles of a promising character were published. A good result was deemed certain; the Czar himself having apparently been gained over.

But the promoters of the scheme had left out of account the feelings of mistrust which had only been lulled for a while in the heart of the

Emperor. When Alexander I. perceived that there were men who, along with their principles of humanity, harbored political views which clashed with the interests of autocracy, their devotion to the cause of peasant emancipation suddenly filled him with suspicion. The thought rose in him whether the movement in favor of the abolition of serfage was not a desire for bringing about a union of all the elements of opposition. An irresponsible ruler is easily frightened by a shadow on the wall. He sees enemies lurking everywhere. He is not sure of the trustworthiness of any of his own partisans. Alexander all at once recollected the attempts made by the nobles at the advent of the Empress Anna to transform Russia in the Polish or Swedish sense—that is, to convert the Crown into an elective one, or at any rate largely to curtail its privileges, and to introduce a parliamentary representation. He now feared the recurrence of similar aims, the more so because the standard-bearers of peasant emancipation might easily become popular among the masses, and thereby acquire irresistible strength.

The Czar's alarm grew from day to day. He already saw himself, in his terrified mind's eye, in the grasp of a court conspiracy. He even thought he was in danger of being dethroned. Poor almightiness of an autocrat!

The deputations which appeared before him for the furtherance of serf emancipation were now received by him with icy coldness. With the zeal of mistrustfulness, he sought to find out why men had taken such great trouble to combine, in order to constitute, so to say, a body of directing reformers, while he himself had been in favor of the reform scheme, which he considered was all-sufficient. His mind became deeply troubled. The memory of his father's violent death tormented him. He would not hear any more of projects which might lead to further demands. So the whole affair, the solution of which had seemed to be near at hand, came to be stopped by the fears of a suspicious monarch, and was finally laid aside altogether.

After Alexander I., Nicholas held the country under his iron heel. The events of 1825 filled that tyrant with deadly hatred against everything connected with liberal tenets. The stillness of death which, during his reign, lay over Russia in a political sense, was, however, not seldom broken by an agrarian riot and by the frequent murder of harsh land-owners. As a rule, the Russian peasant is a good-natured, easy-going, lazy, but docile fellow, averse to blood-shedding and even to personal encounters among his equals—so much so that foreigners often wonder at the tameness with which he bears the grossest insult. Great must, therefore, have been the provocation

which induced the hinds to attack the life of their masters.

In the earlier part of the government of Nicholas, about seventy land-owners were, according to official statistics, killed every year. In 1850 the proportion had risen to two hundred. Hence absenteeism was continually on the increase. Horrible tales now and then came out of the cruelty practiced against land-owners by the otherwise slavish serfs—such as rolling the victim's living body over splintered glass until death put an end to his sufferings. The utter neglect in which the agricultural masses were left with regard to mental culture thus avenged itself in fiendish barbarities, all the more loathsome because the same men who committed them were otherwise of a cringing character, and, in their cups, showed a lachrymose sentimentality which struck the beholder as rather laughable.

Haxthausen says: "Among the Russians all social power makes itself respected by blows, which do not change either affection or friendship. Every one deals blows: the father beats his son; the husband his wife; the territorial lord, or his steward, the peasants—without any bitterness or revenge resulting from it. The backs of the Russians are quite accustomed to blows, and yet the stick is more sensibly felt by the nerves of their backs than by their souls."

Warned by the dangers of the conspiracy and insurrection which had threatened his accession to the throne, and in which so many men of the first families were implicated, Nicholas played toward the serfs a double game. He acted the part of the "Little Father" in his dealings with the peasantry. He sometimes impressed them, by confidential agents, with goody-goody talk about his reforming wishes; that is to say, whenever he stood in need of striking terror once more into malcontent land-owners. But as soon as the signs of dissatisfaction with his harsh and arbitrary government disappeared from among that class, and there were no longer any whisperings in favor of parliamentary rule, the promises of social reform spread about in his name were quickly withdrawn. Occasionally, a proprietor who had flogged a serf to death, or murdered him by slow demoniacal torture, was, under Nicholas, punished for his cruelty. A few restrictions were also placed upon the privileges of the "slaveholder"; but, beyond this, no change was wrought. To give the measure of the ideas of Nicholas as regards peasant freedom, I need only say that he pushed the spirit of bureaucratic regulation so far as to prescribe the plan for building village houses by a decree from St. Petersburg, and that he held to uniformity in the appearance of the streets as much as to uniformity in military concerns.

Meanwhile, as under Czar Paul, who created the institution of "Appanage Serfs," so also under Nicholas, the process of increasing the number of Crown bondmen steadily went on. Nicholas definitely formed a special administration over the Crown serfs. Under every reign, peasants had been attached as serfs to the mines and imperial manufacturing establishments. Under Alexander II., down to 1862, there were still serfs of the printing-office of the Imperial University of Moscow. The compositors had to do compulsory labor for pay below the minimum of wages paid anywhere—a strange irony of fate that men employed in the diffusion of that science which ought to strike off the fetters of the intellect should have been treated as slaves!

VI.

THE abolition of serfdom was the result, as before stated, of the defeat of czarism on the Crimean battle-fields, and the consequent loss of imperial prestige. Something had to be done to allay the feeling of discontent which had spread through all classes. Naturally, the upholder of the principle of unlimited monarchy preferred conciliating the large majority of the people by a boon, the grant of which did not touch the exercise of his unrestricted sovereignty, to satisfying the claims of men who hoped for the introduction of representative government.

In the probable course of events, any convocation of a *duma*, or Parliament, would have led to the discussion and the enactment of bills for the manumission, and even the partial political representation, of the peasantry. This, however, did not suit Alexander II. At the same time entire inaction was no longer possible to him—the less so because the Polish aristocracy, in the provinces bordering upon Germany, had taken the initiative in favor of serf emancipation. This is a fact generally lost sight of, but of great importance in judging of the causes of the measure which was happily accomplished at last, and for which ignorance and courtier-like adulation now give the Czar the sole credit.

By a decree dated December 2, 1857, Alexander II. accorded to the nobility of Wilna, Kovno, and Grodno, the necessary authorization for electing committees in which peasant emancipation was to be discussed. Thanking them for the readiness they had shown, he ordered the Home Secretary to communicate this rescript to the marshals of the Russian nobility, so that they might proceed to similar action, if they chose. Care was, however, taken not to let the Polish land-owners proceed to an immediate practical realization of their intention, lest they should gain popularity thereby.

There can be no doubt that the readiness of

the Polish aristocracy was in some degree due, between 1856 and 1860, to the desire of bringing about, by an act of humanity and justice, such a fusion of national sentiments as to give hope for the recovery of Polish self-government. The Emperor, on his part, wished to make friends with the Polish peasantry by planting the standard of emancipation, if ever that had to be done, with his own hand. Two opposite currents thus met for the same favorable solution. Nevertheless, even the palpable Court interest was not sufficient to induce the Government to pursue a clear and persistent policy from the very beginning. As a proof of the strength of the conservative and reactionary sentiment at first prevailing in the councils of the Crown, I need only point to the circular of the Superior Committee of April 17 (29), 1858, which prescribed, as a basis of "*emancipation*," the continuance of *compulsory labor*!

While the Polish nobility in the country bordering upon Germany were among the most willing for progress, it was different in the old Russian part of the empire. The opposition there was partly traceable to the avarice of the "slaveholder"; partly it arose from political aspirations of a better nature. The more liberal views had the upper hand in the nobiliary assemblies of the northernmost as well as the southernmost provinces, so far as it was possible to get at the truth under a Government which did not, and does not, permit a free utterance in the press or by means of public meetings. The horror of publicity among the committees themselves was so great that, with the exception of a few departments—such as Tver, Orel, and Nizhni—the sittings were everywhere held in secret. Mystery characterized all the proceedings. The greatest reluctance was exhibited by the land-owners of the center—of Muscovy proper. In some provincial assemblies, where parliamentary aspirations were strongest, they refused to discuss the imperial project unless permission were given to bring in amendments. Even the idea of the convocation of all the nobiliary county assemblies of Russia, as a united Assembly of Notables, was broached by some of the malcontents. This proposition was looked upon by the Czar as the germ of States-General, and therefore sternly rejected.

When the deputies of the nineteen provinces which had first finished their labors arrived at St. Petersburg, they were—in the words of Prince Dolgorukoff—received with a haughty contempt quite peculiar to Russian bureaucracy. The permission of meeting was altogether denied them. Five of the deputies—namely, M. Unkovski, marshal of the nobility of Tver; MM. Dubrovin and Wassilieff, deputies of Yaroslav; MM. Khrust-

choff and Schrötter, deputies of Kharkov—presented to the Emperor, on October 16 (28), 1859, an address full of respectful loyalty, asking for a grant of land to the emancipated serfs, with a pecuniary indemnification for the land-owners; for reforms in communal self-government and in the administration of justice; as well as for freedom of the press. These "unjust and ill-becoming pretensions" were severely reprimanded, and M. Unkovski at once deposed from his functions.

The literal truth is, that, in regard to the convocation of such an assembly—as Mr. Wallace fully shows—the nobility were "cunningly deceived by Government." The Emperor had publicly promised that, before the emancipation project became law, deputies from the provincial committees should be summoned to St. Petersburg, where they might offer objections and propose amendments. But, when the deputies arrived, they were not allowed to form a public assembly, but were told that they had to answer in writing a list of printed questions. Those who wished to discuss details were invited individually to attend meetings of the Commission, where they found one or two members ready to engage with them in a little dialectical fencing in a rather ironical style. On making a complaint, by petition, to the Emperor—whom they believed, or at least professed to believe, to have been imposed upon by the Administration—they got no direct answer from the Emperor's Cabinet, but a formal reprimand *through the police*! Trying to bring on the question at the Provincial Assemblies, they were again foiled by a decree issued before the opening of those assemblies, forbidding them to touch upon the emancipation question at all.

A perfect comedy had been played—a practical joke in politics. This did not contribute to the popularity of Alexander II. among the educated classes.

VII.

THE ukase proclaiming the abolition of serfdom was dated March 3—or rather February 19, 1861. As in all other things, Russia is in her calendar several centuries behind the remainder of Europe.

On that occasion, all the uneasy suspiciousness of the despotic *régime* again came out glaringly—one might say, under comic colors. Surely, on a day when a so-called "Liberator" confers freedom upon his people, we could expect that he not only trusts that people, but that he would even hope for expressions of gratitude from it. But what were the facts?

The thing was done in a manner as if some terrible conspiracy were on the point of breaking out, or as if Government itself had committed some hideous deed, for which it feared a

revenge. First, instead of making the ukase of February 19th known at once, Alexander II. only did so on March 5th; that is, March 17th of our reckoning. He was under great apprehension lest, in the intermediate Carnival-time, the people would proceed to excesses if the tenor of his ukase became known at once. On the day when the manifesto was read in the churches of St. Petersburg, the Palace was surrounded with troops. During the whole night the Emperor's adjutants had to be next to his room; some keeping watch, while others were allowed to sleep until their turn came.

Ignatieff, the Governor-General, having heard a heap of snow falling from a roof, thought he had heard a cannon-shot from some rebel quarter, and duly gave the alarm. So the "Liberator," the "Friend of the People," trembled in his shoes before that very people.

The mass of the population in the capital listened in silence to the reading of the long-winded emancipation manifesto which the Archbishop of Moscow had drawn up in a heavy, pretentious style. "That population," Ogareff said in 1862, "is mainly composed of soldiers and functionaries. Of real popular classes there is little at St. Petersburg." We can measure by what has happened since—from the days of the trial of Vera Sassulitch to the establishment of a House-Porters' Army of twelve thousand men, for the purpose of watching all the streets—what a change has been wrought during the last seventeen years in the attitude of the St. Petersburgers.

In the provinces, the Czar's manifesto also led to strange scenes. Some of the nobles sought to retard its promulgation before the serfs. There were priests who quaked, with ashy-pale faces, when they read the document after mass. Some of them were apprehensive of the wrath of their land-owners. Others feared a peasant revolt. In many cases the Government officials, who ought to have been present at the ceremony, reported themselves sick, or hid themselves—also from fear of a peasant riot. All this does not fit in with the customary idea of a people singing psalms of joy on the occasion of their deliverance from a galling yoke.

The forty-three folio pages of the statute were too much for the illiterate millions. The peasants only understood that there were still some hard years of a transitional condition before them, and that the Emancipation Act did not bring with it such an ownership in land as they thought they had a right to expect. A cry went forth among the masses, of deception having been practiced at their cost. They said the "true law" had not been promulgated; and the "true law" they would have. Meanwhile they would refuse to pay rents or perform socage duty.

Vague conspiratory movements were observed among the peasantry—not of the threatening nature of those which had marked the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but still movements not to be treated too lightly. A Government standing on the narrow basis of that irresponsible rule which found its expression in France in the royal saying, "*L'état, c'est moi!*" can not afford to despise the first signs of an incipient rebellion. Its coward conscience is terrified by a snowball gaining in bulk as it falls. Autocracy always fears the coming crash of the avalanche.

In those eastern provinces of the empire where the insurrectionary spirit had repeatedly shown itself before, the emancipated land-slaves were the most unruly. A few weeks after the decree of Alexander II., they rose under Anthony Petroff, who explained to them the "true law" and the true liberty. Forming a mutinous troop about ten thousand strong, they marched forth under the banner of revolt, though not with the courage of their forefathers who died with Razin and Pugatcheff. It has always been the policy of the peasant leaders in Russia to make an impression upon their ignorant and superstitious followers by using the monarch's name, if not by giving themselves out as the real dynastic claimant. Anthony Petroff, too, convinced his adherents that the manifesto read to them was not the one which the Czar had signed. And when the envoy of the latter came in the shape of Count Apraxin, as general at the head of troops, the would-be insurgents, with that mixture of obtuseness and cunning which characterizes the peasants of many countries, professed to believe that Apraxin was a pseudo-envoy.

The end was the usual one. Being asked to disperse and to deliver over Anthony Petroff to the authorities, the rebels refused to do either. Thereupon a massacre followed. Petroff, however, surrendered himself of his own free will, holding the emancipation statute above his head, and declaring that the "true liberty," as decreed by the Czar, had not been promulgated. He soon got his own true liberty by being court-martialed and shot, while General Apraxin was rewarded by Alexander the Liberator with an expression of thanks and a decoration—even as General Kaufmann has received similar imperial favors for his infamous atrocities in Turkistan.

"Anthony Petroff"—so Ogareff wrote in 1862*—"was the first martyr of peasant freedom; and the affair of Besdna was the first in which the benevolent Emancipator-Czar showed himself an executioner without intellect. Then the water, or the taste for blood, came to his mouth. General Dreniakin telegraphed to him

* "Essai sur la Situation Russe," London, 1862.

from Pensa his good wishes as a faithful subject on the occasion of Easter, asking at the same time for the right of punishing the peasants without trying them in accordance with legal procedures. The Emperor thanked him by telegram, and gave him the right of sentencing and punishing the peasants as he thought best. Thereupon the General began court-martialing and knouting the peasants, until the executioner himself became weary. He reported at last that order was restored. With one or two exceptions, the Adjutant-Generals of his Majesty introduced the 'Statute of Liberty' in the same manner. *In many departments there was killing; everywhere there was knouting.* The irritation became all the greater because the peasants had not in reality risen; they only wanted an explanation of that freedom which was but another form of slavery."

Such is the account of a Russian writer, who otherwise speaks in comparatively mild and moderate terms of the character and Government of Alexander II. To cap his harsh measures, the Czar took the opportunity of a journey to the Crimea to assemble, on his way, the elders of some villages, and to declare to them that he would not confer upon them any other liberties than those mentioned in the statute. A copy of this imperial and imperious speech he ordered the Home Secretary to send into all the departments for publication.

VIII.

In the midst of these sanguinary dealings with the peasants, the massacres at Warsaw took place. There, an unarmed crowd of men and women were ruthlessly shot and sabered down, for no other cause than a peaceful demonstration in the interest of their own nationality, and in spite of their offering no resistance whatever. It was a butchery without a fight. The cruel deed was ordained because the Polish landowners had met of their own free will to discuss the question of grants of land for their own peasants! This proposal had awakened the jealousy, the suspicion, the apprehensions of the Autocrat. Any attempt at a reconciliation between the Polish nobles and the peasantry had to be drowned in blood. So the streets of Warsaw ran with gore at the very moment when the emancipation of the serfs in Russia was carried out amid scenes of butchery.

Peasant emancipation had scarcely been decreed when Alexander II. supplemented it by a reorganization of the army on the principle of a larger conscription. Before the slave's yoke was taken from the neck of the laborer, the Czar had to depend, for the getting together of his troops, upon the landed proprietors, the possessors of

the serfs. Now he was able to issue his conscription ukases without the slightest regard for the nobility. The aggressive policy of conquest had obtained an additional power. The true character of autocratic philanthropy appeared in its proper colors.

A Polish exile, Count Zamoyiski, was right in describing the Czar's measure, while it was being elaborated, as an experiment by which the Russian Government sought to augment its military resources and strength. In the same way an English consul, Mr. Michell, some years later, ably showed in a report that the objects of the Emancipation Act were fiscal and recruiting—that is to say, designed to increase facilities for raising men and money for purposes of war. Under the serfage system the autocrats experienced difficulties which not unfrequently crippled their warlike designs. The proprietor of the soil, from his position, naturally resisted the conscription; and, when it reached certain limits, often resisted effectively. Moreover, the serf being altogether exempt from fiscal obligations, the whole burden of taxation fell upon the landowners; and the Government, in want of money, had often to struggle with that class to reach their pockets. The emancipation entirely changed this state of things, as it was designed to do. The landlord had no longer any interest in opposing the conscription, and the imperial taxation was henceforth borne in part by the emancipated peasant.

A "landed freeman" the Russian peasant, since 1861, is often called in Western Europe. But on looking more closely at the state of things established by the Act of Manumission, a great deal of the alleged landholding and personal freedom vanishes into thin air. No better description could be given than the one contained in a valuable letter recently addressed to the "Newcastle Chronicle" by Mr. George Rule, than whom there are few men more conversant with the real aims of Russian autocratic policy. Referring to the Consular Report of Mr. Michell, Mr. George Rule says:

The original design of the Emperor and his Ministers was to give him (the serf) his homestead only, and to leave him otherwise to take his chance in the labor market. But this was deemed unsatisfactory both by peasant and landlord; and naturally so. On the one hand, it despoiled the serf of the land he considered his own; and, on the other, deprived the landlord of the service-rent, which he might not be able to replace with corresponding advantage. It consequently fell through; and another arrangement was adopted. The serf was now to have his homestead and allotment at a low-fixed rental, but freed from his old position of bondage to the owner of the soil. He might, indeed, by mutual agreement with

the proprietor, continue to pay his rent in service; and contracts for such purpose might be made to last three years at a time. This system of service-rent is still extensively in operation. . . . Usages of centuries are not to be got rid of in a day, either by ukase or enactment."

Practically—as Mr. Michell shows—the Russian peasantry are as firmly as ever fixed to the soil. Emigration from a rural commune may be said to be virtually prohibited; and immigration is almost impossible. It is the policy of Government, for fiscal and military reasons, to prevent the peasant from quitting the land on which he is at present settled. On this Mr. George Rule remarks:

The emancipated serfs were formed into village communities. The members of each community were made collectively and individually responsible to the landlords, on the one hand, for the rent of the whole communal land allotted; and, on the other, where the allotments were purchased, they were in a similar manner responsible to the Government for the repayment of the redemption money. It became, therefore, the interest of the community to keep the number of the responsible members up to the mark. Consequently, the conditions of separation imposed by the Government, though severe and binding, were such as their individual interests forbade them to resist. A member may free himself from his commune by payment down of sixteen and two-thirds times his yearly rental; that is to say, he can purchase his freedom at a heavy price. Or, subject to the approval of the commune, he may be replaced by a substitute, willing to take upon himself the responsibilities of the allotment; such substitute, I should suppose, it would be difficult to find. It will easily be seen that these conditions are prohibitory of separation, and it will as easily be observed that they must have been so framed to prevent what would have ensued, viz., a general relinquishment of the claims of his emancipated inheritance—the estates they were compelled to purchase at more than their worth. Let it be noted that they can be *compelled to purchase*, for in this the hardship and the root of their continued slavery lie. The compulsory power is not in the hands of the Government, but in those of the landlords. They can compel the commune either to buy or rent the lands they occupy. "In reality," says Mr. Michell, "it is not the peasant who can select between the system of perpetual tenancy and that of freehold. His former master has the arbitrary power of compelling him to remain attached to the soil which he cultivated before his emancipation by becoming its purchaser, and it is evident that the power has been and still is extensively used"; and he shows from statistics that purchasers by compulsion stand to voluntary purchasers as two to one, and that two-thirds of the ex-serfs occupy lands thus mortgaged to the state. To understand this, it must be known that the purchase of the communal lands was effected by the Imperial

Government from state funds paid to the proprietors. This purchase-money the peasantry are compelled to refund at payments equal to six per cent. over forty-nine years. The position may be thus simply illustrated: I occupy a farm for which I pay a rent; the landlord has the power to compel me to purchase it at an arbitrary valuation, and to pay on such valuation six per cent. over forty-nine years before I am freed from payment. A rare bargain for the landlord, but not much to my advantage. It is true that I may get rid of the bargain, and quit my farm, by paying on the nail sixteen and two-thirds years' rent to the landlord; or I may pay the whole valuation at once, or by installments hasten the time of enfranchisement, in which case I should have an abatement of six per cent. of the value. There would be no benefit to me in this; on the contrary, it would be a burden for life. The benefit would be to my grandchildren. But what might not happen in half a century! . . . It must be admitted that, save in these conditions of bondage, which I have attempted to indicate, the peasantry have great freedom in the communities. But it really is no better than the freedom of domestic animals kept within narrow and rigid limits for purposes of production. Wherefore, then, the cant about the benevolence which prompted the act of emancipation?

To do away with increasing difficulties of conscription and finance; to become better able to carry on designs of aggression; and to traverse, by favors shown to the masses, a constitutional movement among the more enlightened section of the nation—these were the aims and results of the famed Emancipation Ukase.

IX.

NOT only peasant outbreaks followed that ukase, but fire-raising, too—which had been frequent between 1860 and 1862—began afresh, both in the agricultural districts and in various towns. This systematic incendiarism is known under the name of the Conspiracies of the "Red Cock"—a Russian as well as German expression for arson.

In some instances the serf, dissatisfied with what was being done for him, revenged himself upon a hard taskmaster. The conflagrations in the towns were attributed by Government to a "party of disorder." It was supposed that the originators of these ever-recurring fires intended working upon the popular imagination, and that,

* In the heathen Germanic creed there is a "bright-red cock, hight Fialar," that crows on the Tree of Sorrow when the whole world, at the End of Times, falls down on a bed of flames. The bird, by its song, heralds in the great fiery catastrophe. Another cock crows beneath the earth, a soot-red cock, in the Halls of Hel, while a third cock, Gullinkambi (Golden-Comb), wakens the heroes that are with Odin, the Leader of the Hosts, to tell them of the coming conflagration of the Universe.

if a chance offered itself, they would perhaps make use of the confusion created for a revolutionary outbreak. Whole bands of members of the Red-Cock League were believed to exist all over the Empire, with regular branch affiliations. In May, 1862, St. Petersburg was repeatedly the prey of fires of threatening extent. A state of siege had at last to be proclaimed in order to cope with this conspiracy of arson; but for a considerable time the authorities were utterly unable to meet the mysterious danger with any degree of efficiency.

Whatever may be thought of the moral question involved in these Confederacies of Fire-raisers, they certainly quickened the resolution of Government to go beyond the original narrow scope of the emancipation programme. Meantime the signs of a sullen political unrest compelled the Czar to introduce a few administrative reforms; but no sooner had this been done than it was found to give no real satisfaction. Discontent grew apace. Severe repressive measures followed upon concessions granted with a reluctant hand. The fetters put upon public instruction were somewhat relaxed; but then tumultuous demonstrations in favor of fuller rights arose in the academies and universities. And, as Government at once proceeded to the old harsh police measures, riots increased, whereupon imprisonments and proscriptions were resorted to, as under Nicholas.

Even Turkey had long ago published financial statements concerning the income and outlay of her state exchequer, though yet without any parliamentary control. Was Russia to lag behind Turkey? The outcry against official corruption and mismanagement during the Crimean war, and the demand for some insight into the finances of the state, becoming daily louder, Alexander II. had to consent to a publication of the budget. The measure was of little real use, being a mere promise to the ear. As soon as the press spoke out with some degree of firmness, the censorship was again rendered more stringent. Is it to be wondered at that a secret press was founded under the circumstances?

A paper came out under the same title as the one which of late has been revived by the Revolutionary Committee, namely, "Land and Liberty." Another journal was called "The Great Russian." It only reached three numbers, but these were largely propagated by an apparently extensive secret organization. "The Great Russian," beginning with a moderate opposition, became bolder with that miraculous rapidity which marks the transition from a Russian winter to a flowery spring. It raised the question as to whether the dynasty was to be maintained or not. These were some of the sheet-light flash-

ings on the horizon, which Government thought might portend a coming storm.

The spies and informers of the Czar inclined to the opinion that "The Great Russian" was edited by a secret society of students. A war against students was therefore initiated—even as in these present days a war against women is being waged by the Russian authorities. In Germany and France, the students have played a large part, from 1815 to 1848, in the struggles for national union and freedom. It is a noteworthy sign that the Russian youth, too, should have come forward in a similar way, in the liberal or democratic interest.

The students refusing to bear with new university regulations framed for purposes of what they called "government espionage," many conflicts took place in various university towns. Some of the students were killed, or severely wounded; a great many others banished to distant provinces. There they soon acted as propagandists among populations hitherto sluggish and servilely obedient. Many of the students belonging to that lesser nobility which in Russia is eager for progress, the Government police, with the malignant craftiness which has been its peculiar mark since the days of Boris Godunoff, stirred up the people by the shamefully false statement that these young men were "mere lordlings who rose in revolt because the Czar had abolished serfdom!" General Bistrom hounded on his soldiers against the students by equally mendacious means. He told them that "these young fellows all wanted to become officials in order to rob the people." The wildest tricks of a corrupt, despotic, and at the same time demagogic régime were thus flourishing once more under Alexander the Humane.

The spirit of liberalism among the students of the universities gained even those of the Church Academy in the capital. The latter, being the offspring of the so-called White Clergy (that is, of the married priesthood, who are considered the flower of the Orthodox Church), were declared guilty of rebelliousness, by the Holy Synod, for having refused to attend the lectures of an unpopular, inefficient, and reactionary professor of Greek literature. Many of them were banished from the capital. These measures laid the foundation of an estrangement between not a few members of the White Clergy and the Crown.

Some of the professors also, owing to the temporary closing of their universities in consequence of tumults, began to join the ranks of the malcontents, and bethought themselves of giving public lectures which every one could attend, without being inscribed at the university. One of the best friends of the students, a literary

man, of the name of Michayloff, was about this time exiled to the Siberian mines. His proscription raised a storm of indignation. Altogether, if we compare the banishments to Siberia under Nicholas and Alexander II., we find that of late years the number of exiles sent thither has been incessantly increasing, so that it is now four times larger than under the rule of a monarch who stands in history as the very type of unmitigated hard-heartedness.

X.

THE Crimean war, bringing to light, as it did, the inner weakness of imperialist rule, was calculated to embolden the centrifugal tendencies among the discordant nationalities of the empire. The Baltic provinces have for some time past been looked upon as the mainstay of the Russian administration. Yet, even there, Bishop Walter, the Superintendent-General of Livonia, was heard to say, by way of reply to governmental encroachments upon local charters and privileges: "In religion we shall always remain Protestants. In politics we shall continue to be Germans." His deposition followed quickly upon the significant speech.

In Finland, which in nationality, speech, history, and culture, stands out distinctly from the bulk of the Muscovite Empire, there were signs which Government could not ignore. Toward the end of the Crimean war, Sweden-Norway had bound herself by a defensive treaty to England and France. It was considered necessary, at that time, to provide against the possibility of Russia claiming the important Norwegian harbor of Hammerfest, which lies opposite the English coast, and, though situated in the semi-Arctic region, is ice-free during winter. The news of this treaty made an impression all over the North. There was some apprehension in the councils of Alexander II. that Finland, which had been robbed by Russia of her special constitution, would gravitate back toward a connection with the Swedish Crown. The Finnic Diet was, therefore, restored. Though the autonomy thus allowed was more a name than a strong parliamentary reality, the fact itself could not but serve to bring out all the more glaringly the dead level of political slavery in Muscovy proper.

Among the Russian nobility the desire for parliamentary rule was fed by the concession to Finland. Some of the nobles wished to indemnify themselves by political privileges on the oligarchal principle for any losses that might befall them through serf emancipation. Others, of a more liberal turn of mind, wished to benefit the interests of the community at large by the introduction of full representative government. In almost all the corporations of the Russian no-

bility the language held was of an unheard-of boldness.

Demands for some kind of a *duma*, or Parliament, were brought forward by the assembled nobiliary orders of Moscow, Smolensk, Novgorod, Pskov, Saratov, Tula, and Tver. Instead of giving simply the desired answer to the questions addressed to them on the subject of serf emancipation by the Home Secretary, Mr. Valueff, they combined their replies with a demand for a charter. They also insisted on strict responsibility before the law of every government official; on protection for the rights of person and property through the introduction of spoken evidence in judicial proceedings, and of trial by jury, in the place of the accustomed written and clandestine forms of procedure; on the publication of a detailed budget of revenues and expenses, so as to allay the fears of a financial crisis; and on liberty of the press in the discussion of economical and administrative reforms.

At St. Petersburg an address was proposed, which, under outwardly respectful forms toward the Emperor, spoke out strongly against "the oppression exercised by those who represent the sovereign power." The address said: "Every violation of the principles of justice; the irresponsibility of men in the enjoyment of his Majesty's confidence; all the irregularities, persecutions, and abuses which are practiced destroy the people's confidence in the Government, shake their loyalty toward the monarch, and even sap his supremacy." Stress was further laid on "the tendency which shows itself in certain parts of the empire *to withdraw from the general unity*." The address concluded with these words: "Representatives ought to be convoked from all the provinces of the empire, so that the Sovereign might learn the wants of the people, and that legislative questions and important state affairs might be discussed before being settled. Without such a general popular representation we must fear for the stability of the empire, and can *foresee its speedy dissolution*."

Unlike the resolutions in the other nobiliary corporations, the address just mentioned was not put to the vote at St. Petersburg. The majority of the members there were too much under the fear of persecution. On the other hand, the nobility of Tver, which for some time past had been in the vanguard of the progressive movement, drew up, in its sitting of March 14, 1862, a resolution of seven points, containing a free and voluntary surrender of all its aristocratic privileges, and an offer to make to the peasantry large grants of land; insisting at the same time on "the convocation of a national assembly chosen by the whole people, without distinction of classes." The resolution was adopted by one

hundred and twenty to twenty-three votes. Immediately afterward, thirteen justices of the peace of Tver, who had acted in consonance with these views, were arrested and led as prisoners to St. Petersburg.

Alexander II. neither would grant the convocation of a national Parliament, nor did he allow even the petitioning in favor of such a reform, without giving practical proofs of his sovereign displeasure and imperial wrath.

XI.

WHILE Muscovy proper was occupied and agitated by these demonstrations for the parliamentary principle, and by the widely ramified conspiracies of the "Red Cock," the Polish provinces were excited by a renewed movement in favor of nationality and self-government.

Many had assumed there was an end of Poland. Ignorance repeated the famous but false and forged word ("*Finis Polonia!*") which is attributed to Kosciuszko.* The Russian General Fadeyeff, one of the most uncompromising Pan-

* Owing to the persistence with which this falsehood always crops up afresh, it may be useful to give once more the text of the letter addressed by Kosciuszko to Count Ségur, the author of the "*Décade Historique*," under date of Paris, 20th Brumaire, year XII. (October 30, 1803). I have translated it from the French original, which is in the archives of the Ségur family, and which has been communicated to me by Mr. Ch. Ed. Choiecki. Kosciuszko wrote:

"Ignorance or malignity, with fierce persistence, has put the expression '*Finis Polonia!*' into my mouth—an expression I am stated to have made use of on a fatal day. Now, first of all, I had been almost mortally wounded before the battle was decided, and only recovered my consciousness two days afterward, when I found myself in the hands of my enemies. In the second instance, if an expression like the one alluded to is inconsistent and criminal in the mouth of any Pole, it would have been far more so in mine. When the Polish nation called me to the defense of the integrity, independence, dignity, glory, and freedom of our fatherland, it knew well that I was not the *last* Pole in existence, and that with my death on the battle-field, or elsewhere, Poland could not, and would not, be *at an end*. Everything the Poles have done since, or will yet do in the future, furnishes the proof that if we, the devoted soldiers of the country, are mortal, Poland herself is immortal; and it is therefore not allowed to anybody either to utter or to repeat that insulting expression (*l'outrageante épithète*) which is contained in the words '*Finis Polonia!*' What would the French say, if, after the battle of Rossbach, in 1757, Marshal Charles de Rohan, Prince de Soubise, had exclaimed, '*Finis Gallie!*' Or what would they say if such cruel words were attributed to him in his biographies? I shall therefore be obliged to you if, in the new edition of your work, you will not speak any more of the '*Finis Polonia!*'; and I hope that the authority of your name will have its due effect with all those who in future may be inclined to repeat those words, and thus attribute to me a blasphemy against which I protest with all my heart."

slavists, who wishes to see the sway of the Czar extended over Austro-Hungary and Constantinople, appreciated the situation more correctly when, even after the overthrow of the rising of 1863-'64, he wrote: "No one can imagine that the Polish question is in reality settled. All its component parts are quite as alive now as formerly. . . . The western provinces of Russia, in their present condition—and not only the kingdom of Poland, but even the province of Volhynia as well, where the Catholics number only ten per cent. of the population—will certainly become thoroughly Polish and hostile to Russia on the *first appearance of a foreign foe*."

The insurrection of 1863 was undoubtedly the work of a conspiracy—led, not by the older stock of Polish patriots or emigrants, but mostly by very young men. The Democratic Committee at Warsaw which prepared, and the Secret National Government which officered, the rising, were wellnigh exclusively composed of men of the younger generation. This is an important fact, in so far as it testifies to the vitality of the national elements in Russian Poland. Nor had English statesmen and politicians of all parties any doubt, at that time, either as to the righteousness and practical nature of the Polish cause, or as to the atrocious character of the Government of Alexander II. The news of the simultaneous rising all through Poland on January 21, 1863, at once revived English sympathies for a down-trodden nation. Lord Ellenborough and Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Disraeli, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and Lord John Russell, the then Foreign Secretary, were strong upon Polish grievances. In both Houses of Parliament pictures of Russian atrocities were drawn, which fired the heart of England with indignation. Mr. Forster declared in the House that England was henceforth freed from the compact by which she had sanctioned the Czar's sovereignty over Poland. At an enthusiastic meeting in St. James's Hall, Sir John Shelley in the chair, the question as to whether, in case Russia persisted in her course, England ought to declare war against the Autocrat, was answered by a tremendous cry of "Yes!"*

* Having myself been called to Scotland to speak at Glasgow, and in other towns, on the situation in Germany and the rising in Russian Poland, resolutions were passed there to the following effect: Rupture of all diplomatic relations with the Russian Government; recognition of Poland as a belligerent nation; declaration of British sympathy with Germany in her efforts at gaining her own freedom and unity; formation of a committee destined to receive subscriptions for the Polish rising; transmission of a petition to the House of Commons, and of an address to the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, with the object of promoting the Polish movement. (See Louis Blanc's "*Lettres sur l'Angleterre*," Paris, 1866, vol. i.)

In the House of Commons it was shown that, according to a statement made by the Town Council of Warsaw, on July 20, 1862, the number of men and women thrown into a single prison in that city since the beginning of the year, under a charge of political offenses, had been 14,833; that such had been the ravages of forced conscription that in November, 1862, only 683 persons had been left at Warsaw for the pursuits of commerce in a population of 184,000 inhabitants; that Prince Gortchakoff had threatened to inaugurate a policy of extermination, and to make of Poland a heap of ashes; that the barracks and fortresses had been transformed into dungeons for political prisoners; and that in the terrible night of January 13, 1863, the houses of the citizens were surrounded and invaded at one o'clock in the morning, in order to fill the ranks of the Russian army with unfortunate kidnapped men.

So strongly did English public opinion then pronounce against the Government of Alexander II., that Lord John Russell at last presented "Six Points" to the Cabinet of St. Petersburg. They asked for a complete and general amnesty; a national Parliament of Poland, in conformity with the treaty of Vienna of 1815; an Administration exclusively composed of Polish officials; full liberty of conscience; the use of the Polish language on all public occasions and in the education of the people; and a regular system of military recruitment, instead of the arbitrary seizure of persons. As a preliminary measure, an armistice was insisted on by the English Government, who also proposed a conference of the eight signatory powers of the treaty of Paris.

Need it be said that Alexander II. utterly declined to discuss these proposals?

A sudden change, it is true, came one day over Lord John Russell's views in this Polish matter, when he declared, in a tone of great excitement, that the insurrection had been organized by the "cosmopolitan party of revolutionists"—more especially by Mazzini and his friends—and that the object was to introduce communism into Poland! A more erroneous, nay, on the face of it, impossible statement could scarcely have been made. It is difficult to understand how a statesman of the age and experience of Lord John Russell could allow himself to be thus deceived. He may have found it necessary to oppose the demands for armed English intervention in Poland when he saw that Louis Napoleon wished to improve the occasion for an attack on the Rhine. But then Lord John was not entitled to produce arguments which were the reverse of facts.

So little was Mazzini inclined to communism that he, on the contrary, during the best part of

his life, and down to his last days, attacked the communistic doctrines in frequent writings. Nor did he organize the Polish insurrection. To this I can personally testify. He was in contact with patriots and exiles of many nations; and he, together with Ledru-Rollin, and a few others in London, were informed of what was coming in Russian Poland, some time before the rising. The Warsaw committee had their trusty agent here, through whom we learned the day of the intended insurrection. Opinions were exchanged between well-wishers in London and the leaders at Warsaw; but the organization and the direction entirely proceeded from within Poland. Shortly before the Polish patriots rose, Mazzini had even given the distinct counsel to delay the rising. But the tyrannic decree of conscription, or rather proscription, by which the Polish youths were to be all seized in the dead of night and transported as recruits into the interior of Russia, left the Warsaw committee no choice. Under these circumstances, Mazzini's counsel could not possibly be followed.

So far from communism having been at the bottom of the insurrectionary movement, the leaders aimed at nothing but national independence, combined with a land reform, such as France and Germany have carried long ago, and as England still stands in need of. Equality before the law, freedom for all creeds, and other liberal measures were mentioned in the published decrees of the Secret Government at Warsaw. The rest would have had to be done by a freely-elected assembly had the revolution been successful. The members of the Secret Government were adherents of the democratic creed; at least, at the beginning of the rising. Gradually, a change became observable, but certainly not in the communistic sense. I have mentioned more amply on another occasion that differences, albeit only of a passing character, showed themselves in the leading committee a few months after the revolution had been begun. It was on the question of intervention and foreign alliances.

Louis Napoleon, ever on the lookout for an opportunity of meddling with affairs abroad, flattered himself with the hope of being able to induce England to effect, in company with him, an intervention in Poland. To my knowledge, some go-betweens of his made an attempt to see whether a Polish demand for French intervention could not be addressed to him, so that his own ambitious policy might find a readier acceptance in the public opinion of Europe. The Jeromist or Plon-Plonist connection was used as a lever for that purpose. This move, coupled with a change of persons then just going on in the composition of the Secret Government at Warsaw, gave rise to a temporary dissension,

which for a while paralyzed the insurrectionary activity. Finally, the Napoleonic tendency was entirely thrown out, and the old programme was maintained, which aimed at deliverance by Polish forces only.

All this had nothing to do with communism. Lord John Russell was egregiously mistaken.

XII.

BEFORE the rising there were two chief committees at Warsaw—both clandestine, according to the nature of the situation. The one was a democratic Committee; the other an aristocratic one—the so-called Committee of the *Szlachta*, or Nobility. The latter mainly sought to bring about peaceful but impressive manifestations in the streets, while the former aimed at revolutionary action. When the *Szlachta* Committee found that, in order to obtain the aid of the peasantry, it would be necessary to hold out promises of a land reform, its members lost heart. Finally, they withdrew altogether from the direction of affairs. Then the Democratic Committee obtained the upper hand and the sole management of the movement. Its members and adherents, too, belonged partly to the lesser nobility; and, as the landholding class and the comparatively few towns in Russian Poland are almost exclusively the representatives of political thought, of national aspirations, and of general progress, it will easily be understood that even the Democratic Committee could not go too far in its measures of social revolution lest it should alienate its best allies and create division in its own ranks.

This also Lord John Russell might have been expected to know.

I will not enter here into the causes of the failure of the Polish rising, on which I have before expressed myself, beyond indicating a few noteworthy points. The leaders of the conspiracy calculated, first, upon a more energetic participation of their own peasantry than had been the case on former occasions. Secondly, they counted upon the promised passing over to the revolutionary cause of Russian troops, especially of officers, and upon the outbreak of a popular movement at Moscow and at St. Petersburg. I know that assurances to that effect had been freely given to the leaders of the Polish rising, though I always doubted that they would be made good. The spirit of Pestel and Murawieff had, in 1863, not been revived yet among any noteworthy number of Russian officers. Mr. Ivan Golovin, in 1870, stated in his book* that Alexander Herzen had given an assurance that the Warsaw garrison would pass over to the

Poles; "but the officers," Mr. Golovin adds, "were Poles or Catholics, and not the tenth part were real Russians." Lastly, the Secret Government at Warsaw hoped that the constitutional conflict then raging in Prussia between the liberal House of Commons and the reactionary Government of King William and Herr von Bismarck would result in a practical aid to the Polish cause by preventing the King of Prussia from taking action in favor of the Czar.

It is a matter of notoriety how these various hopes were disappointed. As to the manifestoes which it was alleged by Herzen had been issued by Russian officers as a pledge of sympathy with Poland, they proved to be mere words, if not a downright invention. Carrying on a struggle of despair, without any support, the Polish patriots yet kept the whole power of Russia fully occupied for nearly a year and a half. Toward the end of the insurrection, the more advanced party which had organized it found itself compelled, through increasing difficulties, to enter into closer relations with the Moderate, or so-called Aristocratic, party of Polish emigrants abroad, whose political connections and financial means, it was supposed, might give some aid to a sinking cause.

It was all of no avail. The agony was a long and tragic one. At last the catastrophe came; and with feelings of deep emotion we greeted General Langiewicz on his arrival in London as a fellow exile.

I will not unroll here the picture of the fresh horrors that followed upon the overthrow of a rising which had been the result of unbearable atrocities. To do so would require the brush of a Breughel, the painter of hellish demons. "There are no innocent persons," General Sobolewski said in 1863, when presiding over one of the Commissions of Inquiry at Wilna—"there are no innocent persons; we only inquire to what degree every individual is guilty."

"The law?" exclaimed General Murawieff, with a satanic leer—"I am the law!" He was, according to the well-known phrase, not of the Murawieffs who get hanged, but of the Murawieffs who hang others. He, Berg, Anjenkoff, and other military executioners of the Torquemada school, did their sanguinary business efficiently all through this terrible period. The very name of Poland was struck from the official phraseology in Russia. There was henceforth only a Department of the Vistula. The Polish speech was proscribed in public. The tyrant tried to tear out the very heart from a nation's bosom.

At Nice, Alexander II. afterward shed tears at the sight of the misery of an exiled Polish family. When asked whether his Majesty would not, in the fullness of his power, do something to mitigate the sufferings, he replied, "I have given

* "Russland unter Alexander II.," Leipsic, 1870.

my word of honor to Murawieff not to interfere in such matters!" The quality of the imperial tears in question need not be described.

Mr. Golovin writes: "Ivan the Cruel has not acted differently toward Novgorod from what Alexander II. has done to the Poles. A proof is thus furnished that Russian Autocrats have changed their names but not their principles. In Germany it has been truly said that Germans still see in the Poles fellow men, while the Russians act inhumanly against the Poles." I quote by preference the opinion of a prominent Russian writer, who, though exiled himself, speaks severely against the Nihilists, and who is so far from systematically opposing the Russian Government policy as to say, in the work in question, that "the present Emperor has only followed the footsteps of Alexander the Great as far as Samarcand, and that it remains reserved to Alexander IV. to conquer India."

This was written by Mr. Golovin before Alexander II. had made an attempt to get, by a back door, into Afghanistan.

XIII.

In spite of its failure, the Polish rising had a remarkable effect. It actually brought a reform, not to the crushed Poles, but to the Russians. Various symptoms in some of the Great Russian and Little Russian provinces, as well as in Lithuania, has shown, during the insurrection, that a dangerous spirit of discontent was rife there also. It required all the crafty arts of government and all the violent declarations of Katkoff and his sort to keep even the Muscovites up to the desired mark of hatred against the Poles. Among a section of the Russian nobility the treatment awarded to the latter was strongly blamed.

It was as a sop to these feelings of unrest that the Czar issued, on January 21, 1864, a ukase for the introduction of provincial (departmental and district) assemblies for the discussion of local economical questions. Politics, of course, were strictly forbidden.

Russian liberalism, misled for a time during the Polish Revolution, revived after this peril was over. A portion of the Russian land-owning class began asserting again that "it was but right the Crown should give up some of its despotic privileges after the aristocracy had been shorn of their former power over the serfs." The Corporation of the Moscow Nobility being on the point of asking the Emperor once more to grant representative government, its session was hurriedly closed by a peremptory order. An imperial ukase declared that "the right of taking the initiative in any reform was vested in the

monarch, and inseparably bound up with his God-conferred autocratic power; that no class was lawfully entitled to speak in the name of another, or to plead before the throne for public concerns and wants of the state; and that irregularities of this kind could only delay the execution of the planned reforms."

It would have been impossible to lay down the despotic principles of the Czar-Pope with a more uncompromising severity. In the midst of the public indignation thereby created, Karakasoff—formerly a student at the Moscow University, and whose father belonged to the class of the titled nobility—on April 16, 1866, made an attempt against the life of the relentless and scheming Autocrat.

This was the first personal warning to him who had always feared that he would die a violent death.

Many were the men whom a suspicious despotism arrested, after Karakasoff's deed, as probable or possible accomplices—the best evidence that autocracy, at the slightest show of danger, feels the soil insecure under its feet. Thus the poets Nekrassoff and Lawroff were imprisoned for a time. Karakasoff was executed. Thirty-five alleged accomplices of his conspiracy were sentenced to imprisonment or transportation.

In the following year, during Czar Alexander's visit to Paris, the Pole Berezowski pointed the pistol at his breast. A French jury taking a lenient view of the matter, the life of that would-be avenger of his country's wrongs was spared. Perhaps the jury thought of the countless hosts that had had to make the pilgrimage into the Valley of Death, in order that a single man might uphold his irresponsible rule over many enslaved nations.

I shall have to speak, in a concluding article, of the time between the attempt of Berezowski and that of Solovieff. With the obstinacy of the Autocrat the fierce resolution of his foes has grown—a very natural law of action and reaction, which it would be useless to deny, sad as the outlook is for the cause of humanity. The atmosphere of blood, which has for ages hovered over the Imperial Palace of Russia, has spread now over the country at large. A strange aurora borealis of mysterious fires once more illumines the horizon with its dark-red arrows. Nihilists are at work. Fire-raisers are at work. Peasants also have broken out into revolt. We can only hope that these are the inevitable thunder-clouds of a necessary storm destined to purify the air, to drive away the foul mists of tyranny, and to confer upon long-suffering Russia the blessings of Light and Right.

KARL BLIND, in the *Contemporary Review*.

A NOVELIST OF THE DAY.

"THE style is the man"; and there is a sense in which the remark has more truth about it than may generally be suspected. There is no need to dwell here on the deeper idiosyncrasies of character which an analysis of the mode of expression adopted by distinguished or undistinguished authors may reveal. The meaning now attached to the famous phrase is purely personal, and the proposition now laid down is that one may trace, very much more frequently than is perhaps generally supposed, a strong likeness between books and their authors—that the ring of the printed sentence often echoes in the writer's voice; that his or her casual conversation reflects the published periods, whether long or short; that the letter-press is an extension of the presence; and that as the poet, humorist, or historian is on paper, so is he for the most part in society. It is sometimes said that the men who are the wittiest in the study are the dullest at the dinner-table; and one is reminded that Thackeray, unless he found himself in congenial company, was very apt to preserve a moody and melancholy silence. Again, one has been told the ideas and jokes of authors represent the greater part of their literary capital; how, then, can it be expected that they should shower upon a miscellaneous assemblage those jewels of thought and gems of wit which have their market value in Fleet Street and Paternoster Row? Hence the notion exists that the writer of the most laughter-moving of contemporary volumes should be severely reserved in public; and that in all cases there is a great gulf fixed between the life and atmosphere, so far as the personality of the author is concerned, of the printed page and that with which he is identified in the actual world of fact. It may be very much doubted whether this view is adequately supported by experience. I have yet to learn that the accomplished wag who enlivened the public with his "Happy Thoughts" strictly insists upon giving his private friends the benefit of his serious meditations. I should be disposed to say that the brilliancy and knowledge which are to be found in the writings of the most remarkable journalist of the day are adequately reflected in his ordinary talk, and that the felicitous choice of words which characterizes his pen is in the same degree the quality of his lips. I should be surprised to hear that the great philosopher of our time who has applied the doctrine of evolution to the phenomena of human progress was not, when standing on the drawing-room hearth-rug, or strolling on a well-shaven lawn, the same

infallible oracle that he is in his sociological writings. I have never yet been told that Dickens lacked, at Gad's Hill or in London, or wherever else he happened to be, the animal spirits which suffuse every page of his writings; or that Charles Lever, across the walnuts and the wine, was not precisely the man in whom one would expect to recognize the creator of Charles O'Malley and Harry Lorrequer. I have never yet found Professor J. S. Blackie less exuberant in his conversation than in his printed prelections on modern Greek, modern education generally, and in his "Lays of the Highlands and Islands." It seems to me that the gifted author of "Piccadilly" talks and acts in private life very much as one would expect the profound believer in the virtues of episcopacy, which he is known to be, to act and talk.

This list of such instances might be materially lengthened from the resources of even a limited experience, but it will be enough to crown it with one crucial illustration. If the identity between the Mr. Anthony Trollope of private life and the Mr. Anthony Trollope who has enriched English literature with novels that will yet rank as nineteenth-century classics is not immediately perceived, it can only be because the observer is destitute of the faculty of perception. "The style is the man"; the popular and successful author is the straightforward, unreserved friend; the courageous, candid, plain-speaking companion. As it is with the dialogue of Mr. Trollope's literary heroes and heroines, so is it with the conversation of Mr. Trollope himself. In each there is the same definiteness and directness; the same Anglo-Saxon simplicity which can only not be called studied, because in all things it is Mr. Trollope's characteristic to be spontaneous. As a writer—I do not of course speak of the elaboration of his plots—Mr. Trollope is precisely what he is as a talker, and what he is, or used to be, as a rider across country. He sees the exact place at which he wants to arrive. He makes for it; and he determines to reach it as directly as possible. There may be obstacles, but he surmounts them. Sometimes, indeed, they prove for the moment serious impediments. Perhaps they actually place him *hors de combat*, like a post and rails that can not be negotiated, or a ditch of impracticable dimensions. It does not matter. He picks himself up, pulls himself together, and presses on as before. The sympathy which is the invariable accompaniment of a broad and manly imagination, Mr. Trollope has in abundance. But an opinion rapidly crystallizes

with him into a conviction, and a conviction is, in his estimation, a thing for which to live or die. He does not exclude from his consideration all that conflicts with this view, but he has for it only a theoretical toleration. One is almost reminded in his case of the nearly instantaneous luxuriance displayed in the growth of tropical vegetation—a phenomenon, by the by, which was never described better than by Mr. Trollope himself in his book on the "West Indies and the Spanish Main." The impression seems hardly to have been formed when it blossoms forth into an article of faith. The climate may be uncongenial to the development—so much the worse for the climate; the facts may be stubbornly opposed to it; but is man, then, a slave, that he should bow to facts?

One could scarcely have a better illustration of this generous and most chivalrous tendency on the part of Mr. Trollope, as it may be witnessed in his writings, than is to be seen in his recently published little work on Thackeray. The view here taken of Thackeray's character is, if I may be pardoned for saying so, the conventional one—that the immortal author of "Vanity Fair" had nothing in the veins of his moral nature but the pure, unadulterated milk of human kindness; that he was superior to petty animosities and literary jealousies; that he had nothing about him which was not great and almost godlike; that it is as preposterously unrighteous to hint at the presence of the cynic in his writings as to suppose that envy, malice, or any other form of uncharitableness has a home in the Elysian Fields. This is hero-worship with a vengeance. It is as unreasonable as the cloying panegyric with which the late James Hannay smeared the memory of his patron, though it has the redeeming merit of being absolutely disinterested. But Mr. Trollope fails to perceive that Thackeray, as he paints him, is an impossible personage, a human creature infinitely too good for human nature's daily food. Of course there is the sham cynic and the real one, and Thackeray's cynicism was not of that very cheap and shallow order which can see nothing but material for laughter in the softer and more sentimental aspects of human nature. What is or what ought to be meant by cynicism is a refusal, based upon experience and observation, to explain all human actions by reference to the same guileless and disinterested motives as are alone recognized in the philosophy of gush. In this sense Thackeray was a consummate cynic; and those have studied his works to small purpose who have not carried away from them more than enough of knowledge to be aware of the fact. Mr. Trollope knows life, and has observed it well. If he were to look upon such a portrait as that which he himself has painted of

Thackeray executed by another hand, and perhaps of a different original, he would probably criticise it as being too angelically perfect; but on such a matter as this what is the use of argument?

In this temper may be seen evidence of the intensity of enthusiasm with which Mr. Trollope's nature is charged. Never certainly was there an enthusiast who had about him so little that is dreamy and so much that is absolutely impracticable. The ordinary enthusiast meditates largely, perpetually cultivates a fine sort of inspired frenzy, and does nothing. He builds castles in the air, and he never thinks of inhabiting them. He piles imaginary towers upon fictitious foundations, and the whole fabric topples over because the lessons of experience have been disregarded by the architect. Now, Mr. Trollope, enthusiast and castle-builder though he is and has always been, is practical as well. He may have his phantasies and chimeras and crotchets and hobbies; yet for all this the world in which he lives is no visionary one, but one in which close attention to facts and details is a paramount necessity. Enthusiasm—it may be impetuosity—is only one of the accidental modes of development assumed by Mr. Trollope's imagination. It has become a species of necessary condition of his thought; and just as great athletes find it desirable frequently to exercise their muscles and sinews by wielding dumb-bells, brandishing Indian clubs, and other feats of strength, so does Mr. Trollope keep his mental elasticity fresh and vigorous by tilting against windmills and by defending paradoxes. This is part of the charm of the man, or at least of the secret of his charm. As with his writings, so with his social converse. In Mr. Trollope's nature extremes may be said to balance extremes. The most enthusiastic of men, he is of all men also the most practical. The qualities which he has consistently displayed in the exercise of his art as novelist are those which, applied to any other department of intellectual industry, would have secured him success, and probably eminence. His energy has been untiring; his productive powers have neither flagged nor paused. Mr. Trollope was not an inexperienced author long before he was an author who found authorship a lucrative concern. He had written two or three novels, chiefly illustrative of Irish life; he had written some extremely able letters on the state of Ireland in the "Examiner," then conducted by his friend, the late John Forster: he had done all this, and he had produced one or two unacted plays into the bargain, before he saw his way clear to making an income by his pen. At an age when many men are thinking of relaxing their toils, or are at least anticipating as not far

distant the day when they may be able to meditate retirement, Mr. Anthony Trollope found his career as a prosperous and indefatigable man of letters really at its commencement. Unless I am mistaken, the golden harvest which "The Warden" yielded was not ingathered till its author had not merely reached, but passed, Thackeray's age of wisdom, and was the wrong side of the Rubicon of "forty year."

The publication of this novel was the first great era in Anthony Trollope's literary life. It placed a career manifestly within his reach; it gave him a name; it opened up to him large opportunities of future and most remunerative toil. The chief historical and general interest of the book arises from the fact that it was the earliest venture made by Mr. Trollope in that department of socio-ecclesiastical fiction which he may be said to have created for his own special delectation and profit. It is natural to ask what were the circumstances which first led Mr. Trollope to seek the materials of his fictions in the doings of ecclesiastical circles, and what were the special opportunities of observing these which he had enjoyed. The son of a barrister, his mother being an authoress of great power and sprightliness, Anthony Trollope was at two public schools—Winchester first and Harrow afterward. He did not go to Oxford; and before he was twenty got an appointment in the Post-Office. He kept up his classics; and he did more than this, he perpetually cultivated his faculties of observation. He was always recording the experiences of his every-day life on the tablets of his memory, always planning something, always devising situations, and mentally inquiring what action on the part of individuals, of a certain variety of temperament, placed in certain circumstances, would follow a particular set of motives. This is the true education of the brain, and indeed of the pen, of the novelist, or of any artist who determines to make mankind his theme. Ever observant, ever vigilant, Mr. Trollope gradually acquired a fund of knowledge, gathered first-hand, and relating to a hundred different phases of existence, which was certain, sooner or later, to fructify. It was natural that accident should for the most part decide the line in which he was to make his *début* as a successful novelist. Accident did decide it, and an accident of a character which shows the enthusiastic quality of his mind. Rather less than twenty-five years ago there appeared in the "Times" a correspondence raising the issue whether a beneficed clergyman was morally justified in being a systematic absentee from the congregation for whose spiritual welfare he was responsible. The unfortunate ecclesiastic who had placed himself in this position was vehemently attacked. He or his friends advanced on his behalf the

best defense possible; and so, after an empty bout of controversy, the matter ended. But with Mr. Anthony Trollope it had only just begun. Perhaps no man has, in his broad views of life, less of the casuist about him; in minor matters few have the same fondness for the arguing of nicely casuistical questions. Here was a *casus conscientie* after his own heart. It set him thinking. His quick imagination and social experience opened up a vista of characters and situations, and "The Warden" was the result.

But what is to be said of the originals of the characters of "The Warden"—Bishop Proudie, Mrs. Proudie, and the rest of them? Probably Mr. Trollope might tell us that, after all, in clerical nature, masculine or feminine, there is a great deal of human nature; that, though the outer garb of humanity may vary much, its inward heart varies astonishingly little; that prelates with aprons, gaiters, shovel-hats, and other clerical trappings, are amenable to the same laws and considerations as any other middle-aged gentlemen clad in black, or in whatever other hue may be affected. Be this as it may, it is quite certain that Mr. Trollope took to writing novels of clerical life with no special knowledge of clerical character; and that he certainly knew not a tithe of what was known by George Eliot of the gossip and scandals of cathedral precincts when he made Barchester Towers and all their chief personages thoroughly familiar to the English public. In the town of Barchester one will in vain search for any evidence of identity with Winchester. Here and there a touch of Salisbury may be detected, but for the most part it is the general idea of a cathedral-town that is depicted, and not any particular city. Knowledge of the world, based upon great and varied experience, increased by study, fortified and enlarged by culture—these are the data out of which Mr. Trollope has manufactured what it is only natural to consider his extraordinary knowledge of, and insight into, clerical life. And is this not, it may be asked, the way in which genius usually works? The facts genius itself can not create; but the facts once given are capable of any number of combinations; and facts, when they are placed in juxtaposition, have a tendency to create new facts.

For eighteen years Mr. Trollope lived in Ireland, seeing all that there was to be seen—reading, writing, hunting, dining. Novel succeeded novel, and each was a success. The opportunities of his official life he did not, indeed, entirely refuse to utilize. His innate sense of justice, and of practical expediency, was scandalized by the proposal to institute the system of competitive promotion in the Civil Service; and "The Three Clerks" was the result. But "The Three

Clerks" is almost the only purely departmental fiction, if the phrase be permissible, which Mr. Trollope has ever written. He has given us touches of official life in all his novels, just as he has in most of club life, political life, hunting life, to say nothing of clerical life. But he likes an extended area; he enjoys the sensation of a free and unobstructed atmosphere. Hence it is that his best novels are novels of character rather than of incident. Throughout all of them there runs a central thread of unity, and this unity is to be found in the presence and development of a single character. Even in "Orley Farm," which, regarded as a story, is probably the best of his works, there can not be said to be any episode which is not subordinated to the character of the heroine, and which is not directly designed to illustrate the temptations that befall her. When Mr. Trollope has hit upon such a leading idea as this, he exemplifies and enforces it with whatever suggests itself as suitable in the treasure-house of diversified knowledge and experience which he has assimilated. And it is his peculiar power to be able to run this experience, so to speak, into any mold that the occasion suggests. To say that he can do this is the same thing as to say that he has acquired a consum-

mate mastery of his art. That, indeed, is precisely what Mr. Trollope has done. Practice, skill, literary ability, would not have enabled him to do all that he has done. It was necessary that these should be informed and quickened, as in Mr. Trollope's case they have been, by that enthusiasm which is itself a certain mood of genius—an enthusiasm intimately allied, in the case of Anthony Trollope, with the spirit of honor, loyalty, and integrity. Had he been less chivalrous, he might, from a purely worldly point of view, have been even more successful. He has had, and he has never abandoned, his views of the uses and objects of fiction; and he has endeavored consistently to act up to them, writing nothing which shame could ever prompt him to blot, and nothing which has not a practical bearing upon human life. So industriously and so successfully has he done this, that he has won, in a quarter of a century, nearly the most conspicuous place in the first rank of novelists of the day. Of the charm which his novels have to the contemporary reader, this only need be said—that they charm him for the same reason that they will be invaluable to the future historian of social England in the nineteenth century.

Time.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ABOUT MELANCHOLY AGAIN.

THE interesting and suggestive communication that follows may possibly find more general acceptance than our own view of the subject which it discusses. There is room, however, for wide difference of opinion, and in the comments that we have subjoined to the letter of our correspondent we have rather given expression to some of the ideas it has awakened than attempted to distinctly answer all its points. It is almost needless to say that the writer is a lady, of whose intelligent discernment the epistle bears ample evidence:

To the Editor of Appletons' Journal:

IN current reading-matter I have but just come to the July number of "Appletons' Journal," and to the editorial article on the prevalence of melancholy. The ideas there expressed being of that character which induces thought and inquiry, I should like to ask you a question or two on that subject, if I may do so without too much presuming on your time; for I hardly can think that your full belief is to be read in that discussion, which rather represents, to my mind, more of what is reserved than of what is offered.

First, I should be glad to know if you, without a

doubt, believe that a very large number of people of the most cultured class, men of thoroughly disciplined and highly serious minds, are having nothing better to do than acting a part? Is affectation really the motive with those who manifest some weariness in seeking the ends of the mysterious coil in which they find life evermore wound? Are they all without sincerity who become finally sad with watching the repeating rounds of existence as it is? If this is all that melancholy is—the mere caprice of a generation, a trick or fashion as we may say—it would naturally soon reach the end, even if reason or ridicule were without effect in restraining it, and thus might be, perhaps, of comparatively minor consequence. But if, instead, it be a more predominating thing of nature, something inevitable in the course of human development, a hard struggle would be indicated by an attempt to overcome it.

It seems to me there are some reasons *a priori* for thinking the condition real, and not a pretense of poets and sentimentalists. In the world's present consciousness, we must remember, are ages upon ages of sorrow. And what else could we expect but that with the inheritance of treasured knowledge the world's old suffering should transmit itself to the modern soul with new aggravation? Humanity is under the conditions of the child described by Wordsworth as imbued with the spirit of its mother's woe. You no doubt remember, what I do not, whether it was in the poem of "The Traveler"

that the wife's grief on account of the husband's never returning communicated itself to the child, which would sit quietly on the floor "and weep amid its toys."

Men's spirits would be unlikely to grow lighter where the accumulations of learning deepen. As

" . . . the individual withers,
And the world is more and more"—

our own mere joy in existence becomes least of what we are bent on. It is not egotism certainly, but the reverse, which leads men to consider how the tale of life's latest era is that of the first; too gloomily, perhaps, some observe the human race as always equally at the mercy of destiny, held and blinded, rising up with new hope each new day to its groping among the shadows. Without such yearning, idiots and animals are more happy in their daily lives—although the more intelligent animals, I believe, are sometimes very sad. I do not remember ever having noticed an apparently very melancholy fly, but horses will sometimes have almost as sorrowful an expression as any human countenance is seen to wear. Is it possibly to be imagined they get some consciousness of death in the world to abstractly trouble them?—not with very intellectual reasoning, but do you believe there would be nothing but vagary in a supposition of their having sometimes a kind of physico-spiritual sense of destiny which gives them that pathetic look? I wonder if that order of life is not sadder too than when the friezes of the Parthenon were modeled? Yet, I suppose, it would hardly be thought necessary to recall these friends of ours to the ancient state of mind among their species. And I confess to doubts about any such necessity in our own case. What is the real object, after all, of trying to keep the world very gay—appearing, as it were, with false complexion, and attempting the futile trick of being the same as in some former age? According to sociologists, we are to understand that the race is wiser and better than it ever has been; so that an increase of sadness seems not to go with a retrograde of moral and intellectual life. Then longevity increases, it is said, from which we could hardly charge the graver human mood with working ill to the physical order of the world any more than we could reckon it a result of this better material state.

The sad people of the present who are complained of are generally those who are finding the most light for the world in one way or another. They make no pretense of being satisfied that man should live without knowing why, should die unwilling, and that he knows not whether all be for him or he for all, but they have the courage to live their appointed days as nobly as is permitted them to do.

Where the people are gayer, as in Paris, it is largely otherwise.

Our poets, touching upon the irksomeness of these days, teach only a lofty abnegation of self to the unseen purpose of creation, and I do not know that scientific men lead higher than they. What, indeed, is the evidence, will you tell me, that the study of science dissipates gloom from the mind? Taken by itself, it seems to me to tend to coarsen feeling, although, with imagination and religiousness sufficient in the nature, not having that effect. And it is my impression (although I can not profess to have a knowledge of the facts which should warrant the assertion) that what you imagine the healthful mental state of scientific men does not prevent suicide from happening among them as frequently as among classes engaged in other forms of learning; but at the instant I can think of no other than Dr. Petermann as an example. Whatever their lives may show as respects

joy and despondency, the world gets no better teaching from these men of science than from the others who are represented as gathering storms within their souls, and suffering more. But he—

" Whose feet are firm although his heart be tost,
Who holds his agony with steady hand
Till it be dumb, and dares his work remand,
Not weakly sacrifice, is never lost."

The type of all that is best in the human life we ought not to forget was one in whose countenance the light of laughter was never seen.

Melancholy seems never to have been regarded as the natural accompaniment of evil-mindedness—a fact accounting for its having been so frequently assumed in wicked purposes, as those of Gloucester's Edmund:

" My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam."

And, unless there is something better than goodness to desire the increase of in the world, I do not see the reason why our capacity for cheerfulness should be cultivated beyond other powers we have—or, rightly limiting the idea to the point assumed, cultivated specially in any degree. The most that St. George Mivart is able to make out in answer to the question, "Is life worth living?" is that of the idea of our having duty to do in our place in the world—which we should find reason enough for continuing in it, I have no doubt; but your instruction comes to less than that as it seems to me, and, as I fancy, could be almost resolved into a charge, "Be happy and you will be good." We must ask no disturbing questions, but go and tend our flowers, and so on. Yet, let me admit at once that, wherever you strike out-of-doors, your aim appears to me to be perfect. One thing in the world we have to be thankful for, and that is the beauty of the world. Lest we be touched too little with the grace of reverent worship, we should not miss that loveliness you counsel us to seek; yet I do not see in it the means of preventing melancholy. And it seems to me we have more reason to be sad for anything else than that we are sad.

L.

We must say that our correspondent did not read our article with sufficient care, or she would not have asked us whether we believe that a very large number of persons of the cultured class are acting a part. We affirmed that melancholy has frequently been cultivated as a fashion; that the melancholy of the poets is often no more than a whimsical egotism or selfish bitterness, "but that the sadness that comes over the world now seems to have arisen from mental strain, from excess of meditation and study." Assuredly this sentence from our previous article answers the first question of our correspondent. Undoubtedly there are many persons who suffer acutely from melancholy, but the people who write about it most, who burst out into pathetic rhymes, who go about mourning the sadness and misery of life, are a set of idle and egotistic dreamers who either cultivate melancholy as a sign of poetic genius, or who are oppressed with ennui from pure idleness, or whose melancholy is nothing more than a reaction from dissipation. We have heard stalwart fellows deploring in lachrymose strains the misery of life in the very presence of confirmed invalids whose cheerfulness shed radiance upon all within their circle. The men who either affect melan-

choly or deliberately cultivate it should be well whipped to some honest, wholesome task; a few earnest things to do, a little subordination of their diseased egotism, some small control over their appetites, would send their affectations and their whims to the winds. But undoubtedly there is a great deal of genuine sadness in the world. Is this sadness increased by knowledge and culture? Is it a necessary product of intellectual development? Has the world grown graver because it has grown wiser? These are the questions which have recently been asked by many observers; so, putting aside all manufactured melancholy, and that which arises from either idle or dissipated habits, let us consider the aspects of genuine melancholy and the effect of culture upon it.

It is well known that melancholia is a common form of insanity, and one which physicians set down among the most obstinate and difficult of cure. Is this recognized mental disease anything more than an intense form of melancholy? Are not all people suffering under habitual depression of mind simply victims to a constitutional disorder? Our own answer to these questions is in the affirmative. We believe that with all truly healthful persons—healthful in mind as well as in body—joyousness is the natural, spontaneous, inevitable expression of their being. To breathe, to move, to live, are in themselves pleasure and happiness with all well-organized persons. There may be trials, sorrows, sufferings, misfortunes, even bitter experiences; but, so long as a healthful balance is maintained throughout the being, the spirit rebounds from these sufferings, and begins to weave hopeful promises for the future. No outward circumstance determines the cheerfulness or the sadness of men—the rich may be sad and the poor cheerful, the fortunate may be gloomy and the unfortunate full of hope, the sick may be full of the spirit of joy and the strong wrapped up in morbid gloom. Some persons are victims of dyspepsia, the most joy-killing of all ailments; some are victims of diseases that cast shadows upon the soul; some are cursed with a constitutional inclination to sadness. The causes are various, but every case of melancholy is the product of some defect in the organization. Melancholy is the absolute sign of disease, and a capacity for cheerfulness hence is nothing more than 'supreme good health—good health of mind even more than of body. Cheerfulness ought to be placed among the cardinal virtues, and its cultivation made incumbent upon every one as a duty. We are all bound to make the most of our faculties and our opportunities, and we can not do so with the mind clouded with apprehensions and sicklied o'er with melancholy, which, while so often the product of dyspepsia or kindred evils, is a potent cause of them. There is nothing that has so bad an effect on the general health as a melancholy state of mind; it is indeed often impossible for physicians to effect cures of bodily infirmities until the mind becomes elastic and hopeful. "Every power, bodily and mental," says Herbert Spencer, "is increased by good spirits. There is no such tonic," he adds, "as hap-

piness." Here we have an indisputable reason, our correspondent must admit, why cheerfulness should be cultivated, and cultivated specially as the distinct means of cultivating other powers.

Melancholy, then, is a mental disorder, and joyousness the natural and healthful state of the mind. Has this disorder been increased by intellectual culture, or, if increased by the increase of intellectual habits, is this effect at all a necessary one? It is perhaps true that the intellectual classes have greater tendency to melancholy than other people; but this is partially due, we suspect, to their sedentary habits, to a low order of physical health, to indigestion and other diseases that always come of neglect of exercise, and additionally to a fondness for introspective, subjective study of passions, and to the general hot-house atmosphere of our emotional literature. It is not evident that philosophers, historians, or jurists have exhibited a special tendency to melancholy. Indeed, the great lights in all literature for the most part have been men of serene and happy natures. If Dante and Cowper and Dr. Johnson were melancholy men, Shakespeare and Goethe and Scott and a vast number of others, eminent in all branches of letters, were not. It is certain, we think, that every form of healthful mental occupation brings to the mind joy rather than gloom or sorrow; and that melancholy, excepting for the moment all who are constitutionally afflicted with it, so far as it is the product at all of intellectualism, is the result of unhealthy forms of it. Every strain upon the emotions produces a morbid reaction; and this is why certain poets and all writers who force themselves into ecstasies of feeling suffer when the mental intoxication is over. Severe occupations that employ but do not excite the mind—whether low or high in degree—leave no taint of melancholy behind. It is not those persons who think most, nor those who are most keenly alive to the sorrows and misfortunes that befall mankind, that are overcome by sadness, but commonly the minds that work upon their sensibilities and feelings, that cultivate melancholy by the literature of the emotions. No doubt all such persons have at the beginning a tendency to melancholy, but, instead of cultivating cheerfulness, they have cultivated disease. Naturalists and men of science may not be free from melancholy, but their pursuits are certain to correct rather than promote whatever natural tendency they may have that way.

Matthew Arnold tells us that the cause of the greatness of Wordsworth's poetry "is simple, and may be told quite simply. It is great because of the extraordinary power with which Wordsworth feels the joy offered to us in nature, the joy offered to us in the simple elementary affections and duties; and because of the extraordinary power with which, in case after case, he shows us this joy, and renders it so as to make us share it." Here is a supreme test of the worth of all poetry, of all literature of the imagination, and of all art. There is really no reason for the existence of anything within the scope designated that does not fill the heart with

joy, that does not counteract the whole array of evils that make melancholy. We do not hesitate to make this assertion, hard and uncompromising as it may seem. Carried into effect, such an edict would sweep out of existence some very beautiful fables, no doubt, but as our sympathy for the sad fate of the Leanders and Romeos of story is really born of our previous joy in their being, we need not deprive the world of imagination of these pathetic legends. But romance and poetry and art that do not awaken in us thrills of pleasure, that do not deepen our delight in the world and in mankind, that do not afford us sweet morsels for meditation and appropriation, should be shut out from the light altogether, thrust back into the domains of darkness and unhealthful passion whence they came. What other possible mission should poetry and the arts have than to increase the happiness of mankind? If they fail to do this, if they cause unrest rather than rest, pain rather than delight, disease rather than health, they are simply an enemy of the race. We realize very well the sweetness of a sad strain in music and the righteous sympathy that sorrow awakens; these are things that soften and subdue our grosser passions and fill up the true measure of our being, but they are quite different from the gloom in which melancholy people enshroud themselves, which is commonly selfish rather than sympathetic, full of bitterness rather than sweetness. But, however this may be, inasmuch as happiness is the legitimate end of existence, the sole thing that makes it desirable or endurable, the worth of everything is determinable by its contribution to this end, and by this test alone should knowledge, progress, culture, literature, and art be measured.

THE POETRY OF THE FAMILIAR.

A DISTINGUISHED English writer on art—Mr. Comyns Carr—in commenting recently on some paintings of London scenes, pointed out a striking change in the conception of the picturesque that of late years has come about. It is but a little while since the landscape ideal first took possession of the artistic spirit, and at the beginning "the love of landscape implied a search for the wilder and more inaccessible kinds of scenery." Then, as the second stage in the movement, came a new perception of a more placid order of rural beauty, a race of painters arising "who deliberately abandoned the romantic grandeur of lake and mountain for the unobtrusive charm of quiet places; and, as the actual facts of the chosen scene grew to be less significant, an increasing importance was attached to the rendering of those fleeting realities of light and air which form the one enduring element of vitality in all landscape art." But even here the movement has not stopped, for, "as the full value of these truths of atmosphere became established, it was discovered that the principles of painting which their study had engendered were not necessarily confined to the country"—the life of the city, and even the human face, being only

so many accidents that serve to give interest and variety to a chosen scheme of light and shade, with its modifications of local color. In other words, the painter now finds conditions of atmosphere, of light, and shade, and color, which are the essential features of a painting, in the most familiar as well as in the most romantic scene, and even in the town as well as in the country.

There seems to us no little significance in the principle here set down, and it should be considered by those who think they must always go somewhere else than where they are in order to find scenes of beauty. We may be certain that the sensibility which needs the stimulus of strange or imposing scenery is in truth a very feeble sort of sensibility. Much as we talk about mountains, they really are beautiful only under certain conditions of light, without which being as uninteresting lumps as can be imagined. Light and atmosphere are the poetical facts in every landscape, and these may be found in all their evanescent, subtle, and exquisite beauties on the plains as well as among the mountains, and even in the streets of the city, although the pictorial resources of the town have not as yet been half guessed by our artists. The pictures which elicited the remarks by Mr. Carr that we have quoted illustrate, he tells us, some of the subtle and poetic possibilities of fogs, which are found to give refinement of form and delicacy of tone to the objects which they enshroud. Fogs, of course, are a famous feature of London street-scenes; but in all cities there are mists which the skillful painter can employ with telling effect in the delineation of his town-scenes. Sunsets and sunrises in the city are often very pictorial—the light irradiating gable, and roof, and chimney with a strange and mysterious beauty; but we recollect no instance of a painter making a study of them. If Mr. Carr's theory is right, we must believe that they soon will do so—will show us that, while we have all been longing for the pictorial beauty of woodland and meadow, there have been all about us hundreds of pictures full of charm had we only instructed our eyes to see them.

In this art movement we see just what has been going on in poetry and fiction. Poets and romancists began by believing that only romantic and picturesque scenes and incidents were worthy of their muse. They delighted in the supernatural; in the impossible, remote, and extravagant; in the grand, heroic, and appalling; but we all know how the romantic gradually shifted into the merely picturesque, and then the picturesque into the familiar, until at last it has been discovered that even the most homely scenes and objects often possess every attribute of poetry. The daisy under our feet and the peasant-girl in the meadow have really evoked some of the most beautiful poems in existence. It is the art always that makes the picture or the poem or the narrative a delight; and this fact our painters who complain that they have nothing to paint, and our writers who deplore the absence of the picturesque and romantic in our familiar life, should comprehend and remember.

THE HONORS TO THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

ARE we all who read of the royal and distinguished honors paid in England to the remains of the hapless Prince Imperial in a dream? Can it be true that a Queen of England lays a wreath of flowers on the coffin of a Bonaparte? Is it a British public that exhibits such profound and tearful sympathy for the fate of a scion of the house of Napoleon? Is it possible that this once-hated name is to be commemorated in the jealously guarded national mausoleum? A monument to a Bonaparte in Westminster Abbey! We may well rub our eyes in strange wonder, and ask what impossible revolution time may not bring about if these things are true? Let us go back in imagination some seventy years and picture to ourselves any one forecasting all that has just occurred in England—back to the time, within the memory of Englishmen now living, when the name of Napoleon Bonaparte was the most hated thing on earth. The whole nation was then united in a frenzy of detestation, and passionately bending all its resources and strength for the overthrow of the Corsican usurper. The unanimity of feeling against the Emperor of the French was something more than the ordinary passion which war evokes toward an enemy—it was deeper, broader, more intense, and more personal. Napoleon Bonaparte was not simply a soldier on the other side—a warlike enemy respected while feared; he was to the imagination of the British people nothing less than a ravenous monster, a usurper and adventurer—

" . . . a Vice of kings:

A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;

That from a shelf the precious diadem stole"—

a being so bloodthirsty and satanic that it was the imperative duty of the nations to rise up and utterly overthrow and destroy him. The name was absolutely a bugbear to frighten children with; the young generation then grew up to believe that the man who had usurped empire in France was nothing less than a fiend, a new and unheard-of product of human de-

pravity. It is difficult for us now to go back and realize the frenzy of hatred that then convulsed the entire British people; and we all know what tremendous exertions were made under the inspiration of this hatred to unseat the so-called usurper. For any one then to have dreamed even that in two brief generations the time would come when all England would be overwhelmed with grief at the death of the heir of that monster's house, that the greatest in the land would vie with each other in doing honor to the remains of a prince bearing the name of Napoleon, he would have been looked upon as a madman. No imagination then could have conceived such a thing as possible. And it is remarkable, moreover, that this change of feeling has not arisen from any change of political attitude toward the Bonaparte dynasty. It is still a conviction in England that the first Napoleon was a reckless adventurer whose unconquerable ambition drenched Europe in blood; while the history of the Second Empire is to their minds dark with perjury, usurpation, ambitious wars, and other infamies. Even Dean Stanley, who by virtue of his authority permits the erection of a monument to the dead Prince among the royal dead of England in Westminster Abbey, declares that he gloried in Sedan. It is tolerably certain that, while the English people have ceased to hate the name of Bonaparte, they have but little regret for the lost empire. We can only account for the demonstrations over the young Prince's body by excluding political reasons altogether, by recognizing that they were due to the tragic and dramatic contrast of his fate with the immense expectations that once clustered around his name, to the pitiful circumstances of his untimely fate, to a keen respect for a worthy young man, to a deep sympathy for the much afflicted mother, to a disposition always existing on the part of the English people to follow with headlong zeal any course in which the royal family leads the way; but, while these various motives are far from being discreditable, it is impossible not to contrast the striking spectacle with the unspeakable hatred which the name of Bonaparte once excited in the British heart.

Books of the Day.

PERHAPS the chief attraction of "The Lover's Tale"* lies in the fact that it is one of the earliest works of the poet who more than any other has charmed and delighted his generation. Mr. Tennyson explains in his preface that the first three parts of it were written in his nineteenth year, and that two only of them were printed when, feeling the imperfection of the poem, he withdrew it from the press. "One of my friends, however, who, boy-like, admired the boy's work, distributed among our

common associates of that hour some copies of these two parts, without my knowledge, without the omissions and amendments which I had in contemplation, and marred by the many misprints of the compositors. Seeing that these two parts have of late been mercilessly pirated, and that which I had deemed scarce worthy to live is not allowed to die, may I not be pardoned if I suffer the whole poem at last to come into the light, accompanied with a reprint of the sequel—a work of my mature life—"The Golden Supper"?"

These being the circumstances under which the poem at length appears, the critic is debarred from

* The Lover's Tale. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 16mo, pp. 32.

applying to it the standard of the poet's later work—seeing that it was rejected not merely by the matured taste of the more experienced writer, but by the judgment of the boy who wrote it, and before it could be submitted to the test of popular approval. That the judgment which condemned it was on the whole sound, will be readily conceded, we think, though few readers, now that they have it in authentic form, would be willing to lose the opportunity which it affords them of comparing the earlier with the later performances; of discovering to what extent the beauty and the fragrance of the full flower lay concealed in the just-opening bud. Instituting this natural comparison, we find in "The Lover's Tale"—though in an undeveloped form, as it were—several of Mr. Tennyson's greatest excellences, and nearly every one of his most characteristic defects. Taking the latter first, the attentive reader will be at once struck by the lack of skill in the narrative—the absence of that simplicity, directness, and animation which are essential to really good story-telling. This is a defect which Mr. Tennyson has never succeeded in removing from his work, and it is nearly as conspicuous in "Maud," and the Arthurian idylls, as in "The Lover's Tale," though in the former the attention is more apt to be diverted from it by the multiplicity of other beauties. The next unfavorable impression which the reader will probably get will be, that the sentiment is overstrained and somewhat hysterical, or, if not quite this, that the intensity of feeling aimed at is dissipated in the volubility and elaborateness of its expression. This also is a defect which Mr. Tennyson has never quite rid himself of, though some of his later compositions ("Ulysses," for example) show to what tense brevity of expression he can attain when he addresses himself deliberately to it. The other imperfections are of minor importance, and relate chiefly to those crudities of style which would naturally be looked for in the experimental work of a beginner, however marked his poetic faculty might be.

Coming now to the distinctive merits of the work, we will mention first that delicate ear for melodious measures, that supreme artistic use of language, that felicitous fitting of words to sense, which have always characterized Mr. Tennyson's poetry. Specimens of this—rare, it is true, but full of promise—may be found in "The Lover's Tale," and would have enabled the reader to identify its authorship with ease, had it been published anonymously. Such an identification would have been materially aided by that exaltation of feeling and refinement of manner which also distinguish Mr. Tennyson's work in all its periods. The original tale, as told by Boccaccio, is, to say the least, *warm*; in Mr. Tennyson's version it is full of passionate ardor, but perfectly virginal in its purity. Other qualities which can hardly fail to attract admiring attention are the appropriateness of the imagery, the epigrammatic precision and neatness of phrase, and the thus early revealed aptitude for natural description.

Both the faults and the merits we have enumerated are most conspicuously seen in the first part of

the poem. Here the author seems to find it difficult to get at close quarters with his story, or to work himself and the reader up to the proper pitch of feeling; yet in it are to be found the larger number of striking passages. This opening description of "The Lover's Bay" seems to us peculiarly felicitous in pitching the key-note of the tale:

Here far away, seen from the topmost cliff,
Filling with purple gloom the vacancies
Between the tufted hills, the sloping seas
Hung in mid-heaven, and half-way down rare sails,
White as white clouds, floated from sky to sky.
Oh! pleasant breast of waters, quiet bay,
Like to a quiet mind in the loud world,
Where the chafed breakers of the outer sea
Sank powerless, as anger falls aside
And withers on the breast of peaceful love;
Thou didst receive the growth of pines that fledged
The hills that watched thee, as Love watcheth Love,
In thine own essence, and delight thyself
To make it wholly thine on sunny days.

And here is another charming bit of natural description:

We trod the shadow of the downward hill;
We passed from light to dark. On the other side
Is scoop'd a cavern and a mountain hall,
Which none have fathomed. If you go far in
(The country people rumor) you may hear
The moaning of the woman and the child,
Shut in the secret chambers of the rock.
I too have heard a sound—perchance of streams
Running far on within its inmost halls,
The home of darkness; but the cavern-mouth,
Half overtrailed with a wanton weed,
Gives birth to a brawling brook, that passing lightly
Adown a natural stair of tangled roots,
Is presently received in a sweet grave
Of eglantines, a place of burial
Far lovelier than its cradle; for unseen,
But taken with the sweetness of the place,
It makes a constant bubbling melody
That drowns the nearer echoes. Lower down
Spreads out a little lake, that, flooding, leaves
Low banks of yellow sand; and from the woods
That belt it rise three dark, tall cypresses—
Three cypresses, symbols of mortal woe,
That men plant over graves.

As an example of that appropriateness of imagery and exquisite fitting of words to sense, of which we have spoken, we may cite the following passage, which describes the return to consciousness of the lover, who, under the first shock of learning that his beloved loved another, had fainted:

Long time entrancement held me. All too soon
Life (like a wanton too-officious friend,
Who will not *hear* denial, vain and rude
With proffer of unwished-for services)
Entering all the avenues of sense
Passed through into his citadel, the brain,
With hated warmth of apprehensiveness.
And first the chillness of the sprinkled brook
Smote on my brows, and then I seemed to hear
Its murmur, as the drowning seaman hears,
Who with his head below the surface dropped
Listens the muffled booming indistinct

Of the confused floods, and dimly knows
His head shall rise no more : and then came in
The white light of the weary moon above,
Diffused and molten into flaky cloud.

Fine as that is, it is surpassed by the following lines, in which the poem reaches its highest level :

There be some hearts so airily built, that they,
They—when their love is wrecked—if Love can wreck—
On that sharp ridge of utmost doom ride highly
Above the perilous seas of Change and Chance ;
Nay, more, hold out the lights of cheerfulness ;
As the tall ship, that many a dreary year
Knit to some dismal sand-bank far at sea,
All through the livelong hours of utter dark,
Showers slanting light upon the dolorous wave.
For me—what light, what gleam on those black ways
Where Love could walk with banished Hope no more ?

Of course these quotations, and a few more like them which might be culled, exhibit the poem at its best ; but it will be admitted, we think, that they almost excuse the piracy of which the author complains, and they certainly convey a keen sense of the severity of the standard by which Mr. Tennyson has been accustomed to judge his work.

IN spite of its inapt and somewhat fantastic title, Mr. Mallock's "Is Life worth Living?"* is one of the most important books which recent literature has offered to those readers for whom the great questions of life, death, and the future destiny of man still retain some vitality. In the long conflict between Religion and Science, there has been no lack on the part of the former of able and zealous championship ; but it may be said that the wellnigh universal defect of the works of such champions has been that they started from premises which Science categorically denies, and cited evidence which Science found it only too easy to refute or discredit. The special and peculiar strength of Mr. Mallock's book lies in the fact that, for the purposes of his argument, he accepts as proved the most radical and far-reaching dogmas of Science, and in fact constitutes them the chief weapons of his armory. It is on the assumption of the truth and universal acceptance of these dogmas that the power of his attack depends, and in so far as the attack is successful the fate of his antagonists is that of engineers who are "hoist with their own petard."

For example, one of the most common claims of the Positive Philosophy, as Mr. Mallock calls it, is that the progress of Science has utterly discredited all definite forms of theistic faith, or at least relegated them to the domain of dreams and visions. Accepting this as a fact, Mr. Mallock proceeds to show that the same logic which crumbles away the theories of the theologian is equally destructive to the theories of the scientist—that, in fact, the so-called certitudes of the one involve precisely the same fun-

damental assumptions as the so-called certitudes of the other. This demonstration is, of course, not new ; it being now one of the easiest and most familiar performances of schoolboy logicians to show that the agnostic doctrine is self-destructive—that if we can *know* nothing we can not even know that we know nothing, and hence that the mutually exclusive affirmations that we know nothing and that we know everything stand on precisely the same basis. If Mr. Mallock contented himself with this sterile logic of negation, his book would deserve but a passing mention for its literary skill ; for the great questions which come profoundly home to men's deepest affections and convictions are not to be settled by a mere juggle with words. This, however, is simply an episode in his argument ; and much the greater share of his effort is directed to showing that, on principles of exact thought, the truths of morality have precisely the same basis as the truths of religion, that the reasoning which destroys the one set equally destroys the other, and that by the admission of scientists themselves the truths of the moral order are indispensable to any belief in man's dignity or life's worth—are, in fact, the only thing which lift him above the beasts that perish. If, says Mr. Mallock in substance, your positive philosophy has proved that the belief in God and the other truths of religion is a vain dream, then it has proved in precisely the same manner and to precisely the same extent that the truths of morality, the distinction between right and wrong, virtue and vice, truth and falsehood, are also vain dreams ; and yet the most impassioned utterances of the leading exponents of your philosophy imply unmistakably that these distinctions are the loftiest and most significant of realities. If, on the other hand, you really mean what you say when you insist upon the worth and the compelling efficacy of moral truths, then the boasted ruthlessness of your logic evaporates in words, and you are completely estopped from heaping contumely upon those truths of theism which stand upon exactly the same evidence, and the only defect of which, as you admit, is the lack of proof of their objective existence.

Such, in very brief and general terms, is Mr. Mallock's argument ; and it will be conceded, we think, by the candid and intelligent reader that he demonstrates that the evidence for theism is precisely as strong as that for any other theory of nature or life which does not altogether deny the existence of the moral element in man. Had Mr. Mallock contented himself with fortifying this argument along all the avenues through which he has led up to it, his book, it seems to us, could hardly have failed to make a profound impression upon the thinking world ; but, without any assault from outside critics, his last three chapters go far to discredit if not to stultify his entire performance. In these three chapters he attempts to attack, as a sort of corollary to the proposition we have explained, the additional one that the Church of Rome embodies the only religion or scheme of faith possible to man, and offers the only refuge from the "brutal negations of posi-

* *Is Life worth Living?* By William Hurrell Mallock. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo, pp. 323.

tivism." In leaping the chasm which separates these two propositions, he leaves the firm ground of exact reasoning upon which he had previously stood, and takes avowedly to constructing "ideal pictures" of the functions of the Church in human society, which (also avowedly) do not correspond with the actual facts. His conclusions are not put dogmatically, and he adroitly evades or ignores the real obstacles which lie in the way of bridging the chasm; but, in spite of the discreet veil of tentative speculation which is thrown over the subject, the reader will hardly escape a feeling of resentment on finding that he has been reading a Romish tract, when he supposed himself to be reading an impartial discussion of some of the weightiest questions which the age offers anew for solution.

What we have written in the foregoing paragraphs refers only to what we may call the substance or pith of Mr. Mallock's book, but no estimate of its quality would be adequate which failed to take account of its manner. Without being elegant or even always correct, the style of Mr. Mallock is in a remarkable degree vigorous, lucid, and pleasing; and his firm and tenacious grasp of his argument is only surpassed by the copious appositeness of the knowledge with which he illustrates it. Apart from the intrinsic importance of the topics discussed, some of his chapters are well worth reading as mere specimens of trenchant dialectics; and in the closest and most intricate chain of reasoning he is never either dull or obscure. Perhaps the worst defect of the book on its literary side is the too frequent indulgence by the author of a very marked skill in spinning logical cobwebs—as in the case of the agnostic *reductio ad absurdum* spoken of above. When it comes to mere verbal fencing, the Berkeleyian proposition that the so-called external world has no existence save as reflected in the human consciousness is absolutely unimpeachable, or at least has never been successfully impeached; but Dr. Johnson's practical commentary upon it, when he stamped his foot upon a stone and said that *there* was sufficient proof of the existence of a stone, commends itself to the common sense of mankind, and will always outweigh mere word-catching, however adroit. It is from failing to perceive this important truth that Mr. Mallock's work sometimes appears to be lacking in seriousness, when, in fact, his feelings and convictions are enlisted in the matter to an altogether exceptional extent.

HAVING published in a recent number of the "Journal" the last chapter of Mr. Froude's "Cæsar,"* our readers have already had an opportunity of judging of both the quality and the purport of the work. That chapter is perhaps not the most interesting or the most characteristic; but it illustrates the author's method, and summarizes in a concise

and effective way the general conclusions at which he has arrived. The reader will have perceived from it that Mr. Froude takes a more favorable view not only of Cæsar's abilities, but of his character and motives, than has usually been presented by historians of the Roman Republic. He holds that Cæsar, far from being the destroyer of the liberties of his countrymen, rescued them from that worst of all tyrannies, the despotism of a corrupt and selfish aristocracy; and that he preserved and vivified such fragments of the ancient constitution as had not been already wrecked or paralyzed by the violence and anarchy of the fifty years preceding his own accession to power. Had Cæsar been suffered to live a few years longer, he thinks that he would have so strengthened the fabric of government that without any serious impairment of its original form it might have maintained its vitality for several generations; but "the murder of Cæsar filled the measure of their crimes, and gave the last and necessary impulse to the closing act of the revolution."

Of course, this exaltation of Cæsar involves an equivalent depression of the reputation of his opponents, critics, and "murderers." Most of these were simply the basest remnants of the old profligate aristocracy whom Cæsar's clemency had spared. Cassius was a high-born ruffian; Trebonius and Decimus Brutus were favorite and favored officers, whose treachery had a peculiar element of ingratitude; Marcus Brutus was the only one of the conspirators who had a reputation for honesty, and could be conceived, without absurdity, to be animated by a disinterested purpose, and he was "a fanatical republican, a man of gloomy habits, given to dreams and omens, and liable to be easily influenced by appeals to visionary feelings." Even Cato, whom later opinion has consecrated as *Ultimus Romanorum*—the last of the Romans—was an egotistical fanatic, whose impracticableness worked far more harm to his countrymen than his virtue did them good. But the brunt of Mr. Froude's attack falls upon Cicero, whose name and fame are second only to Cæsar's in the annals of his time. It is Cicero's commanding literary power that has dictated nearly all the subsequent opinions about the respective character and conduct of Cæsar and his numerous antagonists; and, if Cicero is an entirely trustworthy and disinterested witness, then there is little more to be done by the historian than to register his judgments. Mr. Froude impeaches his credibility by showing that he was one of the most violent of political partisans in an age when party violence reached heights which have probably never been attained before or since; that he was utterly destitute of political principle; that he was a time-server and a trimmer; and that he never allowed "the bauble of consistency" to interfere with any view of his own interests that might happen at the moment to be uppermost. The evidence is drawn from Cicero's own letters and published speeches, and the proof is so complete that the reader will be apt to consider Mr. Froude's final verdict too temperate when he describes Cicero "as a tragic combination of magnificent talents, high as-

* Cæsar. A Sketch. By James Anthony Froude, M. A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 8vo, pp. 550.

pirations, and a true desire to do right, with an infirmity of purpose and a latent insincerity of character which neutralized and could almost make us forget his nobler qualities."

Of the literary skill of Mr. Froude's narrative and its sustained continuity of interest, it would be difficult to speak too highly. He calls his work "a sketch," because "the materials do not exist for a portrait at once authentic and complete"; but there is no other from which the general reader will get so vivid an idea of the personality and performances of Cæsar, of the state of things into which he was born, and of the part which he played in the history of his country. Moreover, the record is not without a lesson for our own times. In his opening paragraph the author remarks that "to the student of political history, and to the English student above all others, the conversion of the Roman Republic into a military empire commands a peculiar interest," and many of his pages are evidently written with a special view to the present state of affairs in England and in Europe at large. His general implication seems to be that the government of a selfish aristocracy tends to find its natural reaction in an anarchical democracy, and that this in turn is sure to be followed by a military Cæsar, who is then, in a true and wholesome sense, the "savior of society."

AN unmistakable indication of the growing popular interest in physical culture is afforded by the multiplication of such works as Mr. Blaikie's "How to Get Strong and How to Stay So."* From elaborate and systematic treatises like Mr. Maclaren's to small tracts and magazine articles, the literature of the subject has been constantly growing in copiousness; but, of all the books hitherto published, we know of none which can be more confidently commended to the average reader than Mr. Blaikie's. Its aim, as defined by the author, is not to furnish "a profound treatise on gymnastics, and point out how to eventually reach great performance in this art, but rather, in a way so plain and untechnical that even any intelligent boy or girl can readily understand it, to first give the reader a nudge to take better care of his body, and so of his health, and then to point out one way to do it." The distinctive value of the book lies in the extreme simplicity and practicality of its suggestions, and (what is perhaps even more important) the small cost which they will involve. The entire apparatus mentioned by Mr. Blaikie can probably be purchased for twenty dollars, and the expenditure of five dollars, or even less, would provide all that is really indispensable for such exercises as are essential to the maintenance of health and bodily vigor. Indeed, a very large proportion of the exercises especially recommended by Mr. Blaikie require no apparatus of any kind, consisting simply of "movements" for which

the muscles of the performer furnish the only requisites. Without being so multifarious or complex as to intimidate beginners, the exercises cover a wide range—suggesting special work for the fleshy, the thin, the old; for any given set of muscles; and what exercise to take daily—as (a) "Daily Work for Children," (b) "Daily Exercise for Young Men," (c) "Daily Exercise for Women," (d) "Daily Exercise for Business Men," and (e) "Daily Exercise for Consumptives." Mr. Blaikie particularly urges the importance of introducing systematic physical training into all schools for children, devoting an entire chapter to this subject, and suggesting the methods by which the best results may be obtained.

... Of the fifteen chapters or sketches composing Mr. H. M. Robinson's "Great Fur Land,"* much the larger number have hitherto appeared in the various magazines or newspapers—several of the best of them in this "Journal." It will be seen from this that the book is neither a systematic treatise nor a continuous narrative, but rather a series of detached sketches, each complete in itself, and connected with each other only as depicting different phases or aspects of the same general subject. The subject, it must be confessed, lends itself with peculiar facility to this method of treatment, and it is probably due quite as much to the method as the matter that the book is so extremely readable. A consecutive and detailed narrative of the travels on which the work is based could hardly have failed to be tedious at times; and, on the other hand, a systematic description of the country and people would have brought the author into competition with several books which have already secured the public ear. By adopting the plan of independent sketches Mr. Robinson has been enabled not only to choose the more salient, picturesque, and attractive features of his subject, but to concentrate upon each sketch whatever pertinent material he had accumulated by personal observation or study. For this reason his work is entirely free from those dull and perfunctory pages which are inserted in most books of travel merely to maintain the continuity of the record; and the reader is freed from the usual necessity of piecing together bits from different portions in order to find out what the volume contains on any given topic. As to the scope of the book, it may be said in general terms to deal with the more picturesque phases of life in what is commonly known as the Hudson Bay Territory. In it the reader will find the best brief account with which we are acquainted of the organization, rules of service, and mode of operations of the great Hudson's Bay Company; intensely vivid and realistic pictures of the life of the *voyageurs*, traders, hunters, trappers, and Indians of that vast Northwest which is the arena of the Company's exploits; and exceedingly animated descriptions of such special episodes and incidents as a

* How to Get Strong and How to Stay So. By William Blaikie. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo, pp. 296.

* The Great Fur Land, or Sketches of Life in the Hudson's Bay Territory. By H. M. Robinson. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo, pp. 348.

journey by dog-sledge, canoe-life, a voyage with the *voyageurs*, the great fall hunts, life in a Hudson Bay Company's fort, a winter camp, a half-breed ball, and the like. The more general description is enlivened by the introduction of illustrative incidents from the author's personal experiences, while as a background to the whole there is a wonderful series of pictures of that "kingdom of desolation" over which the Frost-king has extended his seldom-disputed sway. Readers of the "Journal" are already acquainted with Mr. Robinson's remarkably vivid and animated style; but the sketches taken together are much more effective than any one or two of them taken separately, and after reading them all the reader will be apt to agree with the author as to "the supreme picturesqueness of the Fur Land."

.... We infer from "Maid, Wife, or Widow?"* that Mrs. Alexander has recently resided for a period more or less prolonged in Germany, and, like a thrifty toiler in the fields of literature, has determined to utilize the impressions there received. The scene of the story is laid in the little Saxon village of Bergfelde, and the local color, which would otherwise be rather vague, is intensified by connecting the incidents with the Prusso-Austrian war of 1866, in which Saxony played so inglorious a part. For so thoroughly English a mind as Mrs. Alexander's, the experiment of portraying foreigners in a foreign land was at best a very dubious one, and viewed from this standpoint the attempt is more successful than would naturally have been expected. Judged, however, by her previous stories, written under more congenial and familiar conditions, the result is not so satisfactory. The character of the heroine is very charmingly drawn, and the love-passages between her and the Rittmeister von Steinhausen are in a high degree graceful and touching; but the foundations of the story are too fragile for the superstructure, and short as it is—it is a novelette rather than a novel—the effort on the part of the reader to maintain the proper interest in its development is like an attempt to stay the appetite with whipped syllabub. In fact there is just sufficient substance in the book for a magazine story of the customary length; and, in padding it out into a volume, the author conveys an impression of being engaged in the self-assumed task of making a tale of bricks without having accumulated the necessary quantity of straw. Nevertheless, portions of the story are very pretty and pleasing.

.... One of the most skillfully prepared and most useful of the excellent series of "Literature Primers" is the recently published "Primer of English Composition,"† by John Nichol, Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of Glasgow. It deals in a brief but admirably luminous manner with all the principal requisites to

good literary composition, defining and explaining the elements of what is called style, and pointing out the mistakes which are most commonly made. The teaching is mainly by illustrative examples—the only way in which such teaching can be rendered really practical and effective—and the few general rules laid down are such as every writer would do well to keep in mind. The chapter on "Punctuation" is particularly good, and the author's style is itself an excellent lesson in the art of composition.

.... For a bit of clever fooling, hovering often along the perilous edge of downright nonsense, but sometimes attaining the heights (or depths) of genuine humor, Mr. Stockton's "Rudder Grange"* is a very successful performance. The reader is half the time in doubt whether he is laughing at or with the author; but, unless he is a very serious-minded person indeed, he will be apt to be kept laughing—which is the essential thing. Moreover, he will hardly lay the book aside without having become convinced that the author is capable of much better work—that it is a waste of power to apply so keen a perception of character, so dramatic a faculty for portraying it, and such versatility of literary resource, to the construction of mere drollery. Good burlesque is, of course, a very good thing, and in itself implies a high degree of skill; but in order to satisfy it should not deal with subjects and characters in a way to make us half regret that they are burlesqued. This Mr. Stockton does, we think, and we should be glad to meet Euphemia and her spouse under such conditions that we shall not be compelled to laugh at them.

.... In his "Old Creole Days"† Mr. George W. Cable has discovered (or invented) an entirely new literary lode, so to speak, and moreover has shown a very decided capacity for extracting its treasures. The Louisiana creoles of the beginning of the century are less salient and picturesque in their personalities than Bret Harte's California Argonauts, and less humorously stimulating than Mr. Leland's Pennsylvania Dutch; but they had a certain foreign and romantic charm which still lingers about their memory, and which Mr. Cable has portrayed with a vividness that may possibly lift them permanently into literature. The seven short stories or sketches which he has collected in the present volume—and which, we trust, are but the forerunners of more carefully matured work—are of very unequal merit; but they possess one quality in common—that of achieving very striking effects with very slender and apparently commonplace means. Nothing could be more unpromising at first glance than the personalities whom he introduces upon the stage; but, before many pages are perused, the reader will find himself aroused to something more than curiosity about them—to a genuine interest and sympathy. It is a pity that this interest is in the end

* Maid, Wife, or Widow? By Mrs. Alexander. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, pp. 267.

† Literature Primers. Edited by J. R. Green, M. A. English Composition. By John Nichol, M. A., LL. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp. 128.

* Rudder Grange. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 16mo, pp. 270.

† Old Creole Days. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 16mo, pp. 229.

usually disappointed. The weak side of all the stories is the construction or plot, the author having an over-fondness for surprises and sensational *dénouements*, and not being willing to lead up to them by those gradual steps which can alone give them some semblance of naturalness and congruity. As a consequence, the story moves forward by jerks and jumps, and some of the transformations have the air of tricks of legerdemain. The details and incidents, however, are worked up with a realism which is very striking, and yet with a lightness and neatness of touch which mark the genuine artist. One would fain believe that the book is rather the promise of future achievement on the part of the author than the best of which he is capable; but, even as it is, it is no mere echo of other voices, but a contribution to American literature which has a distinct and native flavor. Of the stories comprised in the volume, one ("Posson Jone") appeared in this JOURNAL, and the others in "Scribner's Magazine."

.... Mr. Green's "History of the English People"* grows more detailed and elaborate as it advances. The third volume is one of the largest of the series, but it only covers the years from 1603 to 1688. These years, however, were among the most eventful and important in English history, including the rise of Puritanism into a political force, the civil war between the Cavaliers and the Roundheads, the overthrow and execution of Charles I., the protectorate of Cromwell, the Restoration, and the Revolution of 1688. Seldom has a period so short had events of such moment and interest crowded into it, and no one will wish that Mr. Green's picturesque, vivid, and luminous narrative were a page shorter than it is. The volume is very handsomely printed, and contains a map of America in 1640, a map of Marston Moor, another of Naseby Fight, and a map of Europe with France as it was under Louis XIV.

.... Couture's "Conversations on Art Methods"† is, as Mr. Swain Gifford remarks in his introduction to the American edition, essentially a painter's book; that is, it is not designed to entertain or enlighten connoisseurs or amateurs, but to afford practical help and encouragement to professional artists and art students. Of its value in this respect, Mr. Gifford's enthusiastic testimony is more trustworthy, of course, than any that could be offered by a lay critic; but the book becomes literature by rea-

son of the anecdotes, epigrams, and literary estimates interpolated by the author into his more technical expositions. The personal traits, oddities, and eccentricities of Couture are part of the gossip of Parisian *ateliers*, and the more picturesque and salient of these are very amusingly revealed in the "Conversations." Even for those who care nothing for art on its practical side, the book is quite worth reading for its half-unconscious disclosures of an original and piquant personality. It is perfectly certain that no one but a Frenchman could write exactly such a book; it is eminently probable that no Frenchman but Couture could have written it.

.... The Messrs. Harper & Brothers have issued their Standard Library Edition of Hume's "History of England"* in six handsome volumes, uniform in size and style with Macaulay's "England" (previously mentioned), but bound in a rich shade of red. The issue is from new stereotype plates, the printing is excellent, and nothing could be more tasteful and attractive than the general appearance of the volumes. The first volume is prefaced with Hume's quaint story of his own life, and the last contains a copious index of one hundred and seventy-five pages. This work has been followed by editions in similar style of Motley's "History of the United Netherlands"† and "The Life and Death of John of Barneveld,"‡ the former in four the latter in two volumes, which are uniform with "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," published a few months ago. These editions are in every way admirable, the type is clear and large, the paper choice, the binding in that style of vellum cloth so much affected by book-collectors. Messrs. Appleton & Co. have also just issued, in form to match, an edition in six volumes of "The Spectator, with Prefaces Historical and Biographical by Alexander Chalmers." The issue of these *éditions de luxe* of standard authors is gratifying evidence that under all the prevailing mania for cheapness there is a taste for higher literature in artistic and worthy guise.

* The History of England, from the Invasion of Julius Caesar to the Revolution in 1688. By David Hume, Esq. A New Edition, with the Author's Latest Corrections and Improvements. New York: Harper & Brothers. In six vols. 8vo.

† History of the United Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' War—1609. By John Lothrop Motley, D. C. L., LL.D. In four volumes. 8vo. With Portraits. New York: Harper & Brothers.

‡ The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland, with a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of the Thirty Years' War. By John Lothrop Motley, D. C. L., LL.D. In two vols. 8vo. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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